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From a painting by Edward Stratton Holloway
See p. 125

SEEING THE SUNNY SOUTH

BY

JOHN T. FARIS

AUTHOR OF "SEEING PENNSYLVANIA," "SEEING THE FAR WEST," ETC.

WITH FRONTISPIECE IN COLOR
AND 115 DOUBLETONE ILLUSTRATIONS

PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
1921

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FOREWORD

WE have not yet waked up to the realization of the tremendous asset the South is to the United States. In a vague sort of way, of course, the average man realizes that the territory below the Mason and Dixon Line is wonderful. But how wonderful?

The South is wonderful in area. One-third of the territory of the country is included in the South, and the states in this area have three-fifths of the coast line of the United States.

The South is wonderful in resources. It has been calculated that one-fourth of the country's coal, one-third of the iron ore and seven-tenths of the forested area are there. Over half the timber production of the country and all but the least bit of the cotton grown are credited to it. In water power it is rich; its phosphate rocks furnish practically the country's sole supply of a product all-important to the agriculturist; its petroleum and natural-gas wells are the wonder of the world; in the production of aluminum and graphite, fuller's earth and sulphur, as well as a number of other essentials, it stands almost alone. Peanuts and cane sugar, sweet potatoes and rice, spring vegetables and sorghum, peaches and citrus fruits are among its claims to the attention of those who need to fill the market basket. One of the country's leading chemists said, in an address delivered in 1919: "No one with a capacity

to understand their true significance can review the colossal figures which set forth the natural resources of the South without first being stunned and overwhelmed, and soon thereafter filled with the vision of their stupendous possibilities."

The South is wonderful in climate. Both in summer and in winter may one find sections of it delightful, and in winter even California must take off its hat to Florida and the Gulf Coast. One who discovered by thorough-going experience the climatic advantages of Florida said, "The only difficulty with Florida is that there is only one of it, and in the future years it will be so overcrowded that there will not be room enough for the people who will want to flock there." But let these people take comfort—Georgia and Alabama, Louisiana and Texas, as well as states still farther north, have weather revelations that will surprise the visitor.

Natural resources and climate should satisfy any reasonable country. But the South does not need to rest content with these possessions. For that favored region is rich also in scenery that is amazingly varied and attractive—mountains that reach the clouds; rivers that leap and foam as well as rivers that pursue their way in placid unconcern; lakes and springs, bays and islands, forests and valleys. It is almost easier to give a catalogue of what is not to be found there than of what may be seen by anyone with open eyes.

And what abundant ways there are to see the wonders of this enchanted land! Everywhere there are railroads—the well-known through lines, as well as short lines that pierce the heart of the mountains, glide along by the rivers, or cross the uplands. There is

abundant variety for those who would travel by rail, and fortunate is the traveler who can wander first along one line, and then can choose another and another and yet another. He may take so many of them that he will be apt to think he has really seen the Sunny South by rail. He'll find his error when he makes a study of the roads he hasn't been able to take.

But somehow the visions afforded by the railroad do not always satisfy; the traveler wants to go far from the right of way where, as one nature-lover has pointed out, the black clouds of smoke from the freight engines have destroyed many fine areas of woodland, noxious gases have interfered with the beauty of the shrubbery, and even the washing down of the acids from the smoke-laden air to the roots of the plants has had its effect on the foliage near the rails.

For all this the railroad is dependable, and the traveler through the South clings to it. But it is so set in its ways. It says so positively: "This is the way you shall go. No, you cannot stop and pick flowers; you must not pause a moment to look at the other side of that attractive house; you must not presume to do anything that the time-table does not permit."

What a contrast the automobile is! It is so easy-going. You can see up, down, and around, and not simply through a narrow window. If the mood takes you, you can go up a side road. You can loiter or you can hurry on. You can see a house, a tree, an orchard, a garden or anything you want. The car is so human.

Yes, it is good to take the automobile. But it is fine to have the railroad at hand—especially in places where no one has yet seen fit to make a dependable road, or where such a road cannot well be made, or

where it is absolutely necessary to cover more territory in a given time than can be done with the car.

Some tourists try to combine the car and the railroad on the same trip. "I'll take the car, and when the roads get too bad, I'll leave it in a garage, or ship it ahead, then use the train," somebody says when setting out from home. But the result is usually to keep to the car, no matter what the roads.

The author is indebted to many courteous friends who have helped him carry out his delightful program of Seeing the Sunny South, especially to Rev. William F. Klein, of Reading, Pennsylvania, in whose company the pilgrimage through the Valley of Virginia, over to Luray Caverns, and down to the National Bridge was made.

J. T. F.

PHILADELPHIA, April, 1921

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SEEING THE SUNNY SOUTH

SEEING THE SUNNY SOUTH

CHAPTER I

THE APPEALING VALLEY OF VIRGINIA
(FROM HARPER'S FERRY TO LEXINGTON)

THE pilgrims were on their way to Harper's Ferry, that tremendous gap in the Blue Ridge where the Potomac and the Shenandoah meet in majesty. One of them had been telling of a morass in an Oregon road that made necessary a detour of twenty-two miles. His companions, too polite to voice much of the skepticism they felt, called attention to the splendid vision by which the traveler is confronted on approaching Harper's Ferry from the east—the Potomac, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, the wooded heights above the river.

"It's only a mile to the city that is to be our Gateway to the South; we'll be at the dinner table in half an hour," the man at the wheel was saying. Then a turn in the road disclosed across the way a barricade bearing the distressing word:

DETOUR

Efforts to persuade the construction boss to let the machine through were fruitless. "You'll have to go round the mountain," he said, positively.

"How far is it?" was the careless question of the man at the wheel.

"Oh, a matter of thirty or forty miles!" came the disconcerting reply.

It was unbelievable. Harper's Ferry was just ahead, around the shoulder of the mountain. Surely there was a shorter way to the city which John Brown made famous!

"All right! Let's have a little more of Maryland!" The cheerful voice of the man at the wheel reminded his companions that there was something better even than dinner, at the close of a long day on the road. "I was just thinking we ought not to turn our backs so soon on a state that can furnish such inspiring views as that we had on the road from Hagerstown. Remember that ridge five miles before we reached Frederick, with the wide panorama of the fertile valley? And the road from Frederick down here has been so pleasing. I really believe I like the idea of the detour."

And the entire party agreed with him when, after leaving the valley at Treverton, they turned northward. The roads were not all smooth, but the country above the Potomac, toward the Pennsylvania line, was so inviting that a highway that forbade rapid travel was not unwelcome.

"What state are we in now?" asked the man at the wheel. "There are so many state lines in the neighborhood that I always feel uncertain."

The others also were uncertain, so a study of the curious map of the region became necessary—a region where West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia come together like the parts of a child's picture puzzle.

"Glad I don't have to take them apart; I could not get them together again," was the remark that greeted

the appearance of the map. "Why, if you could travel along a straight line drawn through Harper's Ferry at just the right angle, you would pass from Maryland successively into Virginia, West Virginia, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio—crossing nine state lines in little more than two hundred and fifty miles!"

Some of these odd corners of Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland were, during the Civil War, the scene of marching and counter-marching, of fierce engagements and of hardy daring. Along the route of that evening detour there were not lacking reminders of those days of struggle. The way led through Sharpsburg, scene of the battle of Antietam, fought in September, 1862, between the forces of Lee and McClellan, where more than one-fourth of the seventy-six thousand men engaged were either killed or injured. At one side of the main road which leads across the battlefield is the cemetery where lie the Confederate dead. The acres over which the contesting armies moved are to-day parts of fertile farms, but here and there have been cut through them cross-roads that lead to spots made memorable by the heroism of thousands.

Then comes Shepherdstown on the Potomac, dominated by the monument to James Rumsey, who, in 1784, in the presence of George Washington, succeeded in steaming up the river in a vessel of his own construction.

"The statue on the height above the river is on what they call James Rumsey's Walk," was the explanation of a fellow-traveler on the bridge across the Potomac—a bridge where the charge for a motor is forty cents. "And well worth the price!" agreed the

man at the wheel to the taker of toll. He was thinking how glad he would have been of a bridge at the right place to save him that detour.

At length the way was clear to Harper's Ferry—but from the northwest instead of from the east. The road through the town is decidedly picturesque, as should be the approach to the waters that move in might among the mountain ridges.

The visitor does not feel that he is really in Harper's Ferry until he stands on the highway bridge across the Potomac, or on the near-by bridge over the Shenandoah just where it discharges its waters into the larger stream; until he passes along the steep streets or up the rocky footpath to Jefferson's Rock, where the Sage of Monticello sat in wonder, looked at the Heights of Loudoun, and wrote his famous description of "the passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge."

Here, in 1794, Washington secured one hundred and twenty-five acres in the angle formed by the two rivers, as the first land for the National Armory which John Brown, in his honest but misguided frenzy, attacked in 1859. And from here Brown was led on to Charles Town, the county seat, for the closing chapter in his stormy career.

"Be sure to put two capital letters in the name of our city," a business man in this chief town of Jefferson County said to the pilgrims. "Don't mix us up with Charleston, the capital of West Virginia. Too many people do that. Just last month a carload of goods consigned to us went down to that modern town."

He was asked if it would not be a good thing to change the name of the town and avoid the difficulty.

"What! Change the name of Charles Town?" he asked, with fine indignation; "the town where history was made, where there are still standing three of the homes of the Washington family, including Harewood, the mansion of George Washington, where Dorothy Todd came from Philadelphia, driving in Thomas Jefferson's coach, to be married to James Madison in the presence of Light Horse Harry Lee, among other guests!

"Change the name of *our* town!" he concluded, scornfully. "Let Charleston do the changing. Our name belongs to us!"

Mordington, built by Charles Washington during the closing years of the eighteenth century—known as Happy Retreat in the days of George Washington, who was a guest here more than once—and Claymont, built in 1820 by a grandnephew of the first President, are two of the ancient mansions that are the pride of the town that prefers to submit to inconvenience rather than change its historic name.

Charles Town is well within the wonderful Shenandoah Valley, or the Valley of Virginia, one of the most glorious valleys in the South—the valley that was perhaps one of the most famous battlegrounds of the Civil War. To retain possession of it was of greatest importance to the South. The Army of Virginia depended on the supplies of food which came from its fertile upland farms, and the final passage of its rich acres into Federal hands was one of the last blows of the great conflict for Liberty and Union.

Travelers along the turnpike that threads the valley —to-day, as then, one of the famous roads of the country—are attracted by markers and monuments

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that tell of brave men who fought and died along the way, and of bitterly contested skirmishes that resulted in frequent changes of ownership.

To Winchester, not far from Charles Town, belongs the record for such changes. Seventy times during four years the town passed from one side to the other —four times in a single day!

For many miles down the valley road a backward glance shows the receding gap where the waters of two rivers plunge through the mountains and where history was made by many actors from pioneer times down to the days of the Civil War.

On either side of the road fertile farms stretch away to a ridge of tree-clad mountains. The two ridges form the real boundaries of the funnel-shaped valley whose mouth is at Harper's Ferry, whose head is near Staunton—one hundred and fifty miles of woodland and pasture and fertile field.

And orchards! For this is the home of the red apple of Virginia. And fortunate is he who seeks the valley in early October when the trees are bending beneath the weight of the ripened fruit, when the farmers are pleading with friends, acquaintances, strangers, everybody, to help in gathering the crop.

There were numerous evidences of the eagerness for pickers. Once the pilgrims passed a village school where the teacher was loading the boys and girls into a carry-all. With merry laughter and glad anticipation they were off for a morning with the fruit.

Not far from that village school, and about one hundred miles up the valley funnel, is New Market, frequently mentioned in stories of the heroic campaigns of 1861–1864 along the Shenandoah. Leading from

New Market across the ridge to the left, to famous Luray Caverns, is a mountain road that takes advantage of New Market Gap for the crossing to Eastern Virginia. This road was in wartime a favorite means of communication between Richmond and the armies in the valley. To-day it passes through the heart of the Massanutten National Forest, the most accessible of the national forests to Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore.

And what wonders this forest area has in store for the visitor, whether he comes for a brief stay of a day or two, or determined to spend several weeks in this enchanted area where the Indians, in giving the name Massanutten, had in mind the "Great Mountain Yonder!"

Some of the early settlers followed the Indians to Massanutten. William Powell, it is said, found silver here and forthwith proceeded to make counterfeit money, the depreciated currency of King George giving him his opportunity. George Washington, too, hunted and fished and surveyed on the mountain and in the valleys on either side. Like the good strategist he was, he planned to return to the region if the difficulties of 1776 proved too great, and to erect fortifications, so the claim is made, in the Powell's Fort Valley, whose wonderful situation for such a purpose will be apparent to those who examine the suggestive map of the Massanutten Forest sent on application to the Forest Service at Washington, D. C.

"Beware of the road over Massanutten!" was the warning of the proprietor of the lunch-counter in the village. But who would not risk a few difficulties for the sake of the tremendous prospect spread out from

the road as it climbs the mountainside? And in the days so soon to come when a turnpike will take away some of the delights of the journey to Luray, while adding others, it will be worth while to say, "But you should have crossed over Massanutten before the road was straightened, when the cautious traveler looked well to his supply of matches before beginning the fifteen-mile traverse from New Market to Luray." Fifteen miles is a short distance—but it is an easy matter to be overtaken by the night, with a disabled machine, while crossing the mountain.

The first visitors to Luray Caverns found that in past ages not only wolves but bears knew the way to those passages; footprints appear everywhere on the damp clay floor, looking as if they had just been made, though many of them probably are centuries old.

The clay has been removed, so that the visitor finds the floor in most places reasonably dry. Concrete walks and bridges have been built wherever these are needed, that access may be easy to the intricate by-ways that lead to mysterious dungeons, tortuous passages, and splendid halls.

Everywhere incandescent lights are placed, so that the marvels of the cave are revealed in an appealing manner. The first visitors had to be content with sputtering candles, but as early as 1882 the aisles and vaulted halls were illuminated by arc lights whose power proceeded from an engine in Luray over what was then a marvel, a circuit of seven miles, "supposed to be the largest circuit yet attempted with a single engine," according to the exclamatory boast of Horace C. Hovey, who first described the mile and a half of passages that are open to the tourist as well as the

additional mile or more to which geologists and other specialists have access.

These three miles of subterranean glory are covered by about one hundred acres of rocky earth. So it is in contracted space that the ways trodden by the bears and wolves of past ages turn and loop one over another. The lowest passage is two hundred and sixty feet below that nearest the surface of the upland plateau.

At once on descending the easy concrete steps that lead to Entrance Avenue the visitor is in the midst of the glittering formations that crowd on all sides in prodigal profusion and fantastic shape—stalactites, whose slow growth downward from the ceiling has been accomplished by the agency of the water-bearing carbonate of lime, "the ever-plying shuttle that weaves the fairy fabric," leaving behind a portion of the mineral before it drops from the end of the stalactite to the floor; and stalagmites, formed from the floor upward by the drops from the stalactites. When the drops are slow enough in their movement they leave all the mineral they carry on the stalactites, but sometimes they form more rapidly and the mineral growth from the floor is the result.

Frequently stalactites and stalagmites have grown together and formed columns from floor to ceiling. Sometimes they are slowly approaching each other. In one instance, at least, the two are separated by the thickness of a knife-blade; yet many months will pass before the gap is filled. The present rate of growth is a cubic inch in about one hundred and twenty years, though in other caverns it is more rapid.

The eerie beauty of the scramble through these col-

umns and pinnacles is increased by the changes in color, which varies from brown or yellow to startling red and glistening, alabaster white. Here is a sparkling waterfall, its successive cascades natural as life—but the entire formation is mineral. Over yonder is a dull series of pendants that look for all the world like fish, still dripping from the stream, hanging in a row as in a market. From the ceiling depend draperies delicate as a woman's evening wrap, which need only the electric light to show their translucent texture. In more than one instance the light reveals combinations of colors that make one think he sees a blanket hanging out to dry, or a side of bacon where fat and lean alternate in most appetizing fashion.

In the hall known as The Cathedral there is a group of formations called The Organ that respond to the skilled touch of fingers or soft mallet like the pipes of an organ. Tunes can be played on these as on tubular metal, the pleasure given being increased by the long time required for the dying away of the sound; sometimes the vibrations continue more than a minute after a stalactite has been struck.

As the pilgrims to Luray emerged from the caverns —where the temperature is about fifty-four degrees the year round—they were content to leave to scientists the discussion as to the age of what they had seen. For them it was enough to marvel at the handiwork of Him who laid the foundations of the earth.

Back again over the mountain to New Market. The road seemed better than before, and the prospect from Massanutten was more perfect on the return trip. Down the valley, with the Shenandoah National Forest on the ridge to the right, where a road on the sum-

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IN THE CATHEDRAL, LURAY CAVERNS

NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA

mit affords splendid opportunity to view the country. On to Harrisonburg, whose name recalls men of 1861–1865, and whose pleasant streets and stately buildings speak of bustle and prosperity. On to Staunton, the city famed for its educational institutions as well as its sturdy leadership in business, the city which proudly points to the manse where Woodrow Wilson was born when his father was a pastor in the town, a house occupied by a successor in the church.

At Staunton the pilgrims had been told the perfect Shenandoah Valley road ended. So they sought advice as to roads toward Lexington.

"There are two ways," was the statement of a clerk at the postoffice. "One of them you will find so bad you will wish you had taken the other. You will have dust to your hubs. For a mile there are stones the size of your fist. I went that way Saturday, and I came back the other. My advice to you is to take neither road."

But it was not good advice. There was no dust; perhaps it had rained. And there were no rocks. To be sure, the going was slow at times. But who wishes to move rapidly when there is such a succession of vistas of hill and vale, on to the distant ridges to the west?

Then the road winds through the valley and over the hills to Lexington, one of the shrines of the Southland, for when they think of Lexington Southerners are apt to think also of the man whom fellow-students at West Point affectionately called "Old Jack," whose soldiers, many years later, gave him the nickname " Stonewall."

General Jackson was an earnest Christian man, a

loyal citizen of the Union until he felt that he should listen first to the call of his own state, Virginia. Then he became a leader of Confederate forces, and so continued until the day when he was shot down by his own men, who mistook him and his staff for Federal cavalry. A monument rises to his memory not far from the business center of Lexington, and there loyal citizens from all parts of a reunited country meet in appreciation of the commander's stalwart character.

It is remarkable that another of the South's greatest commanders was buried in Lexington—Robert E. Lee, who called Stonewall Jackson his right arm. After the close of the Civil War, when he urged his men to do their loyal best as citizens of their country, he became president of Washington College at Lexington, now Washington and Lee University. For five years he trained students for Christian service in a land where there would be no more North and South, but where all would dwell together in harmony. He was buried in the college chapel. Above his tomb there is a white marble effigy which shows the great commander, whom General Grant finally overcame, asleep on the battlefield.

"Let me take you into the General's study," the eager custodian of the chapel made his plea. "You all will want to see the room where he worked."

The door—not more than a rod or two from the tomb—was thrown open with reverence, and in subdued tones the guide called attention to the furniture. "Jest prezackly as the General left it," he said. "There he set and read, and there he wrote, and those books on the shelf he used, and that map on the wall he helped to make; see, it has his name signed to it."

From the city of Lee and Jackson it is but fifteen miles to the marvel that shares with Luray Caverns the claim to the attention of visitors to the valley who seek the marvelous—Natural Bridge. The road is a little rough, but it is perfectly good in dry weather. The country is not so delightfully garden-like as to the north of Lexington and Staunton, but the more rugged surface is welcome. Perhaps the way would be somewhat trying to a man behind a horse, if he is in a hurry. But the pilgrims had left haste behind them.

So had the one lone traveler seen in many miles. Up a rocky ridge strained the bony horse hitched to a dilapidated-looking covered wagon. A woman drove; two children were by her side. And trudging behind was a man, who was glad to stop and exchange words with men who were not in a hurry.

"This is living!" he said. "Six weeks ago the doctor in New York said I was done for. I saw I couldn't get well in that climate, and I didn't know what to do, until I found that my wife was willing to come off like this, hoping to fix me up. We bought that funny-looking contraption you saw and started out. I've gained nine pounds since I've been on the road, what with exercise in the good air, and sleeping out at night. Next spring we hope to go back to New York."

The invalid did not have time to stop at Natural Bridge; he was searching for something of more value to him than a mighty arch that spans an abyss and tells of the Architect of the Valley of Virginia.

But for nearly two centuries there have come this way men for whom the bridge has been the goal of the journey. One of these was George Washington. There is a tradition that when he was a surveyor he visited

the great stone arch, climbed some twenty-five feet up one of the precipitous abutments and carved his initials there. Visitors are told just where to look for the "G. W."; but it is necessary to use a good deal of imagination to see the letters.

Sam Houston, the Indian fighter, later a president of Texas when it was a republic, was familiar with the arch above Cedar Creek, for he was born not far from the gorge in the Blue Ridge that is spanned by the bridge not made by the hands of men. Perhaps as he looked from the parapet of the monolith into the creek bed far below, or as he stood by the water and gazed upward at the springing arch, he thought of the Indian legend of the building of the bridge which the primitive men called the Bridge of God. The legend tells how the Monacans, fleeing before the Shawnees and Powhatans, came to a great chasm which they could not cross. In despair they fell on their faces and prayed that the Great Spirit would deliver them. When they rose they saw with wonder that a great stone arch spanned the chasm. Fearing to trust themselves to it, they sent the women and children ahead to test it. Then all crossed just in time to turn and defend the passage against the advancing hosts.

Thomas Jefferson was the first historian of this Bridge of God. From his boyhood home, Shadwell, not far from Charlottesville, he followed the beautiful valley of the James until he came to what he later described as "the most sublime of Nature's works." He did not rest until he secured possession of the bridge and the land surrounding it. At Williamsburg, Virginia, there is on file the deed he secured from George III of England to the property:

"Know ye that for divers good causes and considerations, but more especially for and in consideration of the sum of Twenty Shillings of good and lawful money for our use paid to our Receiver General of our Revenues, in this our Colony and Dominion of Virginia, We have Given, Granted and Conferred, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, Do Give, Grant and Confirm unto Thomas Jefferson, one certain Tract or parcel of land containing 157 acres, lying and being in the County of Botetourt, including the Natural Bridge on Cedar Creek . . ."

When the property came into his possession, Jefferson built a log cabin near one end of the bridge, for the accommodation of two slaves, who were instructed to receive and care for the visitors who should go there in response to the owner's earnest invitation to see something that would add joy to life. It is said that the stone chimney built for this cabin became a part of a modern house on the same site.

The present-day visitor who would follow in the steps of the friends of Jefferson to what Henry Clay called "the bridge not made with hands, that spans a river, carries a highway, and makes two mountains one," has first an impressive journey whether he comes from the north, up the Shenandoah Valley, through Lexington, and across the intervening fifteen miles of picturesque hill road; from the south, past the Peaks of Otter, across the Valley of the James near its headwaters; or from the east, across the green mountain ridge that gives enticing hint of the beauties of the canyon of Cedar Creek spanned by Jefferson's arch.

From whatever direction approach is made, no warning is given either of the massive structure or of

the secluded gorge it spans, even if the road leads over the bridge itself. It is possible to make the crossing without realizing what is underneath; the roadway is wide, and the parapet and the trees that overhang the brink on either side of the canyon shut out the view.

So most visitors have their first sight of the bridge from the bed of Cedar Creek, after walking several hundred yards down the winding path that leads by the ancient trees, whose girth demands an instant's pause, though one is eager for the vision of grace and splendor that waits around a turn to the right.

Just at first the great height of the arch is not apparent; the bluffs that crowd close on either side seem to interfere with the impression. But this is only for an instant. Almost at once the great distance from the bed of the stream to the center of the arch, and then to the surface where the road crosses from wall to wall, takes hold of the imagination, and the figures which an instant before meant little become eloquent. Two hundred and fifteen feet is the height, the span is ninety feet, and the space for the roadway is from fifty to ninety feet wide! Fifteen thousand cubic feet of rock in the arch above the stream! And beneath the arch Niagara Falls might make its plunge, so far as height is concerned. "The span itself has the precision of measured masonry," one visitor wrote, "yet the block of stone between the piers is an unbroken mass. The opening has somewhat the proportions of a horseshoe magnet, while the walls are not absolutely perpendicular, but lean slightly to the left. The faces are tinted dull red and ochre, and soft shades of yellow and cream, colored by the vein of iron and manganese in the hills above. Where the arch protects the walls from the

water they are of a dark or delicate bluish gray, with white lights."

Let the silent worshiper at this shrine of the Creator stand a little while and wonder at the arch that seems even larger than before as the birds wing their way through it or alight on their nests built in the fissures of the rock. Then let him walk within the shadow of the arch that is so far above him that it would be useless as a shelter from a summer rain. Let him pass through, then turn and study the proportions of superhuman planning, drinking in the beauty of the picture framed in the arch—trees and rocks and walls and water, and above all the azure sky of Virginia. Let him turn again and scramble up the glen, amidst the undergrowth of what has been called "the finest fernery in the world," where sixty varieties of fern have been classified. On to Saltpetre Cave, where, during the War of 1812, busy men gathered a necessary ingredient for gunpowder; to Lost River, which the miners discovered one day as they toiled—a stream whose source and outlet both are unknown; to Lace Water Falls, where Cedar Creek comes to a precipice fifty feet high and takes the plunge as if eager to pass under the arch that lends glory to the stream.

Now it is time to turn and follow the water to the portals of the arch, there to study once more what some geologists say is all that is left of a vast underground cavern through which a hidden river found its way, a cavern broken by an earthquake until the sole relic of what may once have been similar to the Caverns of Luray is the Natural Bridge that was the delight of Jefferson as it will be the delight of those who follow him to this charmed valley deep in the hills loved by the Sage of Monticello.

CHAPTER II

ALONG MARYLAND'S VALLEY OF DREAMS
(FROM WASHINGTON TO CUMBERLAND)

THE valley of the upper Potomac might well be called the Valley of Dreams.

George Washington was the first dreamer. Before the Revolution he talked of reaching the West by means of improvements on the Potomac River. After the close of the war he was given opportunity to carry out his plans. In 1784 he made a horseback journey to Ohio, to renew acquaintance with the difficulties and possibilities of the country. In 1785 Maryland and Virginia appropriated what seemed large sums for the improvement of the river according to Washington's plan, and $6,666.67 for a road "from the highest practicable navigation of the river to . . . the river Cheat, or Monongahela." The company that was to improve the river, the first part of the ambitious project, was capitalized at £40,300. Washington felt sure that within a few years return on the investment would be at least twenty per cent.

From 1785 to 1787 Washington was president of the "Patowmack Canal Company," as it was called in an early prospectus. During these years he was able to keep enthusiasm alive, and it was possible to do effective work in building canals around the obstructions at Great Falls, near Washington, at Seneca Falls, near by, and at Shenandoah Falls, at Harper's Ferry. Yet it was not easy to secure money to pay the common

laborers, who received thirty-two shillings per month, in addition to rations.

With the removal of Washington, the canal dreamer, to Philadelphia, as the head of the Government, interest languished. Shares were offered at auction without a bid. But $729,380 in all was raised and expended by 1820, when it was decided that something more must be done.

Washington was also the first dreamer of a far more ambitious project: the National Road to connect with the Potomac Canal and to go on to the Ohio. And Thomas Jefferson and Henry Clay were the later dreamers who gave form to his proposal for establishing easy communication with the West. In 1806 Jefferson signed a bill appropriating $30,000 for a preliminary survey. After various delays construction was begun in earnest in 1816, and the road was completed to Wheeling in 1818. Baltimore dreamers, determined to preserve for that city its eminence in western trade, arranged for a connection with that city. As a result, Baltimore, instead of Cumberland, is looked on as the eastern terminus of the old road that played such a vital part in the early history of the nation.

Then came a third dream. It was proposed to construct a canal from Georgetown, along the left bank of the Potomac, to Cumberland, and from there by the best route to the Ohio River. The first estimate of the cost was $1,500,000; but it was soon realized that much more would be needed to build a canal to Cumberland. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company was sanctioned by Congress and chartered by Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania.

There was great enthusiasm in Washington, yet

Baltimore business men were not more than lukewarm. The city did not oppose the canal; but how could she be expected to be enthusiastic? Why should the city pay one-third of the taxes voted by Maryland for the canal, when the result would be to divert its trade to Washington and cities near by? Philadelphia and New York were already making ready to take much of their trade; was Washington to be allowed to complete the work of destruction?

The asking of the question gave birth to the most ambitious dream of all. Philip Thomas and George Brown were the dreamers now. Who wanted a canal, anyway? Canals were out of date; the day of the railroad was coming. The railroad "will surely supercede canals as effectually as canals have superceded turnpike roads," was the contention in Baltimore. Daring Baltimoreans, therefore, planned to bridge the five hundred miles between that city and the Ohio River! And this in spite of the fact that up to that time a ten-mile line was the country's most ambitious railroad achievement.

The railroad dreamers and the canal dreamers got busy at about the same time. On July 4, 1828, ground for the canal was broken near Washington, and on the same day the "cornerstone" of the railroad was laid at Baltimore.

The dreamers became deadly rivals. There was no difficulty until the railroad reached the Potomac. There the canal company claimed the sole right of way. There were injunctions and lawsuits, disastrous delays and compromises that hurt both parties. The chief difficulty came between Point of Rocks and Harper's Ferry, where the passage between the river and the

mountain is narrow. It was finally arranged that the railroad should be given right of way to Harper's Ferry, on condition that it should build no farther until its slower rival could reach Cumberland. Within a year or two, however, the canal company sought state relief from its financial difficulties, and this was granted on condition that the railroad be allowed to go ahead as rapidly as possible.

So, in 1842, the dream of the railroad builders was realized as far as Cumberland, but it was not until 1850 that the canal reached the city perched on the Potomac far below overshadowing mountains.

The bitter rivalries have been forgotten; calmly and peacefully railroad and canal cross the long western extension of Maryland, sometimes side by side, at other times within sight of each other. One carries a mighty commerce, and its importance increases with the years; the other pursues its dignified way, bearing on its bosom during each month of the open season a few hundred coal-laden canal barges whose crews are blissfully ignorant of the fact that the one hundred and eighty-six miles of artificial waterway from Georgetown to Cumberland cost $11,591,768.37!

Perhaps that is expensive when the amount of commerce carried is considered. But it is cheap in the eyes of the leisurely traveler who wants to see the charming Maryland landscape through which the canal makes its way.

The journey along the canal will take time; but what of that? The boatmen are hospitable, as a rule, and it is not a difficult matter to make arrangements with one of them for a passage from beginning to end of the route. The quarters provided may not be as comfort-

able as in the days of the passenger packet boats. The speed is not as good as the dizzy five and six miles attained when the canal was in its glory. But who cares?

"Movement without motion" is the description someone has given to travel by canal. The aptness of the phrase will be appreciated by the fortunate traveler with a few days to spare who has persuaded the monarch of one of the long, ungainly canal boats to take him as passenger from Georgetown toward Cumberland. Immediately after passing through the locks at Great Falls, the boat passes serenely beneath rocky cliffs, surmounted by trees of a dozen varieties and almost hidden by luxuriant verdure.

For many miles the waterway keeps close to the Potomac, sometimes many feet above the stream, again on a level with it. The mirror-like surface beneath the gliding boat is in sharp contrast to the rippling and sometimes impetuously flowing river. A part of the restful scene is the boy who rides the horse on the towpath, lolling back perhaps and looking up at the blue sky, or the woman who leans against the crude rudder or goes about her household mysteries in her restless kitchen.

And now the river and the canal seek closer acquaintance with sleepy, green mountain ridges. On the slope between are log cabins with huge stone chimneys, and more ambitious houses of wood and stone. There are fields where boys are at their never-ending task of gathering rocks. Again the eye rests on cool forests or luscious orchards or generous fields where the corn rustles, only to be distracted by one more of the locks where the ridiculously narrow boat stealthily rises to

ON THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL

HARPER'S FERRY, VIRGINIA
The Shenandoah River enters the Potomac River at the right

pursue its journey on a higher level, or by an overhead bridge where the passenger must stoop quickly if he would not be thrown prostrate.

Here and there along the towpath are snubbing posts which made one leisurely pilgrim think of a dark day in college when he sat on a post like one of these, by just such a canal, watched other boats go by, and wondered where the money was to come from to pay his week's board bill and secure a few bushels of coal for the cannon stove in his dormitory room. Somehow an experience of enforced economy always brings to his mind the picture of a snubbing post and a canal boat!

One of the keenest pleasures of the trip by canal is the walk along the towpath, keeping pace with the plodding horses, moving on ahead, lagging behind for a closer study of the banks, turning aside into the forests by the way, or into the fields—perhaps at Big Pool, Maryland, some eighteen miles west of Hagerstown, for a sight of the ruined stone walls of Fort Frederick, which dates from Colonial days. Again the temptation comes to move to a point where can be seen the sturdy aqueducts by which the canal crosses tributaries of the river. Fit companions these for the well-constructed bridges of the National Road that, after nearly one hundred years, are a marvel of strength and beauty!

Sometimes the canal clings to the river, so that it is but a step from one to the other. Again it remains coyly at a distance. But always it finds its way back to the stream on which it depends for water. Often railroad and turnpike and canal and river are crowded in a deep gorge where the ridges come close on either

side; but soon they are able to take more room, for the mountains slope more gently, perhaps with a rolling green shelf intervening. In such places perhaps the eye moves gradually upward to a summit outlined by trees of the forest, or, it may be, by corn in stately rows that make silhouettes against the sky.

No one can easily forget the twelve miles from Point of Rocks to Harper's Ferry, or the first sight of the mighty gorge where the mountains bow to permit the passage of the Shenandoah and the Potomac. That scene is always remarkable, but some think it is more pleasing at dawn. What a setting this for the sunrise, viewed from a point where the canal and the two rivers are in sight! Watch the faint rose tinge in the water, deepening gradually to red, the reflected clouds, the sun-kissed mountains! Is it strange that often the canal boatman is something of a poet?

Those early engineers who planned this canal had the poet's soul. Note the pleasing sweep of the canal; of course the site was fixed for engineering reasons, but it seems the best possible setting for the pleasing scenery. And those who have followed the engineers in the care of the waterway have labored in like spirit. Witness the sturdy trees along the towpath, sometimes a mere drooping eyelash through which the mother river watches over her child; sometimes—when the stream, relaxing guardianship for a time, withdraws to a distance—a real bit of woodland. Always they seem to say to those fortunate enough to respond to their alluring whisper: "Feast your eyes on us; our beauty is for you. Look up through our branches to the sky. Look down at our reflection in the glassy surface on which your craft rides so smoothly. And then think

of God, who placed the trees where all could see them and read his mind."

To a chronicler of 1840, who wrote of the canal, the crowning feature was the tunnel twenty-five miles above Hancock, "three thousand one hundred and eighteen feet long, twenty-four feet wide, and seventeen feet from the crown of the arch to the water's surface, cut through slate rock." But tunnels do not have the appeal of the open spaces—for instance, those just before Cumberland is reached. There the canal ambles across a valley bounded on one side by a ridge whose many-humped summit looks like the bump-the-bumps of some giant. A look ahead shows the successive folds of the mountain, closing down on the little city, many of whose streets rise tier on tier, while the houses climb higher and yet higher until some are even brave enough to stand alone on the crest of the topmost ridge.

At Cumberland is the end of the canal trip that is always worth while. Let it be made in the spring, when the trees are taking on their clothing of summer green. Or a good time is the summer, when the foliage grows dense and the river invites the swimmer. And there is late October, when the grandest Artist of all paints the trees in gorgeous crimson and yellow, when the light of the setting sun falls on glorified hillsides and makes even the stolid boatman exclaim, with shamefaced apology, "You can't help saying something when you see a thing like that."

CHAPTER III

THE EASTERN SHORE AND THE CHESAPEAKE

"THE LAND OF GENTLEMEN" is one of the popular names for the water-bound Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia between the Chesapeake Bay and the Delaware and Atlantic Ocean —a region of romance and beauty, and Americans who can be sure of ancestors who came from England long ago.

There are a few easy approaches to the land of fertile farms and shifting sands. First there is the steamer from Baltimore down the Chesapeake. It is to be hoped that the steamship company will plan a day schedule for the pleasure of those who wish to study the curiously indented shore past Annapolis and the mouths of the Patuxent and the Potomac, along the limits of the peninsula of Tidewater Virginia on the west and the curious but important appendage to Virginia on the east.

Then there is the train through the heart of the Eastern Shore. First there is a bit of Maryland, where orchards and green fields surround Salisbury and Princess Anne, quaint towns whose shaded streets and comfortable, old-time houses tell the traveler who is not in a hurry that he ought to stop and test the hospitality of people who have not forgotten the traditions of other days.

Then come the counties of the Accomac Peninsula, the many bays and creeks, the pines, and the sand

ALONG CHESAPEAKE BAY

MAIN AND GRANBY STREETS, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

dunes that are in almost ceaseless motion because of the breezes, first from the Atlantic, then from the Chesapeake. Through these is the best route to enter the country of the Chesapeake—after due pause at Chincoteague or Accomac or Eastville, or others of the old-time towns and villages along the way, there to absorb some of the delights of this region to which so few turn their steps except to rush through to the resorts about the lower Chesapeake.

Of the four centers of greatest interest in connection with the early history of America—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and this Chesapeake Bay region in Virginia—the last is least known. Yet here, within a radius of little more than fifty miles, were Jamestown, the first permanent settlement on the continent; the famous houses on the James, still shown to those who make their leisurely way along this pleasing waterway; Henrico, Jamestown's successor after the capital of the colony was destroyed during Bacon's Rebellion; Yorktown, in later years famous because there were the closing scenes of the Revolution; Old Point Comfort, the port of entry for the mainland as well as the Eastern Shore, the isolated tongue of land that was one of the most favored sections of old Virginia.

The bit of the peninsula that belongs to Virginia contains two counties and is about seventy miles long, while the average breadth is about eight miles. Naturally it is low and sandy. Pine trees flourish, and strong breezes are almost constant. The Indians, with whom this tongue of land was a favorite, called it "Acchawmake," or the land beyond the water. The colonists called it Accomac, or "Ye Antient Kingdome of Accawmake." This name survives as the name of one of the

counties, though, strangely enough, Accomac is not the older of these counties; Northampton was the original subdivision of the colony.

Tradition says that the first settlers on Accomac sought the Eastern Shore in 1610, that they intermarried with the Nassawattox Indians, and became semi-savage. But the first settlement of which reliable history tells was made in 1614. Probably the first permanent white settler was named Savage. His descendants still live there; Savage is a common name on the Eastern Shore Historians of Virginia declare that the Savages represent the oldest American family in the United States.

Another popular family name in the region is Nottingham, a name seldom heard elsewhere. Those who bear it are leaders in the community. A writer on Eastern Shore peculiarities has said, "One can make no mistake by addressing an Eastern Shoreman, if a gentleman, by that name, for if it is not his own name it will probably be that of a near relative; and if he happens not to be a gentleman, he will be flattered."

Before many years other settlers followed the original Savage. The lands were rich, and immigrants were attracted by the exemption from the landing tax required at Point Comfort. Later the community bore its share of taxation, as was appointed in 1652, when the leaders of the people prepared the famous Northampton Protest to the General Assembly (and so to the King) against taxation without representation. In this the request was made that the "Taxacon of fforty sixe pounds of tobacco per poll . . . bee taken off ye charge of ye Countie," because the "Llawe" was "Arbitrarye and illegall: fforasmuch as wee had

neither summons for Ellecon of Burgesses nor voyce in the Assemblye."

Perhaps Governor Berkeley remembered this protest twenty-five years later when, in his eagerness to attach to himself the freemen of Accomac and Northampton, he promised freedom from taxation for twenty years if they would remain faithful to him against the leaders of Bacon's Rebellion.

In 1643 about one thousand of Virginia's fifteen thousand inhabitants lived in this small section of the colony. In 1667 the Eastern Shore counties contained about three thousand people.

The modern traveler along the Eastern Shore takes steamer for the pleasant ride from Cape Charles to Cape Henry and Fort Monroe, an army post where sea wall and lighthouse, batteries, moat and ramparts, barracks for soldiers and quarters for officers hold the eyes that look to the land, while merchant vessels and ships of war, some gliding along the water, others riding at anchor, greet those who turn to the sea.

Norfolk, the leading seaport of the old Dominion; Newport News, at the head of Hampton Roads, and Portsmouth with its Navy Yard, are within reach of the waters where the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* fought their duel to the death, the first battle between ironclads.

At the point of a narrow neck of land, opposite Portsmouth, was Old Point Comfort Hotel, until it was burned in March, 1920, while across the water on the mainland is Hampton, where Captain John Smith landed, with its venerable St. John's Church, built in 1727, and the churchyard where weeping willows hang out their drooping banners.

And this is but the beginning of the spots that make Tidewater Virginia rich hunting ground for those who delight in the spots that history has made memorable. Only a few miles up York River is Yorktown, where Cornwallis sadly yielded his sword, and where fortifications were built in the days of the Confederacy. For seventy years before the British general came there the little town was a busy place; the first custom house in the United States, built in 1715, bears silent witness to its trade. Near by is the Nelson House, where Cornwallis had his headquarters, and less than a mile distant is the Moore House, where the agreement of surrender was prepared and signed.

Along the Rappahannock are a number of the delightful homes of the early days, but the spot to which visitors turn with greatest eagerness is Fredericksburg, with the house where the mother of George Washington lived and died, cared for now by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. Kenmore, home of Betty Lewis, Washington's sister, is near by.

Not far from the mouth of the Potomac, which enters the Chesapeake a few mile above the Rappahannock, the Lees had their home, at Stratford. This sturdy mansion was built soon after the fire of 1729 that destroyed the earlier house of Colonel Thomas Lee, the father of "Light Horse Harry" Lee, who, in the Continental Congress, made the motion that "these colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states." Here Robert E. Lee was born in 1807, and here he spent the first few years of his life.

It is only about one hundred miles farther up the river to the region of Mount Vernon, the home which

MOUNT VERNON, VIRGINIA

THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, D.C.
Northwest front

Washington loved; Alexandria and Pohick, the two churches where he was vestryman; Gunston Hall, where he liked to go to see his friend, George Mason, either by the road or by the river route; and, finally, the city which he founded in the heart of a district given for the purpose by Maryland and Virginia, though the land south of the Potomac later became again part of Virginia.

Washington is neither a northern nor a southern city, yet it was built well within the region popularly known as the South, and those who enter its welcoming portals feel at once that they are in the land of sunshine and hospitality.

The Nation's Capital has changed since Charles Dickens wrote of it, in words tinged it may be with something of prejudice:

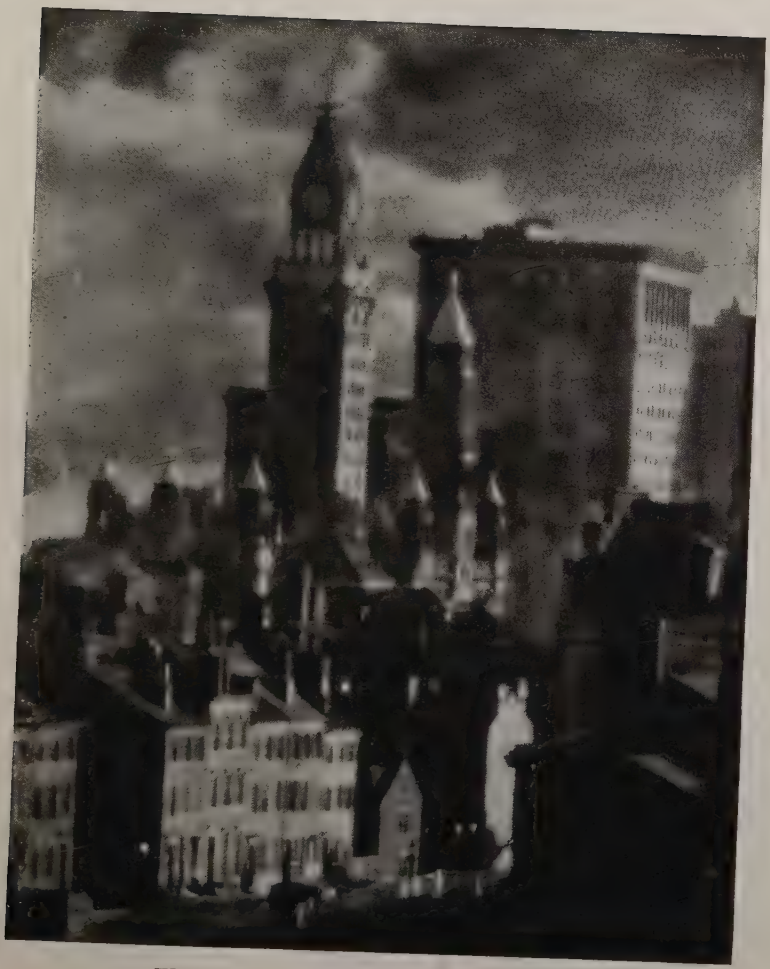
"It is sometimes called the City of Magnificent Distances, but it might with greater propriety be called the City of Magnificent Intentions, for it is only by taking a bird's-eye view of it from the top of the Capitol that one can at all comprehend the vast designs of its projector, an aspiring Frenchman. Spacious avenues that begin in nothing and lead nowhere; streets miles long that only want houses, roads and inhabitants; public buildings that need only a public to be complete; and ornaments of great thoroughfares which only lack great thoroughfares to ornament—are the leading features."

Then the great novelist closed his witty but not altogether fair picture by declaring it "a monument raised to a deceased project, with not even a legible inscription to record its departed greatness," and by saying, "such as it is, it is likely to remain."

But Washington, instead of remaining what it was in the days of its youth, has become one of the most beautiful cities in the world, whose streets not only go somewhere, but lead through regions where visitors delight to follow; where beautiful houses are close to the ever-increasing number of stately public buildings; where trees grow luxuriantly along the streets, and frequent parkways and convenient larger parks make their luring call; where the sun shines with truly Southern persistence; where the Monument lifts its head high above those who seek the Mall and the Potomac beyond; where modern buildings keep company with old-time mansions like the White House or the Octagon House, in which Dolly Madison was mistress in the days after the destructive visit of the British in 1814.

Washington is a city of pilgrims—pilgrims who come for a few years, for a single year, for a month, or, it may be, but for a day. Probably there are few loyal Americans who have not seen the city, or who are not looking forward to a visit to this national shrine on the Potomac, with its opportunities for side trips to Annapolis or Alexandria or Mount Vernon or Arlington. In season and out of season there are so many of these visitors that it is almost useless to think of asking a passer-by for directions; ten to one he will either anticipate the question by asking one of his own, or he will reply that he also is a stranger.

No one should leave the vicinity of Washington without going also to Baltimore, the proud city on the Patapsco, fourteen miles from Chesapeake Bay, which has grown from a population of two hundred in 1752 until now it is a candidate for inclusion before many years among cities with a million inhabitants.



IN THE HEART OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
"Fifty Years"—A Contrast

A CHESAPEAKE BEACON

WIND-BLOWN CHESAPEAKE SANDS

In this monumental city the structures erected to men of the past are companions for other monuments to modern industry, in the business centers, in the factory districts, and in the streets where thousands of the homes of the people, lifting their red-brick fronts, tell of the prosperity of the Monarch of the Chesapeake, from whose spendid harbor go ships to all parts of the earth.

Baltimore's river of the unusual name has good company along the Chesapeake and its tributaries. As the seaman sails down the two hundred miles toward the open ocean he will pass the Patuxent, the Choptank and the Potomac. And if he chooses to ascend the stream that will always be linked with the name of Washington, he will come to the Nomini, the Wicomico, the Yiocomico and the Piankatank, reminders all of the Indians who looked on in wonder at the white men who came to this region in 1607 and afterwards, and then began the relentless drive that pushed back the red men of the forest to the mountains which proved a refuge only until later pioneers penetrated these fastnesses also in the daring march to the West.

CHAPTER IV

UP THE WINDING JAMES

OF all the streams that cut the Chesapeake Bay region in such interesting fashion, the one farthest south is the James, which opens directly into Hampton Roads, after its winding course almost entirely across the state.

The James is the most historic and picturesque of all Virginia's rivers, and it is fortunate that the ride from its mouth to the head of navigation at Richmond can be taken by daylight. The diminutive steamer leaves Hampton Roads after an early breakfast, and all day long it moves with deliberation toward Richmond—grateful deliberation, for who wants to hurry over this stretch of water where every mile tells stories about the men and women who laid the foundations of the commonwealth and the nation?

From the deck of the river steamer the low-lying shore offers little of appeal. Yet interest is kept alive by the knowledge that before long Jamestown Island will be seen, and by imagining the feelings of the brave men and women of the *Susan,* the *Sarah Constant,* the *Goodspeed,* and the *Discovery,* who faced maybe "Tygers and Devouringe Creatures," and other dangers of which they knew as little in those old days of 1607.

The boat is twenty-five miles on its way upstream when the marshes appear that fringe the island where these first settlers landed and built their town.

At first the island looks uncared for, but soon is noted the sea wall, built to stop the hungry river's appetite for the historic shore. Fortunately the boat stops at the pier long enough for the passengers to walk beyond the wall to all that is left of James Fort or James Town, the first permanent English settlement in America—the old church tower, with the excavation showing the outlines of the church, and the tombs of some of the ancient worthies. The ruin of a mansion, built long after the town was destroyed, and the Confederate fort that dates from 1861, are about all that can be seen—until the imagination is permitted to conjure up the picture of the streets, the homes, the men, the women and the children of the days before Bacon's Rebellion.

Seven miles from the river, about due north from Jamestown, is the site of its successor, Williamsburg, the Colony's second capital. There it is not necessary to draw on the imagination, for the town is like a bit out of old England, with its streets shaded by great trees, its ancient William and Mary College, where Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe and John Tyler went to school; its Bruton Parish Church, built in 1715, though an earlier edifice stood on the site when Jamestown was still flourishing; its Palace Green, that surrounded the home of the Governor; its court-house, whose stone steps were brought from England in 1762; its Powder House, where Virginia's supplies of powder were kept, beginning in 1714; its tavern, and its many houses that tell of men who dared all for liberty and of women who were one with them in their devotion.

The captain of the river steamer is accommodating, but he does not promise to wait while the excursion is

taken to Williamsburg; he is ready to go on upstream toward Carter's Grove, built by Carter Burwell in 1751; Brandon, with its wonderful garden, an estate occupied since the days of John Smith; Westover, a mansion that has survived the careless handling of soldiers during two wars; and, near the mouth of the Appomattox, Shirley, the ancient home of the Carters.

Theodore Roosevelt called Westover, Brandon and Shirley "three of the dearest places you can imagine," and added, "I do not know whether I loved most the places themselves or the quaint out-of-the-world Virginia gentlewomen there." But the same thing might be said of a dozen other old-time houses that peep out among the trees along the river or are hidden up some of the creeks that enter the stream.

Near Richmond is the Dutch Gap Canal, first cut by Sir Thomas Dale when Jamestown was in its glory. To protect his new settlement Henrico from the Indians, he cut across a narrow peninsula and then built fortifications. Two hundred years later General Butler spent five months in enlarging the old ditch. It was a gigantic task; 67,000 yards of earth were removed, in spite of a bitter fire from Confederate mortars. The work was completed by the Government in 1879, to the joy of the steamboat-men, who were thus saved seven miles of difficult river travel.

The canal was not cut when William Wirt told delightedly of Richmond, "the town disposed over hills of various shapes, the river descending from west to east, and obstructed by a multitude of small islands, clumps of trees and myriads of rocks—the same river, at the lower end of the town, bending at right angles to the south and traveling many miles in that direction."

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL'S RESIDENCE, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

THE OLD COURT HOUSE AT WILLIAMSBURG
Erected 1769

JAMES RIVER AND COMMONWEALTH HILL, VIRGINIA

He called the prospect from the heights above the city, "one of the most finely-varied and most animated landscapes I have ever seen."

The charm of Richmond is cumulative. To see it once is to admire it; to see it a second time is to rejoice in it; to see it a third time is to love it. And it is difficult to tell in what is the greatest appeal. To some it is the wide view of city and river of which Wirt spoke; to others, it is the Capitol Square, on a hill in the heart of the city, whose crown is the building designed by Thomas Jefferson from the Maison Quarré at Nismes; still others find it in mansions like the White House of the Confederacy, the John Marshall House and the Archer House, or in St. John's Church, where Patrick Henry shouted, "Give me liberty or give me death."

But whatever is given as the secret, this city by the rock-bound Falls of the James, this capital of the Commonwealth from which so many Presidents came, will always be to many people the central city of the South, the standard by which to measure what is most desirable in civic life.

The advantages of Richmond appealed to George Washington long before the Revolution, but not until after the close of the struggle was he able to show how practical was his interest. Then he began to think of the improvement of the James River. The projects in which he was keenly interested were two: First, there was the James River Canal, a series of twelve locks to connect the river with a basin at Richmond, 880 feet above tidewater; from the basin a canal two and one-half miles long to the river; and, farther on, a second short canal, with lock, around a fall of 34 feet.

The second project became ultimately the James River and Kanawha Canal and Railroad, which was not actually begun until 1835. The whole length of the canal and railroad, when completed to the Ohio, was to be about 425 miles.

The canal was in use for many years for both passenger packets and cargo craft. The last of the packets was the *Marshall,* which carried the body of Stonewall Jackson from Richmond to Lexington.

To-day the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, the successor of the canal, follows the James all the way to Lynchburg, in many places occupying the old towpath. From Lynchburg it proceeds to a junction with the Ohio River at Kenova, not far from the mouth of the Kanawha, the objective point of the early ambitious canal and railroad scheme.

For a portion of the distance to Lynchburg there is a fair automobile road, but for the greater part of the way the railroad must be depended on, as it leads through some of the Old Dominion's most glorious scenery and within easy reach of some of the homes and haunts of those who helped to make her history and the history of the nation.

Chesterfield County, first to the south after Richmond is left behind, is full of the relics of other days. There is the country known as the site of the first iron works in America, which have long since disappeared; these were built at the mouth of Falling Creek, which enters the James south of Richmond. The furnace depended on the coal mines at Midlothian, the first of them opened as early as 1730. Traces of the old pits are still to be noted. The fuel was used also at Chesterfield Court House, built in 1749, where, in 1779, George

Rogers Clark brought Hamilton, British Governor of Detroit, as a prisoner of war. Perhaps this was the reason for the burning of the building by the British troops in 1781. Fortunately the walls were not destroyed, and it was possible to reconstruct the edifice.

Another reminder of the heroes of the War of the Revolution is Salisbury, near Midlothian, where Patrick Henry made his home while governor of Virginia. The journey to and from Richmond must have been difficult in those days, but Henry continued to reside there until his landlord sold the property over his head.

The landlord, Thomas Mann Randolph, lived at Tuckahoe in Goochland County, a few miles north, across the James. The famous mansion which was his home was built by his father, Thomas Randolph, in the early years of the eighteenth century. At his death he directed that a tutor should come to Tuckahoe to care for his son. Peter Jefferson, whose wife was a relative of the new owner of the property, was appointed tutor, and when he came to Tuckahoe he brought with him his son Thomas. Thus it came about that Thomas Jefferson went to school on the plantation. The best of it is that the old school-house which the author of the Declaration of Independence attended is still standing, perhaps the most interesting feature of the plantation, whose mansion, surrounded by one of the famous labyrinth gardens of old Virginia, is to be seen from the river, peeping through the trees.

At Cartersville, in Cumberland County, General Robert E. Lee, with his family, landed in 1865 from a packet boat on the canal and went six miles south to Oakland, one of the most famous of the estates on the

upper James. While in the neighborhood he received the visitors from Lexington who asked him to become president of Washington College. At Oakland one of the General's chief delights was to stroll under the grove of monster oaks, some of which were more than twenty feet in circumference. Unfortunately, these trees were damaged by fire which, in 1900, destroyed the mansion that was built about 1740 in the midst of land granted by George II to "Bowler Cocke, Gentleman."

One of the early settlers who dared to push on up the James was attracted by the rocky precipice on the Goochland County side, not far from Cartersville. Here Tarleton Fleming built his home at such an early date that in 1732 Colonel William Byrd was able to speak of meeting, at Tuckahoe, Mrs. Fleming, "on her way to join her husband at Rock Castle, thirty miles farther up the river in a part of the country little settled, and but lately redeemed from the wilderness."

Many other pioneers who followed the Flemings up the storied river have left the records of their home-building along the banks of the stream, all the way to Lynchburg and even beyond. But the house that is dearest of all to the hearts of loyal Americans was made by the boy who went to school at Tuckahoe, Thomas Jefferson, who was born in Albemarle County, some miles north of the James. He took such delight in the hills and valleys that here, when Shadwell was burned, he built Monticello near by. The site was chosen because of the wonderful view from the summit of the sugar-loaf mountain above the Rivanna. There the forest trees were cut down and, ten acres being cleared and levelled, the mansion was erected after Jefferson's own plans.

MONTICELLO, NEAR CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA
The home of Thomas Jefferson. Designed by himself

THREE SISTERS MOUNTAINS, VIRGINIA

The eminence chosen by the man who became the Sage of Monticello is a point of the ridge known as the Southwest Mountains of Virginia, which extend through the heart of Albemarle County to the James. These rugged hills, the highest of them known as Peter's Mount, for the father of Thomas Jefferson, was long the western limit of civilization.

It was one of Jefferson's chief joys to look off to the Blue Ridge, more than twenty miles to the west. Another delight was to direct the construction of his estate, which he declared was "the garden spot of Virginia, where the season is two or three weeks in advance of the level country near at hand."

From the southeast corner of the terrace at Monticello he was accustomed to watch the workmen engaged on the first buildings of the University of Virginia, buildings also planned by himself. In 1825 he had the keen pleasure of going down from Monticello to the opening of this child of his heart.

The prospect from the terrace became even dearer to Jefferson during the months he was still to pass there before his death in 1826. Often his eyes turned to the south where the James swept down with steadily increasing flow from Lynchburg, the city "set upon seven hills of a most unnecessary steepness," as one visitor has said, with humor that revealed his affection for the thriving city of beautiful homes and busy mills and factories. One of the assets of the city is the natural water power so generously supplied by the river narrowed by confining cliffs that add to the picturesqueness of the surroundings.

The river becomes wider as the ascent is made toward Natural Bridge, part of the way through the

heart of the Natural Bridge National Forest. On either side are summits of the Blue Ridge, while rocks and springs and mountain roads invite on every hand. Near Glasgow, Balcony Falls gives further promise of what is in store for those who leave the river, the turnpike and the railroad and follow the fifty miles of well-graded trails—a foretaste of what the Forest Service plans to do for the pleasure of the people who own the forest area.

Some of the trails lead along the near summit of the Blue Ridge, which divides the forest from north to south. Along this dividing line are some of the most beautiful peaks east of the Rockies. Go to the Peaks of Otter or Apple Orchard Mountain or Thunder Hill or Arnold Valley—or, better, go to them all. Look as opportunity offers down at the valley of the James, far below. Take a side trip to Natural Bridge. Then see if you will not either have to lengthen your vacation or come back another year to go on with what you have only begun!

A rival of Balcony Falls, the introduction to the beauties of the Natural Bridge Forest to those who come by the James River route, is Augusta Springs in Augusta County, where the Forest Department plans to extend the Natural Bridge vacation area. There are many falls in America, but nowhere is there a series of falls like Augusta Springs, on the upper sources of the North Fork of the James. Jefferson feasted his eyes on the long leap of the waters from the rock, followed by the scores of smaller falls over the boulders below, and modern visitors follow him in their delight at the inspiring sight, which seems a combination of a Yosemite fall and a Yellowstone cascade.

What a National Park this section of Virginia would make! It would take in the marvelous series of springs that dot the country to the west and southwest of Augusta Springs—Warm Springs, and Hot Springs, Healing Springs and Millboro Springs, Rockbridge Alum Springs, and Sweet Chalybeate Springs, Virginia Hot Springs and Stribling Springs—yes, and more, too —springs that lured early health-seekers into the heart of the Blue Ridge and beyond, and made social centers even of White Sulphur Springs and Old Sweet Springs in what is now West Virginia.

More than a century ago travelers began to toil to these life-giving springs, and feasted their souls on the inspiring reaches of mountain and forest and river that led to them and are seen from them, and every year for generations since these pioneers have had their successors. By rail, by stage and by motor they come. They rejoice in the air, the mountains and the green growth everywhere. They turn, it may be to fish in the rushing streams or to hunt in the coverts nature has provided with prodigal hand. And they wonder why men do not seek this easily-found "Switzerland of America."

CHAPTER V

THROUGH THE HEART OF NORTH CAROLINA

IT is good to travel through North Carolina, but it is better still to remain a while in this land of sturdy men and smiling women, where the flowers bloom profusely and the cotton grows luxuriantly; where a man on horseback is not a novelty; where almost every house, small or large, has its inviting porch or verandah, sometimes seemingly out of all proportion to the size of the building; where the high-power electric lines that feed the cotton mills and other manufacturing establishments tell of the tremendous hydro-electric development in a country bountifully supplied with streams that hurry down from the mountains to the plateau and then to the sea.

Though many of the rivers are navigable for a long distance from their mouths the obstacle-conquering Carolinians many years ago made up their minds that they must have other means of transportation, and of the best. So they not only talked of good roads, but they began valiantly to improve country highways. In fact, the state is a splendid advertisement for good roads, not only because it has hundreds of miles of fine macadam pavement, but because, on a rainy day, it has so many samples of the slippery, slimy, slovenly red and yellow clay roads that the smooth, hard pavements—steadily increasing in number—seem all the more delightful by contrast. And the best of it is that there is constant evidence of a definite program of road

improvement. To a motorist there is something gratifying, inspiring in the sight of a road roller—that is, unless it stands straight across his path with the stern mandate, "Detour," and he has no alternative but one of the aforementioned slippery, slimy roads of clay.

But even on a rainy day the hill country of Western North Carolina well repays the traveler who keeps both eyes open. Green slopes and pleasant valleys are everywhere. Most unexpectedly the way leads to attractively named streams, whose red floods call up long-forgotten memories of school days when the teacher's stern request, "Name three rivers of North Carolina," caused a sinking sensation in the region of the ribs. Why couldn't we remember the Yadkin, that reluctantly leaves the mountains and then twists and turns in astonishing fashion as if eager to form a boundary of as many counties as possible? Why should the Catawba elude us when it is anything but elusive in this country of the hills? Surely Deep River is easily remembered, if only because another name might seem truer to the facts!

But rivers supply only a portion of the pleasures of those who are determined to see things even on a rainy day. Everywhere are villages and towns where there is perhaps a greater contrast than in the average towns of the north between the homes of the poor and those of the well-to-do, many of the latter having the great portico whose white columns speak eloquently of the fact that those who live there have not forgotten the traditions of old-time Southern hospitality. Here and there the bright lights of the cotton mills and the muffled noise of the spindles tell of the industry that is doing its part for the continued development of a pro-

gressive state. Beyond the cotton mills lie the remnants of forests of other days, where deciduous trees mingle with the graceful pines. The junior pines creep out to the roadside and help the luxuriant vines to clothe with green banks whose staring surface of red earth might in time prove disconcerting.

The pleasure given by those North Carolina hills is all the greater because they insist on bringing up memories of the men and women of the past, the hardy settlers who pushed on from the seacoast because they would conquer the wilderness, who were a strong tower in the darkest days of the Revolution, who supplied numbers of pioneers in the mountain-crossing, distance-defying, hardship-conquering days of the colonization of the western wilderness.

In its diagonal course across South Carolina, all the way from the Dan River to King's Mountain, the Southern Railway traverses a region that, in addition to being notable for real beauty, is steeped in the lore of these heroic days of long ago. On the Dan, just over the line in Virginia, is Danville, where General Nathanael Greene crossed in 1781, while to the southwest, near Greensboro, is the site of Guilford Court House, where the troops of Lord Cornwallis were defeated on March 15 of that year by the men under General Greene. Thus was added another triumph to the credit of the Colonies, which began to take heart once more. In consequence of events like this, John Adams wrote to Benjamin Franklin, "I think the Southern States will have the honor, after all, of putting us in the right way of finishing the business of the war."

Almost directly west of the battle-ground in Guil-

"THE OLD CABIN HOME"

RAZOR BACK HOGS IN NORTH CAROLINA

THE GREEN SLOPES AND PLEASANT VALLEYS OF NORTH CAROLINA

ford County that did so much to turn the tide of the Revolution is Winston-Salem, a thriving city in the midst of a prosperous and picturesque country, whose romantic history goes back a generation before the days of Greene and Cornwallis. In the fall of 1752 the Moravian Bishop Spangenburg looked for a home where his followers could live in peace and labor for the Indians, and came to the North Carolina wilderness, journeying from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Charmed by the region of which Winston-Salem is now the metropolis, he bought a section about ten miles square, and arranged for the residence of hundreds of Moravians in what was later called Wachovia.

The story of the journey of the first inhabitants from their Pennsylvania home is an epic worthy of more detailed treatment than the matter-of-fact history of Wachovia gives to it. After crossing the Susquehanna and the Potomac, they came down the Shenandoah to Augusta Court House (now Staunton), thus becoming forerunners in a score of movements to and fro in this favored region, each of which has had its part in the history of the nation. The way became even more difficult as they followed the course of the Mayo to the Dan and on to the border of Wachovia, their promised land.

That sounds simple enough. Very likely such a journey would be simple to-day. But in those days of unbroken forests and unbridged streams progress was far from easy. The hills were too steep for the heavily-laden wagons, and it was necessary for the men to carry the loads up the slopes while the empty vehicles followed carefully. Even the descent was a problem that found no solution until the resourceful pioneers

devised a way to retard the loaded wagons; locked wheels were assisted by a dragging tree cut from the forest and fastened to the rear of each wagon.

The short, rainy days of November, 1753, came before the long journey was done. Cold and hunger added to the burdens of the pilgrims. However, all hardships were soon forgotten in the joy of making the wilderness fruitful. The twentieth century visitor is reminded of the struggles as he passes through Bethania, or hears of Bethabara, the first town, older than Salem by a number of years.

Salem, founded in 1766 in the heart of their holdings, speedily became a center of primitive manufactures that fed the remarkable wagon commerce directed toward centers as far away as Charleston, South Carolina.

Salem was a year old when Governor Tryon turned curious steps to Wachovia, but he was entertained at Bethabara. While there he urged the sending of a representative to the legislature, and formed such a high opinion of the colony within a colony that, when discontented Regulators, defeated at the Alamance in their efforts to oppose him, fled to Wachovia for refuge, he refused to take vengeance on the Moravians, though there were not lacking those who questioned their loyalty. Later, under guard of three thousand soldiers, he watched the trial of the fugitives, many of whom took the oath of allegiance and were pardoned.

In 1849 Salem gained as neighbor the town of Winston, founded as the county-seat of the new county of Forsyth, on fifty-one acres sold for this purpose by the Moravians at five dollars per acre. Both towns grew rapidly, and in 1913 they became Winston-Salem, a city

whose growth is no more remarkable than the phenomenal activity of its business and industrial section or the dignified beauty and stately repose of the old Moravian town.

But the visitor to this section of North Carolina is not through treading on historic ground when he goes to the south of Winston-Salem and Guilford Court House. For not far away is Rowan County, famous for the women associated during the Revolution under pledge "not to receive the addresses of any young gentlemen . . . the ladies being of opinion that such persons as stay loitering at home, when the important calls of their country demand their military service abroad, must certainly be destitute of that nobleness of sentiment, that brave, manly spirit which would qualify them to be the defenders and guardians of the fair sex."

Still farther south is sturdy Charlotte, in Mecklenburg, where, on May 20, 1775, following the battle of Lexington, that famous document, the Mecklenburg Declaration, was adopted, more than a year before the Declaration of Independence was signed. In this bold paper the citizens of Mecklenburg declared that they "do hereby dissolve the political bonds which have connected us to the Mother Country." Then they went a step further, by declaring themselves "a free and independent people."

In Charlotte they point out the spot where the patriots gathered to frame their resolution—Independence Square, at the intersection of two of the principal streets. Not far away are the old oaks that mark the site of the headquarters of Lord Cornwallis, who honored the citizens of Mecklenburg by calling them

Hornets, and gave double honor to Charlotte by speaking of it as "The Hornets' Nest." Both sites are centers of special interest annually on May 20, which is a state holiday to celebrate the action of the Hornets in resisting oppression.

While Charlotte is proud of her past, her people rejoice in a present of unexampled prosperity. Their claim that their city—whose growth from comparative insignificance has been a matter of but fifteen years—is "the commercial center of the two Carolinas" has a substantial basis. Certainly the cotton mills and the hydro-electric development of which the city is the center make the community remarkable; so do the homes, both modest and pretentious, that bear witness to her statement that she has more home-owners in proportion to population than any other city in the country.

Charlotte does not divide honors with any neighbor because of commercial development, but in historic matters she has a worthy associate a little to the west—King's Mountain, where, in 1780, the spirited frontiersmen, after their forced march over the mountains, as noted in another chapter, faced the surprised Major Ferguson, who had defied them, and taught him to respect men who were fighting for home and country.

Altogether North Carolina has a tremendous past to live up to—and she can do it. Hers has always been a history of earnestness and devotion, not only during the days of the Revolution, but in the trying days of the sixties—days that inspired the memorable words of President Taft:

"I would not have the South give up a single one of her noble traditions. I would not have her abate

a single bit of the deep pride she feels in all her great heroes that represented her in that awful struggle between the North and the South; but I would have the whole country know, as I believe the South is growing herself to know, that it is possible to preserve all these traditions intact and have a warm and deeply loyal love of the old flag to which she has come back, and to know that the North respects her for those traditions she preserves, and does not ask her to discard one; but only wishes to unite with her in the benefits of a common cause, and of a sympathy and association between the peoples of the two sections that will certainly lead us to a greater and greater future."

Yet this is the region where a youth of seventeen, wise in his own eyes, said wearily, as he looked from the car window: "Let it rain; there is nothing to see in this country anyway. I've been over it half a dozen times, and it is too monotonous for words."

There are people who can magnificently, completely fail to see anything attractive, even in North Carolina!

CHAPTER VI

"THE LAND OF THE SKY"

THOSE who wonder why the Cherokee Indians resisted so strenuously all efforts to remove them from the western part of North Carolina need only to make a visit to that glorious region where everything combines in bewildering fashion to make the renowned Sapphire Country. A score of counties in the state, together with a small region in East Tennessee, and a little finger of territory in Georgia and South Carolina, constitute this territory that is one of the marvels of America. It is a table-land, between the Blue Ridge and the Unaka or Great Smoky Mountains, crossed by tributary ranges and crowned by majestic peaks. It is a labyrinth of brawling brooks and leaping rivers that come from the springs on the mountain side, flow restlessly along valleys and gorges, and force their way through rocky barriers in titanic gaps. It is a great park where grows nearly every variety of wood known east of the Rocky Mountains, as well as a bewildering array of plants and shrubs—ferns in bountiful profusion, laurel in groves, rhododendron in thickets, azaleas in numbers undreamed of. It is a hunting ground where the sportsman will leap for joy, and a fishing territory of boundless wealth. It is a vast pleasure area of such infinite variety and compelling charm that it seems strange its fame does not draw a hundred people for every one who now enters its borders. It is a compact area of a few thousand

square miles where there are peaks yet unclimbed, gorges still unknown to the explorer, valleys hidden away among the mountains and visited only by a few.

Most people, if asked about the location of the highest region east of the Rockies, would be apt to speak of the White Mountains. But in the Southern Appalachians, according to the United States Geological Survey, "two hundred and eighty-eight peaks exceed a height of five thousand feet, and twenty-seven peaks have an elevation greater than Mount Washington (6293 feet)." Of the twenty-five peaks in the Black Mountains, eighteen are more than six thousand feet high. There are in the Balsam Mountains twenty-three summits exceeding six thousand feet. There are other ranges of not much less altitude. And the outlook from the heights and in the valleys between is something, once seen, to be remembered always. To quote once more the words of the investigators of the Geological Survey: "The scenery of the Southern Appalachian region is the grandest in the Eastern States. While in height the mountains can hardly be compared with the Rockies or the Alps, they far outstrip in height, massiveness and extent the mountains of the Northeastern States. As one ascends Roan Mountain or Grandfather Mountain, or passes through Hickory Nut Gap, he is strongly reminded of the scenery of Switzerland, and might well imagine that he was on the Rigi or the Pilatus."

That the superb appeal of the region may continue, and the number of visitors attracted to it increase, the Government has taken steps to protect the watercourses, to show to those who delight to follow the mysterious trail the way to the mountain fastnesses, and to make easy the progress of those who choose a less

strenuous method of visiting the heights. Congress has set apart as the Appalachian Park Reserve a region to which Asheville is the gateway, has created nine or ten national forests—of which the Boone, the Mount Mitchell, the Pisgah, and the Nantahala are in North Carolina—and is carrying out a program of road construction that will, in time, afford access to spots that now are remote and difficult of approach.

Not so long ago few attempted to reach this mountain territory except from the east or the south, and still the first thought of those who plan the journey of untold delight is apt to be to follow in the steps of the pioneer, where the railroad long ago replaced the stage-coach. But those who wish to steal into the heart of the mountains from a new direction should start from Elkhorn City, Kentucky, close to the border of Virginia, on the delightful Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio Railway. The route leads across the Cumberland Mountains, and then through the Clinch Mountains to Johnson City, Tennessee, where the East Tennessee and Western North Carolina Railroad and the Linville River Railway may be taken to the left, or the journey may be continued on the Clinchfield road. If there is time, both roads should be used; it is impossible to choose between the visions that greet the passenger along these routes. The Clinchfield road keeps close to the rugged trail of Daniel Boone, first along the Nolichucky River, then up the narrow gorge of the Doe River. The road to the Linville River passes at once into historic ground. For ten miles from Johnson City the way is along the Watauga River, coming at length to Elizabethton, where Andrew Jackson, under a spreading sycamore tree, held the first sessions of the

TIMBER ON THE EAST SLOPE OF HUGHES RIDGE, NORTH CAROLINA

Supreme Court of Tennessee. Three miles from the same town were born the Taylor brothers, Alf and Bob, once rival candidates for the governorship of Tennessee.

Then comes the great gorge where the Doe has cut its way through the rock to a depth of hundreds of feet. For a distance of five miles the view from the window of the train is down to the rushing stream below or up the almost precipitous side of the canyon to the blue sky.

Far above the Doe, Roan Mountain, on the border between North Carolina and Tennessee, lifts its bald top, marked by the absence of the trees that clothe it almost to the summit. Those who persevere in their purpose to reach the height may look out into the wonderful Valley of East Tennessee, a continuation of the Valley of Virginia, drained by the winding Holston. To eastward there is a panorama of valley and mountain, of mountain beyond mountain, a panorama so wealthy that the beholder does not require much imagination to decide that he can see far away to the locality where mountains become hills, where hills become mere slopes, all the way to Pilot Mountain in Surry County, the strange formation that seems like a last attempt of the Blue Ridge to triumph over the valleys.

To the west and the south of Roan Mountain is a region of riches for the lover of nature as well as for the student of history. Down in Burke County is Linville Falls, where the Linville, tributary of the Catawba, leaps over a precipice after crowding through a narrow passage. Not far away, Altapass rests on a spur of Old Humpback Mountain, while to the north Grandfather Mountain rises, as one traveler said, like the

pommel of a saddle. Linville Gap is the seat of the saddle, while the rear of the saddle is formed by the lower heights of Dunvegan. The region is all the more remarkable because, within a few rods of one another, are the headwaters of the Watauga and the Linville. The latter stream enters the Catawba, then goes by way of the Wateree and the Santee to the Atlantic, while the former proceeds through the Holston and the Tennessee to the Ohio and the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico.

From the slopes of Grandfather Mountain come other streams. On the north slope are the headwaters of the South Fork of New River, which flows through Virginia and on into West Virginia, and to the Ohio River. On the southern slopes are the beginnings of the Yadkin, which, in South Carolina, becomes the Peedee River.

Out of the rock on the south side of Grandfather has been cut a portion of the famous Yonahlossee Road, from Linville to Blowing Rock, a distance of about eighteen miles, all at an elevation of from four to five thousand feet. Along the way the view is tremendously impressive, but perhaps the most outstanding features are the two falls in Green Mountain Creek, above and below the road, and the Leaning Rock, which rises to a height of about one hundred feet, in three blocks, looking as if they had been poised one on the other. A great crack in the top section is noticeable as far as the rocks can be seen.

The town of Blowing Rock, east of Grandfather, because of its altitude of 4090 feet, can boast of being the highest town in the state. But its people prefer to talk of the Tryon Mountain and Grandfather, of

Hawk's Bill and Table Rock, and the Lost Cliffs, as well as of the scores of dips and swales that come between the heights. The town takes its name from the Blowing Rock, a cliff whose configuration is such that when the northwest wind blows one may throw over the edge his hat or his coat and it will be blown back.

Much of the country is as wild as it was in the days of the wilderness-breakers who pushed through these mountains on their triumphant way to Tennessee and Kentucky. Like the Indians, they followed the course of the streams. The French Broad was a favorite with these early travelers, and it has since been chosen by railway engineers, and is now sought by vacation-seekers, who may trace the road's windings for sixty-five miles from Newport, Tennessee, to Asheville; from the Valley of East Tennessee to the heart of the Land of the Sky; along smiling valleys; among the ambitious green foothills; across yawning chasms; steadily up, up, up, to a point where there is a gratifying view to the south of the sky-piercing peaks of the Great Smoky Mountains. Just before the North Carolina line is crossed it threads five miles of twisting, climbing curves that seem to have entered into a conspiracy as to which can give the traveler the best glimpse of valley and stream and mountain.

The crossing of the line is made memorable by the sight of Paint Rock, the overhanging formation, brilliant and varied, that seems to threaten all who pass beneath. Ten miles to the south The Chimneys, twice as high as Paint Rock, lift their strangely-formed heads to the sky. From this point it is difficult to resist longer the lofty barrier of the Great Smokies that stretches southwest sixty-five miles, down to the gap through

which the Little Tennessee finds its way. In the entire distance there is but one peak lower than five thousand feet; this is where the Big Pigeon sweeps to the south to its meeting with the French Broad near Newport. In this range there are nineteen peaks more than six thousand feet high, while fourteen others approach within four hundred feet of this figure.

The range is distinguished by the bald summits of many of the peaks. The balsams grow to within a short distance of the top. Then, as if the wind had triumphed over them, they give way to the luxuriant grass-meadows, some of these as large as a thousand acres.

The greatest bald of all is Clingman's Dome. Its 6660-foot summit offers a tremendous prospect wherever the beholder turns. To the north is the Valley of East Tennessee, where the French Broad and the Holston reign among the hills and along the uplands, where fertile farms and inviting villages dot the landscape. Away to the east and northeast are the Bald, the Black, the Balsam, the Cowie and the Nantahala ranges, while to the south Tuckaseegee River, Nantahala River and the Little Tennessee wind back into the mysterious region down toward the South Carolina border.

In the country to the south the Cherokees made their last stand. When their efforts to resist removal proved in vain, a number of forts were built where they were to be counted. Fort Scott was at Aquone, on the east bank of the upper Nantahala, while Fort Lindsay was at Almond, where that river joins the Little Tennessee. Some of the braves, together with their squaws, were taken to Fort Hembrie, on a branch of Tusquitee Creek. Others were taken to Fort Montgomery on Long Creek, or to Fort Butler out on Valley River.

There was also a stockade where the Tuckaseegee encounters the Little Tennessee. It is still a tradition in the neighborhood that to this stronghold were taken Tsali, or Charley, an old Cherokee brave, together with a number of his relatives—men, women and children. The squaws managed to secrete knives and hatchets. Next day, when they had gone down the Little Tennessee as far as the mouth of Tuskeegee Creek, the concealed weapons were used on the soldiers with deadly effect. In the confusion the captives escaped into the recesses of the Great Smoky Mountains.

Two versions are given of the sequel. One tells of the capture and death of Tsali, after a long pursuit; the other says that the authorities promised a leader of the Indians that if he would give up Tsali and his band, he, with his company of about one thousand Cherokees, would be permitted to remain in the country they were so loth to yield. Learning of this proposition, Tsali gave himself up for the benefit of his people. Authorities at Washington have been asked to verify this story. It is said that they feel it impossible to deny it or to confirm it. So why not believe it, as a fitting explanation of the presence in these mountain fastnesses of fifteen hundred or two thousand Indians, some of whom live on the Soco Reservation, while all are "at once wards of the Government, citizens of the United States and (in North Carolina) a corporate body under state laws"?

The convenient railroad makes easy the journey from Murphy, near the southwest corner of North Carolina, more than one hundred and twenty miles to Asheville, through some of the wildest country in the old Indian hunting grounds. For a long distance the

tracks are laid close to the Valley River, through the beautiful Vale of Konnahecta, as the Cherokees called it. From the car window the country looks so inviting that one wants to go back into the interior. But it is the part of wisdom for the fisherman or the tramper to take with him an experienced guide through these wild gorges, to the creeks where the trout respond with zest to the alluring fly, or on to Toanna Bald or South Weatherman's Bald or Mount Tuni.

Think of a climb of nine hundred feet in nine miles, with a hundred visions to every mile! That climb leads to the headwaters of Valley River, which are separated from the Nantahala River by a ridge of the Balsam Mountains. On the other side of the ridge there is a bewildering succession of river crossings and tunnels that draw the curtain on one superb picture only to raise it in a few moment on one still more superb. And mountains like Cheowah Bald, Steecock Bald, Wesser Bald, Welsh Bald and the High Rocks near Bushnell, where Tsali began his last journey into the heights!

Along the road to Waynesville numerous trails lead into the mountains. Balsam, the highest point reached by any railroad east of the Mississippi, is notable also as a starting point for trails to Balsam Gap, Plott Balsam, Jones Knob, Steestachee Bald, Licklog Gap, Cansey Fork Bald, and Judy Kulla, the highest summit in the Richland Balsams, which offers a view that is famous. How the mere names of these heights sing their way into the heart!

For the lover of the trail who likes to go still farther afield there is a rare opportunity to the south of Balsam, down to the headwaters of Caney Fork, between the Pisgah Ridge and the Tennessee Ridge—the two

branches into which the Balsam Range divides—to Lake Toxaway. This is not an easy trip, and it should be made only in the company of a competent guide. But what a background it will give for the lasting pictures of the Sapphire Country!

The Lake Toxaway region has been called "the crowning glory of a land of loveliness." Three thousand feet above the sea, surrounded by mountains, mirroring in its placid depths the azure sky, the green slopes and the rocky precipices, lie Lakes Toxaway, Fairfield and Sapphire—three crystal gems set in the diadem of North Carolina.

The outlet of Lake Toxaway is Toxaway River, notable for the 400-foot fall of the water from the lake to the level of the stream. From its banks Mount Toxaway may be reached by a trail that leads directly to a lodge that appeals to many even more than the hotels in and near the town. This mountain resort, two thousand feet above the lake, is noted because it makes possible a stay of days in a spot from which one can see scores of towering summits—Mt. Pisgah, close to Asheville, more than forty miles away, and Mount Mitchell, thirty miles farther to the northeast, Mt. Rabun, over on the Georgia line; the Great Smokies, on the border of Tennessee, and—near at hand—Old Whitesides, with its bold, forbidding cliffs, looking like a bit of Colorado carried into the midst of southern greenery.

The forty-one-mile railway ride from Lake Toxaway to Hendersonville is through the narrow valley of the upper French Broad, where the waters tumble over precipices, roar among the impeding rocks, spread out into broad shallows, and narrow into pent-up gorges. Many travelers here do not find it an easy

matter to decide whether to go on at once to Asheville or to stop off for another taste of the trail. Perhaps they will yield to the information that from Cherryfield it is possible to accompany the rural postman on his route twenty-four miles to Sylvia. On the way Wolf Mountain is passed, the trail from Waynesville to Lake Toxaway is intersected, the Tuckaseegee River is followed, and the ever-delightful Speedwell Valley is within reach.

From Brevard, in the Pisgah National Forest region, there is a trail to Looking Glass Mountain and Looking Glass Falls, to Cæsar's Head, and then—through a country of perennial delight—nineteen miles to the crest of the Pisgah Ridge. In the shadow of these mountains the real lover of the wild speedily substitutes new values for the old. Once a wanderer, seeking the Pisgah heights, was cheated in a trade for food. In writing of the experience he said: "It matters little. In Vagabondia one does not haggle over the price of this or that; on the open road money is a small thing indeed, and it is better to be cheated out of the change than to miss a noble prospect of far-off mountains or a fir tree by the roadside." Again he told of losing his knife—"an old comrade that I knew I should miss; but I let it go without a murmur, and after scarcely a minute's search among the weeds. Better that it rust away to nothingness than that a single hour of the day be poisoned by a weary quest."

Those who cannot take the trail where they will learn the joy of roughing it may soon have their turn. Out from mountain-girt Hendersonville a splendid motor highway leads over hill and valley to Hickory Nut Gap, a gorge in the Blue Ridge nine miles long, that

ON THE FRENCH BROAD RIVER, MADISON COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

SPEEDWELL VALLEY, JACKSON COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

CHIMNEY ROCK, NORTH CAROLINA

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DEVIL'S HEAD, CHIMNEY ROCK MOUNTAIN, NORTH CAROLINA

is not only wild but wonderfully, tremendously beautiful. There great water-worn precipices stand out amid the rolling green of the mountain forests. There caves and pools and waterfalls whisper mysteriously. There the Rocky Broad River tumbles and roars toward the Atlantic. Giant rocks are everywhere, but the king of them all is Chimney Rock, rising in solitary grandeur close to the fifteen-hundred-foot precipice on the south side of the Gap. It is called a chimney; it might as well be called a castle turret. But no mediæval knight ever conceived a turret so massive. If the Cherokees had been castle-builders, what a site they would have had on the summit! How easy it would have been for them to defend the Appian Way, the narrow ledge from Chimney Rock to Hickory Nut Falls, which tumble over a precipice nine hundred feet high! What delight they would have found from their lofty eyries in looking out along and across the Gap to the rounded summits bathed in green, to skies painted a deep blue that are at once the joy and despair of the artist!

On from Hickory Nut Gap to Rutherfordton the highway continues, affording, from Hendersonville, thirty-seven miles of travel through a section where the people are as honest as the scenery is sublime. It has been said of them: "If you should go among them to live, and should ever bolt your door or latch your windows at night or when you go away, they would have nothing to do with you. It would be an affront to them. Honesty is a matter of course in this country."

In the days when the stage-coach gave the only access to this mountain region there were two favorite approaches to Asheville—one by way of Hickory Nut Gap, the other through Marion, southeast of Mount

Mitchell, and down through the Swannanoa Gap. Both routes had strenuous partisans who thought there was no possibility of comparing their favorite with its rival, but there were many who found it difficult to choose between them. It has been said that the majesty of Hickory Nut Gap is in such contrast to the delicate beauty of the Swannanoa Gap that both should be seen and just as often as possible.

Marion is less than twenty-five miles by rail north of Rutherfordton, but the distance seems even shorter because the road lies through new country of compelling beauty, even grandeur. The town itself is another of the numerous mountain centers where God's glory on earth and in the heavens is eloquently declared. The balsam-clad Black Mountains chain the vision, while Mount Mitchell rises in haughty might above all the rest. Yet another vision is waiting on those who climb to Hudgins Hill, only a short distance from the nestling houses on the banks of a branch of the Catawba. The valley of the Catawba itself is spread out in winding beauty beneath those who stand on Price's Hill, three miles north.

From Marion to Asheville is forty-one miles, and every mile is notable for the ever-changing outlook and for the associations of the country. Old Fort, for instance, located where Bergen Creek enters the Catawba, tells of the fortification built in early days for the protection of the settlers from the forays of the Cherokees. Perhaps those who named the fort were too busy to study the mountains, but the visitor to-day gazes in rapture on Wild Cat Knob and Edmondson Mountain.

Soon after the train issues from the tunnel at Dendron the passenger is apt to rub his eyes and ask if he

is dreaming. Is it possible that he is in Yellowstone Park, instead of in North Carolina? Are Balsam Cone and the Black Brothers and Celo—all more than six thousand feet high—peaks of the Rockies, not of the Blue Ridge? Certainly the great geyser at Round Knob indicates the West, not the East! Several hundred feet high spouts the water from the orifice near the tracks. A few years ago the wonder ceased to flow, but efforts to reopen the choked channel were successful, and North Carolina can once more point proudly to the graceful columns of Andrews' Fountain that rises as if to dispute the mountains' sway.

Within a few miles of the fountain three great denominations and the Young Men's Christian Association have pitched their summer camps where there is constant inspiration to look and ramble, to wonder and worship. It is difficult to make choice among the locations, but some award the palm to the grounds just beyond the gap where the Swannanoa cleaves the mountains on its rushing way to the French Broad, while Kittazuma Peak looks down with the dignity becoming a monarch.

On to the gate of Asheville flows the Swannanoa, there to join the stream that is so soon to triumph over the mountain barrier that overlooks the Valley of East Tennessee.

There are winter resorts and there are summer resorts; in the off-season these places seem to make mute appeal for the return of those who once sought refreshment there. But Asheville, Queen of the Land of the Sky, has no off-season; in winter and summer alike it welcomes throngs from the north and from the south who delight in its situation in the valley sloping

up to hills that are mountains, and in the multitude of roads and trails that take off into the wilds as well as into regions where those go who wish all comforts as they travel. One of the most notable of these roads has been completed to Mt. Pisgah, in the heart of the Pisgah National Forest and Game Preserve. There is also the road reserved entirely for automobiles built to a height from which a score of other peaks may be counted, and the drive to Biltmore, the Vanderbilt estate, one hundred thousand acres of forest and game preserve, with its scores of miles of roads and hundreds of miles of trail.

Finally comes the greatest joy of all—the pilgrimage to Mount Mitchell, patriarch of the Black Mountains, monarch of the Eastern United States, said by geologists to be the oldest mountain in the world.

With the completion of the "Crest of the Blue Ridge Highway" from Asheville to Blowing Rock, approach to Mount Mitchell will be easy. But it is not necessary to wait for the highway; trails are open for those who take delight in climbing, who feel that those who do not conquer the way on foot deprive themselves of half the joy of the days spent in the mountains. For their comfort and guidance a map of the Mount Mitchell National Forest has been prepared by the Southern Railway. On this are shown in full detail roads and trails, camp sites, streams, gaps and mountains—everything that a vagabond in the forest could wish.

But the simplest way to reach the summit is to take the train from Asheville, sixteen miles to Mount Mitchell Station, and then ascend by the help of the Mount Mitchell Railroad to the summit. It is a climb of more than four thousand feet, among the wild flowers

PACK SQUARE, ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

RICHLAND VALLEY, FROM JUNALUSKA MOUNTAIN, NORTH CAROLINA

and ferns, mosses and galax, laurel, azalea and rhododendron, with balsam on every hand, above and below. As the railway twists and turns it brings into view many peaks, lofty, rounded, sublime. But soon it will be evident that all bow down to Mount Mitchell—even the Black Brothers, from their twin heights of 6690 and 6620 feet.

On the highest part of the mountain rises the monument to Elisha Mitchell, whose wanderings amid the mountain he loved led him to his death. He could not rest when the assertion was made by another mountain-lover that the crown of the Black Mountains should rest on Clingman's Peak, instead of on Mount Mitchell. One June day in 1857, after he had spent weeks in scientific work, he started alone to cross the mountain. Four days later, when no word was received from him, a search party was organized. Five days they searched in vain; then a mountaineer found footprints which showed that Doctor Mitchell had tried to pass around the edge of a precipice over which a cataract tumbled. The torn-up moss indicated where he had slipped and had tried to raise himself. Forty feet below his body lay in a placid pool, still grasping a broken branch of laurel.

Reverently the mountaineers lifted the body from the pool and bore it down to Asheville, where the grave was made at the request of his family. But a little later the mountaineers were given their due; they were permitted to carry him aloft to the summit of his mountain, where every visitor pays tribute to the conqueror of the wild, the lover of the solitudes, the man who worshiped on the dome of the roof of Eastern America.

CHAPTER VII

THE VARIED CAROLINA COAST COUNTRY

THOMAS MOORE has told the story of a young man who lost his mind because of the death of the maid he loved. In his delirium he imagined that she had gone to the Dismal Swamp—

> Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
> She paddles her white canoe.

He followed her and saw her light. Then he watched—

> Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
> Which carried him off from the shore;
> Far he followed the meteor spark,
> The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
> And the boat returned no more.
>
> But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
> This lover and maid so true
> Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
> To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
> And paddle their white canoe!

Evidently the poet had in mind not only the Great Dismal Swamp, but also Lake Drummond, in the weird region of Norfolk County, Virginia, close to the North Carolina border, and but fifty miles or so from the Atlantic. The lake and the swamp are connected by one of the canals dug to facilitate the transport of timber from that rich country.

The Great Dismal Swamp extends over the border into North Carolina, a district known as South Vir-

CYPRESS TREES IN EASTERN PART OF LAKE DRUMMOND, VIRGINIA

SOUTHERN MARGIN OF LAKE DRUMMOND, VIRGINIA

ginia in the days of the early pioneers. The explorers of its strange precincts can go for forty miles from north to south, and for twenty-five miles from east to west, always keeping within the swamp, an immense quagmire where is peat of unknown depth, where waters flow slowly toward the rivers to north and south and east, where there are occasional bits of firm ground due to the matted roots of vegetable matter.

Off to the east of Dismal Swamp lies Currituck Sound, first in the curious series of land-locked salt water inlets separated from the boiling waters of the open ocean by the long narrow arm of bars and islands, "the Banks," whose elbow is stormy Cape Hatteras. This northernmost of the sounds is noted among bird-lovers because it is the favorite winter resort of the whistling swan.

Albemarle Sound, to the south of Currituck, is linked with the heroic story of one who had no leisure to think of the swarming bird life. Her name was Betsy Dowdy, and her inspiration to heroism came when the British approached Great Bridge in the Albemarle country. She knew that the only salvation for the country-side was in getting word to General William Skinner of the militia at Perquimans. So she mounted her pony, crossed Currituck when the tide was coming in, rode through Camden, to the south of the Dismal Swamp, crossed Pasquotank, and entered Perquimans. At her frantic call the militia hurried to meet the British and drove them back.

Edenton, once the colonial capital of North Carolina, is to the west of Perquimans on Albemarle Sound. In the height of the town's glory its five hundred people vied with Williamsburg in Virginia in social gayety.

Reminders of those days are numerous in the quaint town where colonial buildings survive. The most interesting of these reminders is the tablet erected by the North Carolina Daughters of the Revolution to "The Fifty-one ladies of Edenton, who, by their patriotism, zeal, early protest against British authority, assisted our forefathers in the making of the republic and our commonwealth." These patriotic women met on October 25, 1774, and passed resolutions commending the Provisional Congress, and promised not to conform "to that Pernicious Custom of Drinking Tea, and that the aforesaid Ladys would not promote ye wear of any manufacture from England" until the tax was repealed.

From Edenton the waters of Albemarle Sound lead to Kitty Hawk, on the bounding sandspits, where, it is thought by some, beautiful Theodosia Burr was drowned in 1812 when a pilot boat bound for New York was wrecked on the Banks. At any rate, the portrait of the daughter of Aaron Burr, rescued from the wreck, hung on the wall of a cabin at Kitty Hawk until 1869. Then it was given by a patient in gratitude for the attentions of a physician.

From Kitty Hawk to Cape Hatteras and around the elbow of the sandspits there have been wrecks without number, for here, in the edge of the Gulf Stream, is what has been called "the Golgotha of the Sea." From earliest days mariners have been in terror of this coast. De Bry's "True Picture of Virginia," in telling of the arrival of the pioneers "in the iland called Roanoae," said:

"The sea coasts of Virginia arre full of Ilands, whereby the entrance into the land is hard to finde. . . . For although they bee separated with diuers and

sundrye large Dimensions, which seeme to yield conuenient entrance, yet to our great perill we proued that they wear shallowe, and full of dangerous flatts, and could never perce up to the mayne land, until we made trialls in many places with or small pinniers. At length we fownd entrance vpon our mens diligent serch thereof. Affter that we had passed off, and sayled ther in for a short space we discouered a mighty riuer, fallinge downe into the Sownde. . . .''

Roanoke Island is north of Cape Hatteras at the upper end of Pamlico Sound, and to the east of Dare County, named for Virginia Dare, first English child born in America, on August 18, 1587. At the lower end of the Sound is Newbern, founded in 1709, as New Berne, by the Palatinates and the Swiss. Here the colonial governor, Tryon, held his court, and from here he went far to the northwest to fight the Regulators—roused on the question of taxation—in the battle of the Alamance on May 16, 1771. This conflict has been called the first of the Revolution, though there are some even in North Carolina who declare that the Regulators were a mere lawless mob, opposed to true government. The fierce dispute with those who declare the men were true patriots can never be settled.

But there can be no question as to the patriotism of the thousand men of Wilmington, who, on the banks of Moore's Creek, a tributary of Black River, put to flight sixteen hundred Tories in ''the first victory gained by American arms in the war of the Revolution.'' At least this is the claim made on the monument erected on the site of the battle, near Carrie, in Pender County.

Years before, in February, 1766, patriots from the city on Cape Fear River, mustered in opposition to the

Stamp Act and succeeded in forcing Governor Tryon to release two colonial vessels whose clearance papers had not been stamped. Thus the Stamp Act was, in effect, annulled, so far as North Carolina was concerned, two months before its repeal. If Tryon had not yielded there would have been a clash—and the American Revolution would have begun then and there, so North Carolina historians believe.

Days may be spent in looking at the attraction of modern Wilmington and in studying the reminders of other days, past Negro Head Point, which separates the waters of Cape Fear River into northwest and northeast branches, and on to Big Island, site of Old Town, the Barbadoes settlement of 1665; Caroline Beach, with its five-mile stretch of breakers; the site of the old colonial town of Brunswick; Fort Fisher, whose capture on January 15, 1865, ended Confederate blockade running; and the lighthouse on Bald Head, resort of wreckers and pirates of other days. Bald Head is at the top of South Island, where the Frying Pan Shoals begin, and here is "The Cape of Fear," Sir Walter Raleigh's *Promontorum Tremendum*—the southern limit of the inhospitable seaward barrier to a most hospitable state.

The one-hundred-and-fifty-mile section of coast from Cape Fear to Winyah Bay in South Carolina is a startling contrast to the stormy region to the north. Neither islands nor bars interfere with approach to the shore, which curves gracefully inland. The waves of the Atlantic break on a smooth beach, where residents of interior cities and towns find summer relief.

Near the head of spacious Winyah Bay is Georgetown, the terminus of the most pleasing canoe journey

in the South, two hundred miles in all, first on the Lumbee River, then on the Little Peedee, and finally on the Great Peedee River. John Martin Hammond speaks of this combination waterway as "the only clear-water stream fit for canoes between the Gulf of Mexico and Virginia . . . the only stream of such extent."

From Pine Bluff, where the Mid-winter Canoeing Club has its headquarters, sportsmen in increasing numbers follow the fascinating stream, through the plunging rapids, and the long-leaf pines—successors these of the Indian canoemen of long ago who, in their keen enjoyment of the passage, called the headwaters stream Lumbee, "beautiful river."

Every mile of the varied stream bears testimony to the accuracy of the name. The rapids and the pines of the upper river and the cypresses and Spanish moss of the lower reaches lead the fortunate winter canoeist to rejoice. The fisherman will find abundant opportunity to try his skill. The lover of mystery will be fascinated by the sight of the Croatan Indian reservation, where dwell the several thousand wards of the nation thought by many to be descendants of the lost colony of Sir Walter Raleigh. At least the name is a reminder of the disappointing discovery of the expedition of 1590, sent to the relief of the colony—a wooden stockade on whose gate was burned the mysterious word "Croatan." The historian will revel in the thought that, at Yauhannah, where the Great Peedee is reached, he is floating past marshy islands made memorable in Revolutionary days by the exploits of Marion and his brave followers, whose appearances and disappearances brought sorrow to followers of England's German king.

It is easy to lose one's way in the labyrinth of water passages among the islands, not only here but farther north at Buzzard Flats, and to the south where there is more than one connection with the Waccamaw River.

On the lower reaches of the waterway to Winyah Bay there is ample room for more ambitious craft, whose owners may be tempted to follow the coast a short distance to the delta built out into the sea by the Santee, another of the rivers made memorable by the exploits of Marion—the river that once formed a link in ambitious Charleston's scheme to connect with Columbia and bring to her harbor cotton from the interior and rice from the lands nearer at hand. The student of up-to-date maps will find its given place, as in the days of old, but the author of "The South in the Building of the Nation" says that "the canal is now in ruins, though some of its locks, built of brick and originally capped with marble, are standing."

The Santee canal is a memory, but another of Charleston's early attempts to bring to her doors the wealth of the interior has been more fortunate. Travelers may still pass along the route of what was, at the time of its building, the longest railroad in the world, the South Carolina railroad, from Charleston to Hamburg. For one hundred and thirty-seven miles this wonder led through the wilderness.

In 1830, when the locomotive "Best Friend" was tested on the railroad, one hundred and forty passengers were carried. One of them told wonderingly of his experience behind the horse that "eats fire, breathes steam and feeds upon lightwood." He said: "We flew on the wings of the wind at the varied speed of fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour. We darted forth like a

FORT SUMTER, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

ENTRANCE TO THE DEVEREUX HOME, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

live rocket, scattering sparks and flames on either side."

Long before the "Best Friend" carried passengers to Charleston at such terrific speed the city was famous. And its fame continues.

The city has a matchless situation, at the junction of the two rivers, within sight of the open sea. The best view of the harbor and the ocean is from the Battery, at the point between the rivers. It is only five miles out to historic Fort Sumter, while Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, speaks eloquently of the days when the harbor was successfully defended against the British. Not far from Sullivan's Island is the Isle of Palms, with its nine-mile beach and its palmettoes and live oaks, notable among the innumerable island gems set in the blue ocean all the way from Winyah Bay to Savannah.

And when the steps lead back into the city, what wealth is there for the lover of the picturesque and for those devoted to the lore of other days, as well as for those whose delights are all of modern commercial triumphs! Stately old churches, like St. Philip's and St. Michael's, and the Huguenot church, founded in 1681—the only French Huguenot church in America; wonderful colonial houses, like the Pringle house, the Heywood house, the Huger house and the Horry house; quaint streets and buildings yet more quaint; shaded walks, blooming flowers, and parks like the Magnolia Gardens on the Ashley—a dream come true, a bit of fairyland close to the heart of a city where the activity of the present is able to keep step with the wonders that are the heritage from other days.

The flavor of other days, felt with so much persistence in Charleston, clings even more closely to the

low-lying Sea Islands that cluster between St. Helena Sound, southwest of Charleston, and the mouth of the Savannah River. These fertile islands are separated from the mainland by tide rivers which afford an ideal opportunity for the leisurely visitor to wander at will in bateau or motor boat, close to the shore where the marshes and the Spanish moss, the live oaks and the palmettoes, the magnolia and the pines vie with each other in framing a land that seems like a bit of Africa.

The wandering may begin either at St. Helena Sound, where the Edisto and the Combahee Rivers seek the sea, or at Beaufort, the quaint little city that dates from 1711. Beaufort, and Port Royal, near by, were important points in the days of the Confederacy, until the capture of Hilton Head and St. Philips, two of the finest of the islands, closed the passage from the sea.

Hilton Head has other claims to fame. Here, in 1790, the first crop of the wondrously fine long staple Sea Island cotton, finest cotton grown, was raised from seed brought from the Bahamas, and thus the foundation was laid for an industry that throve until the fortunes of war drove the planters from their farms. Now other sections produce this valuable variety of cotton, but the best is still raised in South Carolina, Beaufort and Charleston counties alone—in which are the Sea Islands—reporting acreage devoted to its growth. The product in a recent year was only seven thousand bales, but these bales were in great demand, at high prices. This demand has been explained by the statement that a single pound can be spun into a thread 160 miles long, and that the fiber is so fine that the weavers of France have been known to mix it, undetected, with the product of the silk worm.

THE BATTERY, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

CHAPTER VIII

WHERE FLOWS THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

THE approach to the storied Chattahoochee is from Kings Mountain, and across the section of western North Carolina where Spartanburg rules the largest cotton manufacturing county of the South. The story is told that the county and the town were named in honor of the Spartan qualities of the pioneers who prepared the way for those who have made great this land of cotton fields and cotton mills. Long ago attention was called to Spartanburg's mills by one of the whimsical paragraphs of Joel Chandler Harris in the Atlanta *Constitution*. After speaking of a cloudburst that had destroyed several of these mills, the genial paragrapher wrote, "Cotton factories cannot be too careful in rainy weather." But now that the city at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains has one-sixth of the spindles in South Carolina, her fame rests on a more substantial basis.

The traveler through western South Carolina is attracted as favorably by the luxuriant hillsides, adapted for agriculture in a manner familiar to those who go to the Philippine Islands, as he is attracted unfavorably by the sight of cotton bales exposed to the weather in back yards and front yards, in the mud of village streets, or along the country roads. It is evident that the five-hundred-pound bales are safe from theft, but what of the deterioration suffered by the cot-

ton? Spartanburg, a leader in so many things, has taken steps to provide warehouses where the grower of a single bale or the planter who counts his crop by hundreds of bales may deposit his product while waiting for a favorable opportunity to market it. Thanks to Spartanburg and those whom Spartanburg has inspired, the day is coming when buyers will pass by unprotected cotton for the bales from the warehouses.

Far more pleasing than unprotected cotton by the roadside are the water-sculptured banks and hillsides of this upland country, where the slopes stage a feeble imitation of the nearby lessening spurs of the Appalachians, like the Chattooga Ridge, which, for more than a score of miles, successfully interferes with the purpose of the Chattooga River to turn toward the Atlantic instead of toward the Gulf of Mexico. But at length the stream, stealing a march on the mountains, makes a quick turn to the southeast by way of the Tugaloo, which soon becomes the Savannah in its triumphant sweep toward the sea. In consequence of the turn about the mountains, Oconee, the South Carolina county that seems to rob Georgia of a bit of her territory, has rivers on three sides—for the Keowee also starts in the Chattooga Ridge and flows toward the Seneca, the Savannah and the sea.

The rivers that precede the Savannah have several points in common. For one thing there is the *oo,* which is a good variation of the *ee,* affected by so many of the old-time names of the neighborhood. Then there is Rabun Gap, one of the bits of scenic grandeur not very far from the Chattooga, a typical primitive mountain community; and there is Tallulah Falls, whose majesty is a close neighbor of the Tugaloo.

CHATTOOGA RIVER, GEORGIA
Near the mouth

TALLULAH FALLS, GEORGIA

Tallulah Falls—called by the Cherokees Tarrurah —are not far from the junction of the Tallulah River with the Tugaloo. They are really a series of falls in a mountain stream that tumbles over the rocks in most entrancing fashion.

The leaping waters of Tallulah provide opportunity for hydro-electric development of which engineers have not been slow to take advantage. The use made by them of the portion of the potential two million and a half horsepower on the streams of Georgia has not destroyed the attractions of a spot so rare that it casts in the shade the nearby Toccoa Falls in Stephens County, which drop more than one hundred and fifty feet over a cliff that seems specially made for the staging of such a display of the might of falling water.

Tallulah Falls are close to the mountain ridge that divides the Mississippi system from that of the Atlantic slope. It has been calculated that a canal thirty-five miles across Rabun Gap would connect the Little Tennessee with the Tugaloo, and so with the Savannah. In fact, the Little Tennessee, the Chattooga, the Chattahoochee and the Keowee start within a short distance of one another. One of these streams goes to the Gulf by way of the Ohio and Mississippi, two flow directly to the Gulf, and two to the Atlantic.

An Indian legend current long ago in the country west of Rabun Gap made use of this interdigitation of the waters of this favored region. A Cherokee brave loved the Catawba princess Hiawassee (*pretty fawn*), and asked for her hand in marriage. The Catawba father said in reply that his people drank the waters of the East, while the Cherokees drank from the streams of the West, and added, "When you, insolent, can find

these waters united, then may the hated Cherokee marry the daughter of the great Catawba."

The despairing yet hopeful lover at once began a long search for the union of the waters. He climbed the Appalachee, studied the water courses, and succeeded in finding springs within a few feet of each other, but he could find no union between them. Then one day he stealthily followed three young fawns. He stalked them to a lake that had two outlets, one to the west, and one to the east. "Hiawassee! O Hiawassee!" he cried. "I have found it."

The Cherokees rejoiced in the glorious beauty of this North Georgia country, which had long been a part of their possessions. Once they occupied also the mountain regions of North and South Carolina and Tennessee. They were left undisturbed until the discovery of gold excited the cupidity of settlers. Traces of the precious metal were uncovered at Dahlonega, southwest of Rabun Gap, and not far from Cane Creek Falls. At once there arose clamor for the removal of the Indians to a reservation in the West. But, as Bancroft says, the Cherokees "loved their native land, and, above all, they loved its rivers." So they resented the attempt to displace them. Yet the white men finally succeeded in their purpose, in spite of the decision of the United States Supreme Court that the Cherokees could not be dispossessed by the state of Georgia. The record of the next seven years is a black chapter in the story of what Helen Hunt Jackson called "A Century of Dishonor"; for the Cherokees were driven from their lands and sent to what is now Oklahoma, their migration being one of the most pitiful spectacles in all the colorful pageantry of the frontier. A remnant exists to-day in the

mountains of North Carolina, made up of industrious, loyal men and women who, during the European War, bought bonds and sent soldiers to the front without question. It has been said that but one slacker was reported in the whole tribe, and that he was immediately brought to book by his own people.

Habersham County, which borders on Tallulah Falls, has its reminders of the Cherokees. In 1830, in Nacoochee Valley, on Duke's Creek, a subterranean village was discovered by gold washers. Here were thirty-four log houses, all joined together. Perhaps these were the homes of the people of the legendary Nacoochee (*Evening Star*), the chief's daughter, who fell in love with the son of a chief of a neighboring hostile tribe. Their union was opposed, but they married without permission, and went for their honeymoon to "the valley, where, from the interlocked branches overhead, the white flowers of the clematis, and the purple blossoms of the magnificent wild persimmon mingled with the dark foliage of the muscadines." There "the song of the mocking-bird and the murmur of the Chattahoochee's hurrying waters were marriage hymn and anthem to them." But the angry father pursued them, and shot an arrow at Laceola, the bridegroom. Nacoochee thrust herself in the path of the arrow. Together they were buried, and a mound was heaped above them, which is pointed out to prove the legend's truth.

In Habersham County the Chattahoochee takes up the tale of the rivers of this enchanted land, and wrestles with highlands where Ellick's and Sall's, Skitt's and Mount Yonah—the latter one of the highest mountains of Georgia—lift their heads. Then the stream seeks the easier ground of Hall, to the south-

west. This is the river of which Sidney Lanier, the Georgia poet whom all America claims, sang:

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side—
With a lover's pain to attain the plain,
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, *Abide, abide,*
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

The Chattahoochee rushes on, and at length passes within seven miles of that marvelous city Atlanta, founded in 1837 and named Terminus, because it was at the end of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, whose population grows so rapidly that it is hardly safe to make an estimate between census periods; whose modern buildings are displaced so soon by buildings yet more modern that one who revisits the business center after an absence of but a year or two finds that he needs to be introduced all over again; whose industries are so varied that they could care for almost all the needs of the people.

It is possible to secure a fleeting glimpse of At-

IN THE HEART OF ATLANTA, GEORGIA

STONE MOUNTAIN, GEORGIA
Sixteen miles from Atlanta

lanta's attractions within a few hours, but tourists say that only a stay of weeks can content them, and residents declare that no other city could have any permanent attractions for one who has learned to love Georgia's capital city.

Everybody wants to see the Capitol that was actually built for fifty thousand dollars less than the estimate, the county court-house, which is claimed as "the finest in the South," the post-office, the Federal penitentiary, the residence district of aristocratic Peachtree street, the more modern residence centers, Inman Park and Druid Hill, and the awe-inspiring Stone Mountain, sixteen miles east of the city, the strange monolith rising seven hundred feet high, several square miles in extent, whose slopes from bottom to top is a full mile.

But to most people more attractive than any of these wonders are the memorials of Joel Chandler Harris, beloved of the children and their parents everywhere, Uncle Remus of Br'er Rabbit fame, writer in the Atlanta *Constitution* for years, over whose grave is the epitaph in words written by himself:

"I seem to see before me the smiling faces of thousands of children—some young and some fresh and some wearing the friendly marks of age, but all children at heart—and not one unfriendly face among them. And while I am trying hard to speak the right word, I seem to hear a voice lifted above the rest, saying, 'You have made some of us happy.' And so I feel my heart fluttering and my lips trembling; and I have to bow silently and turn away and hurry into the obscurity that fits me best."

But when Uncle Remus died the people of Atlanta

remembered that he had said, "Don't erect any statue of marble or bronze to me to stand out in the rain and cold and dark." So they formed the Uncle Remus Memorial Association, and in 1913 they secured for a permanent memorial the writer's house at West End, which came to be called "The Wren's Nest," because of the story told by its owner of the housekeeping of two wrens in the little box near the gate, where the china-berry tree and the honeysuckle throve. For years the story-teller's delight was in this home, from which he could look to the hills about Atlanta. And how he liked to go to these hills because from them, on a clear day, he could see Kenesaw Mountain, of which he said, "The majesty of Kenesaw was voiceless. . . . Its silence seemed more suggestive than the lapse of time, more profound than a prophet's vision of eternity, more mysterious than any problem of the human mind."

CHAPTER IX

ALONG THE SAVANNAH RIVER

Singin' the song of Hope and Home,
  Here's Georgia!
Fields light-white with the fleecy foam,
  Here's Georgia!
Where the corn hangs heavy and climbs so high
It tells the gold in the mines "Good-bye,"
And hides the hills from the mornin' sky,
  Here's Georgia!

The enthusiasm in Stanton's lines is modern, but it is akin to the enthusiasm of Ribault who, in 1562, approached the Savannah River from the sea, and spoke of it as "a fayre coast stretching of a great length; covvered with an infinite number of high and fayre trees." Then he said that the land in this favored region was the "fairest, fruitfullest, and pleasantest of all the world, abounding in hony, venison, wild fowle, forests, woods of all sorts, Palm-trees, Cypresse, and Cedars; Bayes ye highest and greatest; with also the fayrest rivers in all the world. . . . And the sight of the faire meadows is a pleasure not able to be expressed with tongue; full of Hernes, Curlues, Bitters, Mallards, Egrepths, woodcocks, and all other kind of small birds; with Harts, Hindes, Buckes, wilde Swine, and all other kindes of wilde beastes, as we perceived well, both by their footing there and . . . their crie and roaring in the night."

Nearly two centuries passed before pioneers found

their way up the river regions that so delighted the old Huguenot, to found Augusta, the border city that from its grove of pines looks out on the Savannah and invites the traveler by road or rail or river, seeking a pleasing place for rest or sightseeing, for golfing or fishing or boating. The days since 1735 have given ample opportunity for improvements, but they have not brought the loss of the flavor of old times. Evidences of commercial sanity and progress are everywhere, but the city has had the taste and taken the time to make streets and parks attractive for residents as well as travelers. This is the impression made on visitors who step from the gate of the Union Station, as they look out on the green open space that is but a foretaste of the beauty spots everywhere—for instance, the long stretch of Green Street, where a double row of spreading trees borders each of the roadways, while a park-line walk silently pleads with the wayfarer to prolong his stroll under the branches.

Below Augusta the river makes insistent appeal for a lazy, leisurely seeking of Savannah and the sea. In 1867 John Muir made such a journey, and left a record of it that gives the real flavor of the favored waterway. He spoke of splendid grasses and rich, dense, vine-clad forests, of Muscadine grapes in cart-loads, of passion flowers and pomegranates, thick, tough-skinned, which, when opened, "resemble a many-chambered box full of translucent purple candies." He remarked the Spanish moss, a flowering plant of the same family as the pine-apple, which draped all the trees along the way. He told of an impenetrable cypress swamp, made up of trees large and high and flat as to crown, "as if each tree had grown up against a ceiling, or had been rolled

while growing." He reveled in the groves and thickets of smaller trees full of blooming evergreen vines, arranged not in separate groups, but in bossy walls, and heavy mound-like heaps and banks.

When night overtook the nature lover he was usually entertained by some planter along the road. At one place the memory of hospitality which he took away with him was a circular table, the central part of which revolved. "When anyone wished to be helped, he placed his plate on the revolving part, which was whirled back to the host, and then whirled back with the new load."

The records of travel in this Georgian paradise are full of stories of hospitality like that found by Muir. In 1773 a writer told of a house where "the weary traveler and the stranger found a hearty welcome, and from whence it must be his own fault if he departed without being greatly benefited." Once this man took a letter of introduction to a planter, who, after reading it, said:

"Friend, come under my roof, and I desire you to make my house your home as long as convenient to yourself. Remember, from this moment, that you are a part of my family, and on my part, I shall endeavor to make it agreeable."

Indeed, hospitality was so generously given that steps sometimes had to be taken to escape it. When, in early days, Charles Lyell, of London, made his geological trip to America, he wrote from Georgia:

"I had been warned by my scientific friends in the North that the hospitality of the planters might greatly interfere with my scheme of geologizing in the Southern states. In the letters of introduction furnished me at Washington it was particularly requested that information respecting my objects, and facilities of

moving speedily from place to place, should be given me instead of dinners and society."

Georgian hospitality was responsible for the invention of the cotton gin. Eli Whitney was a New England visitor to Savannah, where he was invited to become a guest on the plantation of Mrs. Nathanael Greene, twelve miles out of Savannah. His skill in devising an improvement in her embroidery frame led her to suggest to neighborhood visitors, who had told of their longing for a machine to gin cotton, that they apply to her guest; "he can make anything," she said. The result was the patent of the cotton gin in 1794.

There was a time when it was thought that the lands along the Savannah where the cotton later grew so luxuriantly were a fit place for the mulberry tree and the culture of silk. General Oglethorpe urged the colonists at Ebenezer, thirty miles up the Savannah, to devote themselves to this industry. In 1742 he sent five hundred mulberry trees to the settlement made in 1734 by seventy-eight Salzburgers from Germany. For a while his scheme was a success; in 1764 the Salzburgers sent nearly seven thousand pounds of cocoons to Savannah, more than half the total amount received there from the tributary country. For some years production continued to increase; then there was someone in every family who could raise the cocoons and make the silk. But by the beginning of the Revolution the industry was dead.

When, in February, 1733, Oglethorpe went to the site of Savannah, it was called Yamacraw. Tomo Chachi, the chief, granted leave to make a settlement. Then came the beginning of Savannah, of which an early account has told:

"They landed the bedding and other little necessaries, and all the people lay on shore. The ground they encamped upon is the edge of the river where the Key is intended to be. Until the 7th was spent in making a Crane, and unloading the goods; which done, Mr. Oglethorpe divided the people; employing part in clearing the land for seed, part in beginning the palisade, and the remainder in felling the trees where the town is to stand.

"On the 9th Mr. Oglethorpe and Colonel Bull marked out the Square, the Streets, and fifty Lots for houses of the town; and the first House (which was ordered to be made of clapboards) was begun that day.

"The town lies on the south side of the river Savannah, upon a plateau the top of a hill. . . . The river washes the foot of the hill, which stretches along the side of it about a mile, and from a terrace forty feet perpendicular above high water.

"From the Key, looking eastward, you may discern the river as far as the islands of the sea; and westward one may see it wind through the woods above six miles. The river is one thousand feet wide, the water fresh and deep enough for ships of seventy tons to come up close to the side of the Key."

Tomo Chachi, King of Yamacraw, died in 1739, and was buried in Court House Square in Savannah, one of the open spaces for which the resident of the city thanks the far-seeing Oglethorpe, as do those who choose Savannah's gift of summer in winter. For more than a century visitors have sought the rare pleasures afforded by the city, its Forsyth Park, its busy river, its one hundred and fifty miles of glorious paved roads, its famous Tybee Beach, its streets where camelias and

oleanders grow on trees, "where sidewalks are overhung with oranges and banana trees, magnolias and palmettoes."

In Savannah the people talk of the climate, of course. They talk, too, of their rich semi-tropical vegetation. But they do not forget to speak of the tradition of John Wesley and George Whitefield, who preached in the open space because no building could accommodate the people who thronged to hear them, and they talk, too, of the wonderful Independent Presbyterian Church, destroyed, it is true, in the great fire of 1889, but rebuilt with such fidelity that William Dean Howells was able to say:

"In architecture the primacy must be yielded above every other religious edifice in Savannah to the famous Presbyterian Church, rebuilt in exact form after its destruction by fire. The structure on the outside is of such Sir Christopher Wrennish renaissance that one might well seem to be looking at it in a London street, but the interior is of such unique loveliness that no church in London can compare with it. Whoever would realize its beauty must go at once to Savannah, and forget for one beatific moment in its presence, the ceilings of Tiepolo, and the roofs of Veronese."

No visitor thinks of leaving the city that has such high regard for the relics of the past until he has seen wonderful Bonaventure Cemetery, where the great trees festooned with Spanish moss stretch away on every side, grim, gray, splendid, fantastic. John Muir, who was penniless when he reached Savannah, spent the nights of a week in a thicket under the trees of the cemetery, and spoke of the noble avenue of live-oaks, "the most conspicuous glory of Bonaventure." He

THE INDEPENDENT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA
"The interior . . . of . . . unique loveliness"—William Dean Howells

ON THE TURPENTINE DOCKS, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

declared them the most magnificent-planted trees he had ever seen. "The main branches reach out horizontally until they come together over the driveway embowering it through its entire length, while each branch is adorned like a garden with ferns, flowers, grasses and dwarf palmettoes," the awed scientist said. Then he added:

"Bonaventure is called a graveyard, a town of the dead, but the graves are powerless in such a depth of life. The supply of living water, the song of birds, the gorgeous confidence of flowers, the calm, undisturbable grandeur of the oaks mark the place of graves as one of the Lord's most favored abodes of life and light."

CHAPTER X

IN THE HEART OF GEORGIA

THERE is nothing monotonous about the courses of the Ocmulgee, the Oconee and the Altamaha through the Coastal Plain of Georgia, for precipitous bluffs and deep valleys mark their progress through the heart of the state and on to the sea.

When Sidney Lanier was a boy he delighted to ramble among the Indian mounds or along the banks of the Ocmulgee, which flows through Macon, his native place. With his brother and sister he used to plunge into the woods, across the marsh, for a day among doves, blackbirds, robins, plover, snipe and rabbits. The memory of those days was with him many years later when he made in his first book, while talking of playing the flute, a comparison that must have had its inspiration in the rambles by the river:

"It is like walking in the woods, amongst wild flowers, just before you go into some vast cathedral. For the flute seems to me to be particularly the wood instrument; it speaks the gloss of green leaves and the pathos of torn branches; it calls up the strange mosses that are under dead leaves, of wild plants that hide; and it breathes oak fragrances that vanish; it expresses to us the natural images of music."

But perhaps the best description of the country

he knew and loved so well was given by indirection in his cry "From the Flats," written when he was in Florida seeking health:

What heartache—ne'er a hill!
Inexorable, vapid, vague and chill,
The drear sand-levels drain my spirits low.
With one poor word they tell me all they know,
Whereat their stupid tongues, to tease my pain,
Do drawl it o'er again and o'er again.
They hurt my heart with grief I cannot name:
Always the same, the same.

Nature hath no surprise,
No ambuscade of beauty 'gainst mine eyes
From brake or lurking dell or deep defile;
No humors, frolic forms—this mile, that mile;
No rich reserves or happy-valley hopes
Beyond the bend of roads, the distant slopes,
Her fancy fails, her wild is all run tame:
Ever the same, the same.

Oh, might I through these tears
But glimpse some hill my Georgia high uprears,
Where white the quartz and pink the pebbles shine,
The hickory heavenward strives, the muscadine
Swings o'er the slope, the oak's far-falling shade
Darkens the dogwood in the bottom glade,
And down the hollow from a ferny nook
Lull sings a little brook.

The hospitable Macon of Lanier sends broadcast its invitation to travelers in the west of Georgia. "Our welcome is as warm as the southern sun that kisses our cotton fields, as broad as our streets, as everlasting as the gnarled and hoary old trees that shadow our highways," the message is proclaimed. And access is made easy by the Dixie, National and Lee Highways, which lead through the largest peach orchards in the

world, as well as by trees laden with pecans and walnuts and fields of alfalfa that give such contrast to the cotton.

From Coleman's Hill, overlooking the city, Macon presents a picture full of life and color. The business district, with its lofty buildings, the comfortable-looking residence section, the spacious streets, roomy Tattnall Square, and the park where trees flourish, make one eager to accept the invitation to come down into the city that varies the appeal of some of its neighbors by owning that, while it does not possess "the finest climate in the world," it has a climate worthy of the serious attention of those who seek a winter home.

Because of her readiness to recount the birth there of Sidney Lanier and to point out his old cottage home on High Street, Macon can understand the pride of Eatonton, the Putnam County town perhaps forty miles north, because it was the birthplace of Joel Chandler Harris, whose daughter has told how "he loved the rolling Bermuda meadows, the red-clay gullies, the far-reaching cotton fields, the slow-moving muddy streams, and the oak and hickory forests of old Putnam, with an intensity that time never dulled."

His description of the old town calls to mind many another countryside town in the state, and makes one hungry to visit it. It was, he says:

"A sleepy little town in middle Georgia, which had a court-house, a tavern, several wide streets, many fine trees, and a number of old colonial homes. Many of these stately structures still rise solemnly from behind their boxwood borders, giving pleasure to the stranger as he peers at them through the screen of odorous cedar and brightly-blooming creeper, myrtle and oleander, which shelter the columned piazzas from a too-penetrating gaze."

THE HOME OF SIDNEY LANIER, MACON, GEORGIA

NEGRO CABIN AT A GEORGIA TURPENTINE STILL

ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD IN GEORGIA

Probably it was of this boyhood home Uncle Remus was thinking when he wrote of one of his heroes: "His lot was cast among the most democratic people the world has ever seen, and in a section where, to this day, the ideals of character and conduct are held in higher esteem than wealth or ancient lineage."

The first glimpse of the outside world came to the Eatonton boy one day in the village post-office when, in the Milledgeville paper, he saw an advertisement that a boy was wanted in the printing office at Turnwold, a plantation some miles from Eatonton. He secured the situation, and while there he heard the mythical animal stories that later formed the basis of the volumes of the Uncle Remus series.

Milledgeville, the great town of the neighborhood then, as it is to-day, has always been proud of its sightly location on the Oconee—or the *O'Conee,* as Mrs. Annie Royall, traveler of 1830, called it. The town is also proud of its history—it was once the capital of the state, and three miles away, at Fort Wilkinson, was signed an important treaty with the Creeks.

Another early traveler, Lyell, in his "Travels in North America," published in 1842, described the most striking feature of the country about Milledgeville, the deep gullies, four miles west of town. These gullies in the clay are about fifty feet deep. There are many like them in the central and western section of Georgia. The Milledgeville gullies are the most famous, though the largest are south of Columbus on the Chattahoochee. These strange gashes in the earth increase in size year by year; some of them work backward as much as three hundred feet in thirty years. In the gullies are curious pinnacles, islands and sharp, ser-

rated ridges. Contrasting colors of red and white combine with the green of the pine trees in an unusual manner.

It was through this country that Captain Basil Hall, the Englishman, made his way in 1828. In his "Travels" he gave a description that will be recognized in certain sections, by the modern traveler. Almost everywhere he found sand, feebly held together by a short, wiry grass, shaded by the endless forest. "It was a long time before I got tired of the scenery of the pine barrens," he said. "There was something very graceful in the millions upon millions of tall and slender columns growing up in solitude, not crowded upon one another, but gradually appearing to come closer and closer, till they formed a compact mass, beyond which nothing was to be seen."

In the midst of the pine barrens the Ocmulgee joins the Oconee, forming the Altamaha, of which William Bartram, son of J. Bartram, Philadelphia, said in 1773:

"How gently flow thy peaceful floods, O Altamaha! How sublimely rise to view, on thy elevated shore, your magnolia groves, from whose top the surrounding expanse is perfumed, by clouds of incense, blended with the exhaling balm of the liquid amber, and odours continually rising from circumambient groves."

The Altamaha reaches the sea between two famous districts. To the north are the lands of the old Margravate of Azilia, granted in 1717 by the Carolina Proprietaries to Sir Robert Montgomery, on condition of payment of an annual quitrent and one-fourth part of all gold and silver found in Azilia. But the would-be Margrave was unable to secure colonists, and the lands reverted to Carolina.

It was Sidney Lanier who gave fame to a bit of the country to the south of the Altamaha, the Marshes of Glynn, which lie close to Brunswick:

To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the dawn,
For a mete and a mark
To the forest dark:
So:
Affable live-oak, leaning low,—
Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand
(Not lightly touching your person, lord of the land!),
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand
On the firm-packed sand,
Free
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.
Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach-lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.

Above the marshes is Brunswick, summer resort where shell roads lure to land exploration, while intricate waterways call to the fisherman and the boatman. Then it is the gateway to famous St. Simon's island, twelve miles away, where eight miles of beach make bathing a delight, where roads under the wide-spreading, dreamy, moss-festooned oaks point the way to spots made memorable by the visits of early explorers and by the gathering of the crowds which came to hear John Wesley preach.

CHAPTER XI

IN GEORGIA'S LAND OF WONDERS

THE southern counties of Georgia are the home of strange natural features that make the region remarkable all the way from Albany on the Flint River to the banks of St. Mary's, not far from Jacksonville, Florida.

Among Albany's claims to the interest both of scientists and of the curious is the great flowing Blue Spring, four miles south of town, where the water rises under pressure through a roughly circular opening in limestone. The flow is enormous—from eighteen million gallons to eighty-seven million gallons in twenty-four hours. The water is described as beautifully clear and very transparent, though faintly bluish in color. This, the largest of a number of springs near the Florida line, has been studied carefully by scientists because of its unusual characteristics.

From Valdosta to the Alabama line the limestone through which springs flow is responsible also for curious lime-sinks, where underground caverns have collapsed. In the basins so formed lakes and ponds have come. Many of these bodies of water are several hundred acres in extent, while others are much smaller. The largest, Ocean Pond, near Valdosta, has an area of about six square miles. An odd thing is that, while large lakes are free from timber, the smaller ponds are bordered by a thick growth of cypress. The depth of water varies greatly with the season, not because of

rainfall, but because of the opening or closing of passages underground.

While the lakes have clear water the slow-moving, canal-like rivers of the limestone region are dark, not because of mud, but by reason of the organic matter carried by them. The Ocklockonee and the Withlacoochee are examples.

Then there are the bays in which many of the creeks of this strange region have their sources. Sometimes these bays are called swamps, but with their densely wooded area they are more attractive than swamps. The luxurious vegetation conserves the rainfall, and so makes possible the creeks. Chuff Bay, seven miles west of Waycross, is one of the best examples of the bay.

The name of these creek-sources is not intended to call to mind the indentations on the seacoast which bear the same title; probably it came from the presence of dense growths of bay trees along extensions of creeks and river swamps into the heart of higher lands, which are supplied with water by drainage. These extensions are also known as bays, though they are quite different from the moist, wooded sources of creeks.

Many of these creeks, as well as some of the larger streams, are bordered by sand hills, or belts, which are frequently several miles wide and from twenty to thirty feet thick. One of the best places to see these sand hills—reminders of the desert, the south shore of Lake Michigan, or the wind-swept seacoast of parts of Virginia—is near Waycross, along the Satilla River.

It is not generally known that one of the strangest parts of the United States is not far from Waycross and the Satilla. This is the great Okefinokee Swamp,

whose seven hundred square miles occupies part of Charlton, Ware and Clinch counties in Georgia. Passengers on the railroad from Waycross to Folkston go within a short distance of the northeast border of the swamp, most of them in entire ignorance of the mysterious depths that are so close at hand. There bears, deer and panther live. These beasts sometimes find their way to the surrounding country. A correspondent of the Atlanta *Constitution* once interviewed an old hunter, whose home was in the north end of the swamp, who said that in forty years he had killed one hundred and fifty bears, two hundred deer, and hundreds of wolves, minks and wildcats.

Although the swamp was known in the days of the Indians, their accounts of it were unreliable. Since the days of the Seminoles some explorers have made their way into the hidden depths, but those who have been able to tell what they saw have been few.

The first written account of Okefinokee was given in 1791 by William Bartram, who passed near the morass and learned from the Indians something of its secrets and its legends. They told him of a strange tribe of Indians that lived on fertile islands far from the borders. The men were fierce hunters and the women were beautiful. Hunters from outside who lost their way in the swamp were fed by some of the women who warned them to flee from the wrath of their husbands. They returned home, told of their adventure, and sought to lead others of the tribe to the spot where the beautiful women had been seen. But they became engaged in a labyrinth from which there was no escape, except by returning to the outside world.

It is certain that Indians did live there. A few

VIEW OF CHASE PRAIRIE, OKEFINOKEE SWAMP, GEORGIA
Taken from a treetop

white people have lived on islands here and there. It is said that during the Civil War some deserters from the army escaped to the recesses of Okefinokee and dwelt there in security.

Attempts have been made to drain the swamp and to market the cypress which grows there in great quantities. In 1890 the Suwanee (spelled with a single "n" in this case) Canal Company bought from the state three hundred and eighty square miles at twenty-six and one-half cents per acre. From private owners they brought the remainder of the reservation. From a point on the eastern margin of the swamp a canal was cut by dredges, fifty-five feet wide and six feet deep. Day and night the work was carried on, electric flashlights being used when daylight failed. The rate of progress was about three miles a year. From the same point a ditch was dug to the St. Mary's River. This was to be used in floating out logs and in draining the swamp. Later a sawmill was built, as well as a railroad connecting with what is now the Atlantic Coast Line, and much cypress timber was prepared for shipment and sent to distant markets.

The president of the company died in 1895, and the company suspended operations. "The ten or twelve miles of canal and five or six miles of drainage ditch began to fill up with vegetation," a scientist wrote, in telling of the swamp and its fortunes. "The steamboats and dredges mostly sank or were burned, the sawmill fell to decay, and the rails of the logging road were taken up."

Pines and cypress are the most common trees of the swamp. A curious shrub attaches itself to the cypresses. "It is a handsome little evergreen of the

heath family—confined to Georgia, Florida and Alabama," wrote the scientist already quoted. "It sometimes stands erect, two or three feet tall, but usually it starts at the base of a cypress tree, and its stems insinuate themselves between the inner and outer layers of the bark of the tree, gradually working up to a height of thirty or forty feet from the ground, and sending out branches with leaves and flowers every few feet. Growing in this way the shrub might easily be taken for a parasite, but its stems can always be traced down to the ground, and they bear no rootlets and never penetrate to the living part of the bark. As far as known, this manner of climbing has no parallel in the whole vegetable kingdom."

The climbing heath plant is most common in the bays, where the swamp muck is three or four feet deep and the pine trees cannot grow. The cypresses to which the heath clings are covered with hanging moss.

Where the muck is six feet deep above the sandy bottom not even the cypress tree can grow. In such places prairies appear. The prairies are all in the eastern half of the swamp, and there are in all about one hundred square miles of them. An expert says that "in wet weather the water covers them so that one can go almost anywhere in a shallow boat, especially by following the 'gator roads,' or trails made by the alligators, but when the water is low the prairies are impassable for boats, while too boggy to walk in."

It has been said that "from a scenic standpoint Okefinokee is well worth visiting at any time of the year. Its almost untrodden islands, its dense, moss-garlanded bays, and its broad, open prairies all have their peculiar charms. There is nothing else exactly like it in the

world. There is really more reason for preserving Okefinokee than Niagara, for its destruction would benefit but few people in the long run, and the loss to science would be far greater. It would have been much better if this enchanting wilderness had remained in the possession of the state, to be perpetuated as a forest and game preserve for all future generations."

The Okefinokee Society has been organized to secure funds for the purchase of the swamp, that it may be presented to the Government for permanent preservation. Sportsmen and nature-lovers are longing to see them succeed.

But Mrs. Hemans had a different idea.. She told the legend of the island of fair women in the heart of the swamp, and concluded:

> Let no vain dream thy heart beguile,
> Oh, seek thou not the Fountain Isle.

CHAPTER XII

FROM JACKSONVILLE TO ST. AUGUSTINE

MORE than a hundred years ago the first settlement was made by the side of the St. Johns, and within the present site of Jacksonville. But what is a century when compared with the centuries boasted by hoary St. Augustine? For untold generations before the coming of the first white resident the Indians were accustomed to come to this locality to cross the river on their way south.

To-day few travelers go to Florida who do not enter by way of Jacksonville, from which railroads radiate to all parts of the state. But those are fortunate who plan to spend a few days here, for the wide streets, lined with fine business buildings and residences, the parks and public squares, the hotels and the hard shell roads make the stay delightful. It is difficult to believe that in 1901 one of the country's memorable fires visited the city, destroying some three thousand buildings

In early days the route from Jacksonville to St. Augustine was up the St. Johns to Picolata, and from there, by the Picolata road, eighteen miles. This road was in its glory during the days of the Seminole War, though both stage-drivers and passengers had to keep anxious watch for Indian marauders. One day a theatrical troupe was attacked while on the road, and every member of the party was killed. Recently the site of the tragedy, eight miles from St. Augustine, was marked by a tablet.

FROM JACKSONVILLE TO ST. AUGUSTINE

To-day those who seek St. Augustine from Jacksonville have choice of the railroad, a splendid automobile road, or the Inside Waterway, which has been completed from Jacksonville down the State to Key West, taking advantage of the numerous tidal "rivers" and inlets separated from the coast by narrow peninsulas. Long before St. Augustine is reached, the canal leads into Matanzas Bay. Light-draft steamers ply between the cities. Indeed, it is possible to secure passage all the way from Jacksonville to Miami. The trip is not recommended to those who are in a hurry, but it is a pleasure to be remembered by those who are glad to spend a week steaming along the low-lying shores, often within sight and sound of the open Atlantic, and always amid novel surroundings. Those fortunate pilgrims who have their own yachts or houseboats will be glad to stretch the length of the passage into weeks. They need to be sure, however, that they are not trusting themselves to vessels of more than three and one-half feet draft. As a guide to navigation, which frequently calls for care and judgment, the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey provides, for twenty cents, the Inside Route Pilot, which gives detailed instructions for every mile of the way, including a series of admirable general charts. Detailed charts, supplied at a nominal price, are described in the book. The eighty-seven pages tell of the route all the way from New York to Beaufort Entrance and New River, North Carolina, the seacoast and inlets between Beaufort Entrance and Winyah Bay, South Carolina, and the inland water route from Winyah Bay to Key West. The distance is more than fifteen hundred nautical miles. But who objects to a few extra miles on a trip

like this! So many have responded to the lure of these waterways that the Pilot has gone into a third edition.

The sort of detailed information given in this invaluable guide will be seen from an extract:

"From St. Johns River to Miami, on Biscayne Bay, there is a continuous inside waterway through canals and natural channels, in which the controlling depths vary from five to seven feet. The waterway is dredged to a depth of five feet, but some sections are subject to considerable shoaling, and are redredged at irregular intervals. Four feet, or even a little less at times, is the greatest depth that can ordinarily be expected through the waterway at all times, but powerboats drawing four feet and even a little over, are able, under favorable conditions, to drag through the very soft bottom at the shoalest places. . . . These waters are nontidal, except in the vicinity of the inlets, but are affected to a considerable extent by strong northerly and southerly winds, which may alter the surface level as much as two feet in places. A stranger should have but little difficulty in taking through a draft up to three feet, except, perhaps, at a few places; but, for a greater draft, he should employ a pilot over parts of the route, at least."

St. Augustine, the first point of interest on the Inside Waterway after Jacksonville has been left behind, is on a narrow peninsula between the San Sebastian River and Matanzas Bay—the old Spanish River of Dolphins—and is within two miles of the open Atlantic. Here Ponce de León landed in 1512 and again in 1521, but the first permanent settlement on the site of the old Indian town Selooe was not made until September, 1565, when Pedro Menendez de Avilés took possession

in the name of Philip II of Spain, and named the place St. Augustine.

During two hundred and fifty years the settlement endured sieges from enemies who came by sea and assaults by Indians who came by land. Spain and France and England played hide-and-seek upon the battlements erected in early days.

In 1763, when England exchanged Cuba for Florida, St. Augustine was spoken of as "running along the shore at the foot of a pleasant hill adorned with trees, down by the sea side standeth the church and monastery of St. Augustine. The best part of the town is called St. John's fort. The town is also fortified with bastions and with cannon. On the north and south, outside the walls, are the Indian towns."

England was still proprietor during the early years of the War of the Revolution. When news of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence was received, Samuel Adams and John Hancock were burned in effigy in the plaza, which is still the central feature of the little city.

Thirty-six years later, when St. Augustine was again under Spanish rule, the plaza was the scene of the unveiling of a monument commemorating the liberal constitution adopted by the Spanish Cortes. The inscription declares that here in this Plaza of the Constitution the monument was erected "for eternal remembrance," yet only two years later, in 1814, the monument, together with others of like kind all over the Spanish dominions, was ordered removed, since the constitution celebrated had been declared void. The people of St. Augustine removed the tablet but replaced it in 1818. Thus this monument is a memorial

to Spain's fatal method of playing with her colonies until she lost them.

Three years after the restoration of the tablet Florida was bought by the United States. The centennial of American rule is to be celebrated in 1921.

Within reach of the sleepy old plaza, and not far from the Ponce de León and Cordova hotels, are some of St. Augustine's oldest buildings. The cathedral, on the north, was begun in 1793. In the fire of 1887 it was destroyed, only the walls remaining. While it was enlarged when rebuilt, the central portion appears as it was before the fire. The attention of visitors is called to the four old bells, one of them dating from 1682.

To the west is the post-office, erected in 1591. Here the Spanish governors had their residence. And one block south is the public library, which was the king's bakery.

In several directions from the plaza is "the oldest house in the United States." There are at least four houses for which the claim is made. One is the old Fabio Hotel, with balcony overhanging the narrow Hospital Street and boarded-up doors and windows. When the author visited it the only occupant was an old-time cabinet-maker who was lovingly fashioning curios out of driftwood picked up on Anastasia Island, the city's beach resort across the Matanzas. This building, like many others in early St. Augustine, was constructed of the curious coquina or shell rock.

The second attempt to find the oldest house led to the Whitney House, whose coquina floors and mahogany doors made it look quite ancient. During a pause to read the brazen claim that it was built in 1516 by Don de Tolledo, companion of Ponce de León on his

HOTEL PONCE DE LEON, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

"THE OLDEST HOUSE" IN ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA
Three claimants (See frontispiece)

first voyage, the doorkeeper urged the reader's entrance. "Only twenty-five cents to see the oldest house," she wheedled. "But I am looking for the house where the Historical Society has its quarters," she was told. "*That* house!" she replied, with a curl of the lip. "Why, it was begun when this house was old."

Nevertheless, the Chamber of Commerce, after a thorough investigation, has expressed the opinion that the house thus despised, the Geronimo Alvarez House on St. Francis Street, has the right to precedence. For this the claim is made that it was built in 1565—surely a more modest story than that told for its rival. It is difficult to see how the first house in St. Augustine could have been built nearly fifty years before the city was founded!

But for some reason St. Augustine people are not unanimous in owning that they have enough relics of undoubted antiquity to render it unnecessary to make themselves ridiculous by permitting false statements. Within a short distance of hoary Fort Marion are the gates of the Fountain of Youth Park, where, after the unwary tourist has been relieved of an admission fee, he is shown the spring discovered by Ponce de León at his first landing; the cross of coquina blocks, buried deep in the earth, by which he told the year of his landing—fifteen blocks make one arm of the cross, while there are thirteen blocks in the shorter arm; the avenue of palm trees down which, on a certain day, the sun shines in a special way on the cross, as planned by Ponce de León; the coquina pyramid laid by the discoverer, under which he buried his armor and sword, in token of possession of the land; the armor and sword themselves, discovered under the pyramid; the coquina

blocks of the ruined first chapel in America, built by him, and other things, *ad nauseam.*

"Why do you tell these lies?" the editor of a St. Augustine newspaper asked the woman who was responsible for starting the stories. "Well, can you prove they are lies?" she asked triumphantly.

The official tourist's guide to the city speaks of the Fountain of Youth in noncommital terms: "We come to this spring of crystal water. Beside the spring we see the cross of stone."

But laughable fake claims are forgotten in standing before the venerable city gates, last remnant of the old city wall, and in going into Fort Marion, begun in 1665 on the site of temporary fortifications, and completed in 1756. It is said that thirty million dollars were spent on the fortification during those years. No wonder the King of Spain said, "Its curtains and bastions must be made of solid silver."

This most perfect specimen of a fortress of long ago, with its bastions and tower, its plaza, ramp and terreplein, its casemates, powder magazine and dungeon, its moat and hot-shot oven, is a polygon with four equal sides. The moat is dry, and the entrance—protected by a barbican, as the outwork was called—is by a bridge across the moat and then into the fort by a drawbridge. Over the drawbridge go throngs of visitors to this fortress owned by the United States, whose attractions are shown under the guidance of the St. Augustine Historical Society.

To many the most pleasing feature of the frowning structure that tells so eloquently of days of strife is seldom mentioned—the great wall of one of the dark rooms where the light flashed by the guide shows, from

WITHIN THE WALLS OF FORT MARION, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

THE OLD CITY GATES, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

the curve of the roof to the floor, a clinging mass of maidenhair fern that completely hides the wall. How did it come there? When did it begin to grow? Who can tell?

After seeing this fern casemate one is in the mood to cross the Matanzas to Anastasia Island, then to take the nine-mile drive to the beach, lingering long among overhanging oaks and cedars, and gazing on the palms and ferns that lead to the King's Quarry, where the slaves of a less happy day cut the rock for the fort on the mainland.

CHAPTER XIII

ON FLORIDA'S HALIFAX RIVER

THERE is nothing that can be compared to the glorious Florida days but the wondrous Florida nights. In few places do the stars shine more brilliantly and the vault of heaven seem so spacious. And when the moon casts soft radiance over the landscape the picture is complete.

The best way to enjoy the glory of the night that makes one feel like singing for joy is to lie flat on the back in the open and look up. Or, if the observer is on a night train, let him look from the darkened window of his berth upon the graceful pines so clearly outlined against the night sky; as they glide by in ghostly procession they seem even more beautiful than in the daylight. The necessity of leaving the train before the dawn does not seem a tragedy after an hour spent in such star-gazing.

Indeed, it may prove a blessing in disguise if the traveler who seeks Halifax River reaches Daytona before six o'clock on a December morning and finds no hack waiting to take him across the water to his hotel in Seabreeze, for he may have the courage to face the two-mile walk. And what a walk it will prove—down the long shady street, under the arches formed by the branches of the oaks; looking up at the trailing moss that swings so weirdly in the breeze, or down at the flickering checkers of light and shade caused by the subtropic moon; crossing the low bridge over the Hali-

fax, just as the swift dawn removes the mystery from the water and makes clear the path to the wondrous beach beyond which break the waves whose sound has long been heard.

Three of Florida's most home-like resorts are grouped about the Halifax River at a point perhaps one-third the way from Jacksonville to Miami, and distant from New York less than thirty-six hours. On the west side of the stream is Daytona, while across the half-mile-long bridge are Seabreeze and Daytona Beach, where palm-fringed streets, comfortable homes with magnolia trees all around, and alluring hotels fill the strip of land between the river and the sea.

And what a beach! Five hundred feet wide at low tide, sloping so gently toward the water that it looks almost a plain, sand so hard-packed that the wheels of the flying automobile would leave no trace but for the weight that drives the moisture from below. There is no place like this for pleasure driving, no race-course equal to it for the annual races where world's records have been made by De Palma and Oldfield and other demons of the road.

De Palma may have found pleasure in making his mile in twenty-five seconds on the hard sands of the eighteen-mile beach, but thousands of machine-owners who are not speed maniacs have pleasure far greater in driving where it is perfectly safe to let both hands drop for a moment from the steering wheel.

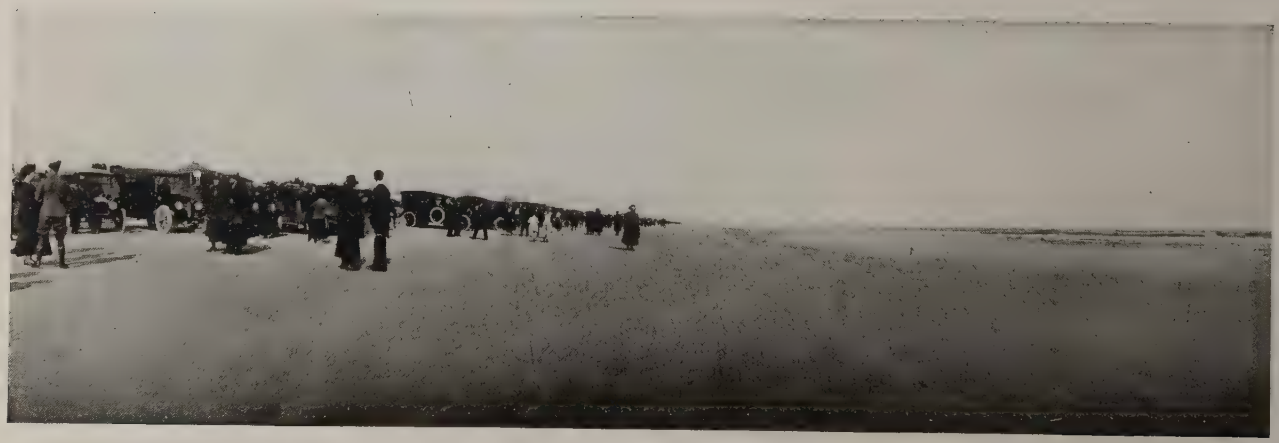
The beach is not all for the man in a machine. The pedestrian thinks it is for him, the bather says it is made for his sport, and the man or woman with the golf club feels that he or she owns this fairway. "Isn't it great?" one enthusiast said, as he made a

drive that carried the ball to an unaccustomed distance; "nothing to hinder, not a tree in the way!"

Just now there are many miles along this famous beach between the towns which send admiring thousands toward the sea. But some day—and that day is not so far in the future—this will be one great holiday-making community from Ormond to Port Orange, whose citizens—if they take to heart the ideals of the leaders of to-day—will not be eager merely to ask tourists to fill their pockets, but will at the same time seek to make all comers satisfied and happy.

The beach along this favored section of ocean frontage is the beginning of what is perhaps one of the most varied series of natural features to be found in the United States. A walk for a few miles back from the water is apt to show a ridge of sand hills which has been conquered by those who have developed the town or is yet to be conquered by those who will continue the development. Palmetto and oak scrub grow wild there, as do the live-oaks and the cedars a few rods farther from the sea, on the heaps of shells left by men of ages long gone by, or on sand enriched by vegetation that has been decaying for centuries uncounted.

Then comes the Halifax, a section of the convenient series of river and inlets that provide the inland navigation from St. Augustine to Miami. Beyond the Halifax is the high hammock, where trees grow thick on low hills; the region of yellow pines or of shallow grass-grown ponds, dry most of the time; then thick forests of live-oak, maple, cedar, elm, and other semi-tropical trees, where wild flowers make the air heavy with their fragrance, and orchids tempt the climber; a bit of prairie where pines are scattered here and there, and



DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA
The most famous automobile speedway in the world; 18 miles long and 500 feet wide

NEW SMYRNA DRIVE, NEAR DAYTONA, FLORIDA
On the Dixie Highway

then the "flatwoods" where the low pines flourish. Some travelers insist that Florida vegetation is monotonous, but does this sound monotonous? And one of the most interesting facts about these belts of vegetation within a few miles of the ocean is emphasized by students of botany, familiar with the state, who assert that, while one or more of the successive belts of growth may be missing at different sections back from the river, they always occur in the same invariable order.

If, instead of plunging into the interior, the tourist goes down the beach toward Mosquito Inlet Light, he will have abundant opportunity to see many kinds of semi-tropical birds in fascinating surroundings. Almost at his feet are the beach-runners, whose movements are too rapid for analysis. Over the breaking waves hovers a flamingo, at times thrusting his head beneath the surface and bringing up a fish which he proposes to gulp down with all speed. But the speedier gull is on the watch; he darts down and, with neatness and despatch, robs the flamingo of his prey, frequently putting his bill into the mouth of the fisher-bird and taking the morsel from the throat.

Birds are so plentiful that it is not a surprise to the visitor to learn that he is well within the Mosquito Inlet Bird Reservation, where the Government has set apart many square miles for the protection of the birds as they nest or spend the winter or pause in their migrations to the north or to the south.

The reservation is a naturalist's paradise. On the narrow sandspit between the ocean and the river is cover for millions of birds, while, if a boat is taken to some of the many bars and islands that lie within the limits of Superintendent Pacetti's bailiwick, millions

more may be seen. "You should come this way at night," the guide said as he showed the way to headquarters across the lower end of the reservation not far from the lighthouse. "Then the coons, the skunks and the wildcats are out. And the birds! I can't name them all; there are spoonbills and sandpipers, beach snipe and English snipe, pelicans, blue herons and fish-hawks, ducks and egrets. There is a heron rookery near New Smyrna, a second at Spruce Creek, and a third at Port Orange."

For centuries these waters have been famous fishing grounds, first for those who came before the Indians, then for the Indians themselves, and finally for those who drove out the Indians. The first white fishermen to linger long in the neighborhood were the fifteen hundred Minorcans and Greeks whom Doctor Turnbull brought, about 1766, to farm his grant in the vicinity of Mosquito Inlet. The settlement founded then he called New Smyrna, in honor of his wife's Asiatic birthplace.

Wonderful promises were made to the immigrants from Greece and Italy. In return for their work each family was to have, at the end of three years, fifty acres of land and an additional twenty-five acres for each child. In the hope of winning this bit of land, the colonists toiled early and late, clearing land and cultivating the sugar-cane and raising indigo. Hard taskmasters were set over them. Gradually they realized that they were virtually in slavery, and they longed for relief. In 1776 their number had been reduced by sickness and privation to about six hundred.

One day a boy heard a visitor from St. Augustine say that if the poor people knew their rights they would

RUINS OF OLD SUGAR MILL, NEAR DAYTONA, FLORIDA
Dating from about 1766

ON THE HALIFAX RIVER, NEAR DAYTONA, FLORIDA

not submit to Doctor Turnbull. The boy told his mother the hopeful words, and as a result a council was called. That night three men were sent to St. Augustine to see the governor. When they returned they urged the entire company to go north for refuge. At once a strange cavalcade was formed. The historian tells how the women and children, with the old men, were placed in the center, while the stoutest men, armed with wooden spears, took their places in front and rear. They had not gone far when the overseer, having discovered their flight, pursued them, but was unable to persuade them to return. Three days later they reached St. Augustine, where they made their home under the protection of the English governor. It is said that many of the present residents of the city are descendants of the abused Minorcans.

New Smyrna is at the southern end of the bird reservation. Within a few miles are many reminders of the days when the Europeans toiled for Doctor Turnbull. Just outside of town, on Spruce Creek, is the foundation of the old fort, revealed in all its outlines by excavations in a shell mound. Then there are the ruins of the old church, indigo vats, and a number of sugar mills. At one of these mills, which has been exposed to the weather one hundred and fifty years, the rollers, made of some sort of bronze, are intact, untouched by rust, and this in a region where any modern metal, left without protection, soon corrodes.

Long ago the jungle claimed once more the fertile lands of Doctor Turnbull's grant, but these are now being reclaimed, and the day is coming when all the water about Mosquito Inlet will again be bordered by smiling groves and fruitful fields.

CHAPTER XIV

TO PALM BEACH AND BEYOND

IN 1885 the East Coast of Florida was little better than a wilderness. In spots there were orange groves, but there were no transportation facilities, and to many people it seemed certain that in the entire region there never would be railroads of consequence. Here and there were scattered a few residents who looked on a journey a dozen miles from home as an event to be remembered. The *Manufacturer's Record* of Baltimore says that this vast region was one of the most uninviting development projects in the whole South.

But in 1885 Henry M. Flagler went from the North to Jacksonville and St. Augustine. Very soon he had a vision of the possibilities of the country. Although he was then fifty-five years old, he deliberately set himself the task of developing the resources of the entire East Coast. If he had thought of reaping financial rewards in his lifetime, he would not have made his plans. But fortunately he had ceased to think of immediate returns in money from his investments. To a friend who thought he saw the folly of the work Mr. Flagler said that because Florida is the easiest place for many men to gain a living, and because he did not believe anyone else would undertake the task, he decided it was a safe kind of work for him to do.

So he built the Ponce de León Hotel in St. Augustine, at that time the finest hotel in the world. At first it was his wish to place it on the site of the old fort,

but in this he did not succeed. While the hotel was building he bought the little narrow-gauge railroad that ran from Jacksonville to within two miles of St. Augustine. Later he changed this to a broad-gauge road. Then he built the Alcazar Hotel and bought the Cordova.

Gradually the railroad was extended southward, and as it advanced settlers came and began to develop the land. Taking advantage of another narrow-gauge railroad, bought and later broadened, it went to Palatka, on the broad St. Johns River, near the spot where the United States Department of Agriculture had bought three thousand acres of land, later planting the whole to camphor trees in long hedgerows. This plantation is thriving so well that hedge-cuttings are taken from it once or twice a year that they may be sent to the still to supply the camphor of commerce. Thus visitors to Palatka may see a plantation that is doing as well as are the great camphor groves of China.

Then came an extension of the road to Ormond, where another great hotel had been built, and the development of Ormond and Daytona began. This step in the further growth of a railroad system was made possible by the purchase of a third narrow-gauge line.

There were no more railroads to buy, but in a year or two the decision was made to go still farther south. Engineers studied the country for several hundred miles. In the face of their advice Mr. Flagler decided that Lake Worth must be his next point of attack; they said the place had no possibilities, but their employer thought differently. He bought the land between the lake and the ocean, built the Royal Poinciana and The Breakers, extended the road, and in 1894 invited the

world to come to the resort where palatial provision had been made for them.

Less than a generation has been sufficient for the transformation of a dreary bit of marsh and scrub land, where a few pine trees grew, into a paradise where roads and paths play hide-and-seek among the palms, the magnolias and the live-oaks; where blooms of a hundred varieties run riot and the fragrance of flowers is borne by the soft breezes to those who remain at a distance from the source of elusive perfumes; where the earth below and the sky above vie with each other to supply the greater wealth of color and delight; where the long breakers from the open ocean come into the gently-sloping, shell-strewn beach.

To-day Palm Beach is society's chief Florida resort. For weeks carefully-groomed men and daintily-gowned women throng the piazzas and the public rooms of the Royal Poinciana and The Breakers; they sail on the blue Lake Worth or bathe in its quiet waters, or seek the beach where waves are more boisterous; they ride in the interminable line of wheel-chairs, down the Lake Drive, under the cocoanut palms, or along the Jungle Trail; they play golf or tennis, they hunt, they fish, they soak in the sunshine. And while they are enjoying themselves at only thirty-six hours' distance from New York City, the people of the North, perhaps, are facing a blizzard.

The railroad builder did not rest on the laurels won when he completed his route to Palm Beach; his interest in the resort did not wane, for here he built his own winter home, Whitehall, and also a church for the tourists, as he had done already at St. Augustine, and would do later at Miami.

A GLIMPSE OF THE ROYAL POINCIANA HOTEL, PALM BEACH, FLORIDA
From "Winter Journeys in the South," by courtesy of John Martin Hammond, Esq.

GOLF LINKS ON THE SHORE OF LAKE WORTH, PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

Miami was not in existence when the railroad began to follow the route blazed out by Mr. Flagler when he went by wagon through lands that looked most unpromising to Bay Biscayne and the Miami River. In 1896 trains were running to Miami, and the Royal Palm Hotel was completed.

Surely this would be the southern limit of progress, most people thought. What was there below? But the man who had a vision of great things for Eastern Florida learned of the fertile lands to the south of Miami, and pushed the road twenty-eight miles to Homestead, nearly 400 miles from Jacksonville—farther south than the northern boundary of Mexico.

Then came the climax of the Flagler dream: Key West, the last of the strange procession of Keys that sweep in an arc about the tip of Florida, was beckoning to him. This was the gateway to Havana; this was the nearest point in the United States to the Panama Canal; this was the key to the trade of South America. What if it did seem absurd to lay the rails from keys of limestone to coral islands, defying the currents from the Gulf to the Atlantic that, ages ago, cut into isolated sections the last bit of the land that separated the waters on the east from those on the west?

One day he called a friend into his office and showed him a map of Florida with a red line drawn through the keys down to Key West. "What do you think of that?" he asked. "It looks like a very fair map of Florida," was the reply; "what is there unique about it?" "Do you notice that red line?" the magnate asked. "That is a railroad I am going to build." "A railroad in that God-forsaken section?" came the astonished exclamation; "you need a guardian!"

"Flagler's Folly" was the name popularly given to the projected route over the one hundred and twenty-eight miles from Homestead to Key West. But Mr. Flagler did not worry as to what others thought of his project. "Are you sure the railway can be built?" he asked his general manager. "I am sure" was the answer. "Very well, go ahead," the capitalist said.

April, 1903, saw the beginning of construction below Homestead. The jump from the mainland was made at Everglade Station, where Manatee Creek enters the ocean. The engineers had to solve problems that had never even been studied before. Floating camps were built and stern-wheel steamers from the Mississippi River were brought to carry supplies. Fresh water was transported from the mainland, and concrete was brought by the shipload. Dredges were required to remove the sand from the rock bottom, in preparation for the cofferdams that preceded the piers. Further use for these dredges was found when, after Knight's Key was passed, the coraline rock disappeared and its place was taken by a kind of limestone that was fit for use in concrete. The rock, after being blasted in shallow water, was loaded by the dredges.

Piles had to be driven through the limestone, but the top was so hard that holes first had to be punched to a depth of from three to five feet.

Mile after mile the creeping railroad advanced over the keys, leaping the channels from island to island by means of slender but substantial bridges that broke all records for length. Difficulties innumerable were encountered, but all were conquered. Hurricanes beat against the embankments and tried to overthrow the

piers. In 1906 the boats in which the workmen had taken refuge were blown out to sea, and more than seventy men were lost. Others were picked up by passing steamers after many days of exposure and suffering. A study of the damage done led to such changes in the work that in 1909, when the wind reached a velocity of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, there were practically no bad results.

At last the work was crowned with success in 1912, and through travel became possible from New York to Key West. The railroad's historian has told the traveler what to expect as he makes the last long plunge:

"Crossing by Lake Surprise, over Jewfish, the line emerges on Key Largo, the name indicating the largest key in the series. Largo has been inhabited and cultivated for years. Crossing the famous Tavernier Pass, where many a pirate found refuge from a threatening enemy, Plantation Key and the two Matecumbes are quickly covered, and off to the eastward one sights Indian Key, a giant emerald set in a gleaming opal sea. Lower Matecumbe is joined to the now well-known Long Key. Here, amidst countless cocoanut trees, Long Key Camp, where fish abound and the climate is always perfect, offers a winter home for those who love an ever-changing but ever-charming sea. Here, too, Long Key is linked to Grassy Key by the marvelous Long Key Viaduct, two and a quarter miles in length. South of Grassy, Fat Deer and Key Vaca come in quick succession as stepping-stones to Knights Key Dock. It is 'oversea' indeed that the series of viaducts leap going south, beginning with Knights Key Bridge. For a distance of approximately twenty miles from Vaca to West Summerland, a succession of deep

and varying 'passes' lead from the Gulf into the Atlantic. These are Knights Key Channel, Moser Channel, Pacet and Bahia Honda Channels. Some of these are spanned by piers and steel and some by concrete arches. Giant piers of concrete breast and defy tide and current, wind and storm. From pier to pier stretch mighty lacings of steel to carry the traffic of men and things to the southward. To the westward lies the Gulf of Mexico, clear to the setting sun; to the eastward rolls the broad ocean that tempted Columbus, where one must sail and sail and never cry 'Land Ho!' until he sights Cape Blanco on the coast of Africa, and it is nearly five thousand miles, straight to the east, from the desert sea of the South bridged by man's inventiveness to the heart of the Desert of Sahara."

Thence to Key West, the Queen of the Keys, by way of five smaller keys, Summerland, Big Pine, Cudjoe, Big Coppitt and Boca Chica. There, at its terminal, on land reclaimed from the sea, the railroad delivers its passengers direct to the Havana ferry.

"The most unique railway in the world," this has been called. "This road, probably more than any other road in the United States, broadens out into international importance," the *Manufacturer's Record* said, and added, "No other railroad of modern times has received such universal attention and wide publicity."

There are seventeen miles of permanent bridge work, the longest bridge being between Knights Key and Little Duck Key. This, with approaches, is over seven miles long. Long Key Viaduct, of reinforced concrete arches, is one of the remarkable features of the work. Sometimes the water crossed is but a few inches in depth, but at Bahia Honda Harbor the foun-

OVERSEAS TO KEY WEST, FLORIDA

A KEY WEST RESIDENCE DISTRICT

dations of some of the piers are thirty feet below tide level.

Key West—a city half American, half Spanish—is a worthy terminus for this engineering triumph, for the city on the last of the keys has had a history of obstacle-overcoming almost ever since 1815, when it was given by the governor of Florida to one who had done the colony service. Six years later it was sold for two thousand dollars. In 1822 a United States sloop-of-war raised the flag there; then the place was called Thompson's Island. At the same time the harbor was named Port Rodgers. Within two years marines were stationed on the island, the forerunners of the naval station and army post of to-day. Development has been slow but continuous. There were two thousand people in the town when there were but fifty on the entire mainland below the northern end of the Everglades.

Key West, with its deep-water harbor, has an appeal for tourists that many heed. The lowest temperature ever known there was 41 degrees, while in twenty-five years the highest temperature was 93 degrees. The island is small, but near at hand are fishing grounds that completely satisfy, where several hundred varieties of edible fish can be taken; sixteen miles away there is a sponge farm, and there is bathing on the very edge of the Gulf Stream.

From Key West there is a delightful trip across the Florida Straits, to frowning Morro Castle, which guards the way to Havana, the chief city of the "Pearl of the Antilles." The trip from New York City without a break takes but fifty-five hours!

CHAPTER XV

MIAMI, THE MAGIC CITY

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Miami was only a name on the map, a spot on the edge of the wilderness, where tangled, subtropical vegetation seemed to warn rather than invite investigators. Only the gayly garbed Seminoles, a few squatters, and some families who did not worry because they were so far from the haunts of business life, knew their way about the borders of Biscayne Bay and the banks of the Miami River.

But the time came when men of vision saw the possibilities of the unusual setting—the broad, still waters of blue Biscayne Bay, separated from the open ocean by a narrow passage of sand and rock where palms and shrubs had been monarchs for centuries; Miami River, leading off toward the Everglades, its mangrove-studded banks a favorite haunt for the alligator; between bay and river and beyond the river land—or rather rocks, for it is necessary to make soil by pulverizing the rocks—that could work wonders; and climate! Think of an annual mean temperature of 75.4 degrees, the average summer temperature being 81.4 degrees, while the average of the winter months is 69 degrees!

Faith in the possibilities was so great that the railroad came. And the people followed—most of them from the North and from the West. Soon there was a village; then there was a town; then there was a city; and soon there will be fifty thousand, one hundred

MIAMI, FLORIDA, FROM THE AIR
Showing bridge to Miami Beach

ON THE BEACH, NEAR MIAMI, FLORIDA

thousand inhabitants in this marvellous place where climate and scenery vie with industry to make what will be one of the great cities of the South.

One who sees Miami for the first time is astonished at the streets, the business buildings, the schools, the churches, the private residences, in their setting of trees and flowers. But the visitor soon ceases to be surprised, even when he is told that central business property brings three thousand dollars a front foot, and that residence property changes hands at figures that, in a northern city of corresponding size, would seem unreasonable.

It is difficult to believe that the growth of Miami has been so rapid. The author could not realize the truth until he met a citizen who was one of the first to seek the shore of Biscayne Bay. He talked of Miami in embryo and this is what he said:

"Twenty-odd years ago! Everything in the raw and mostly very dull. Sand, white rock, vegetation shaggy, coarse and sparse; stunted pines; shacks; people few and dispirited—with a few bright exceptions—and the fierce glare of a tropical sun over all. A few had vision and prophesied a real future—a town of maybe five thousand people some happy day, confessedly distant. To the majority this seemed wildly visionary. There had been orange growers ruined by the terrible freezes of 1894-1895 which devastated central Florida. Lured by offers of work at $1.25 a day, dispensed by the multimillionaire Standard Oil magnate, Henry M. Flagler, who was so foolish as to push his railway sixty-six miles south over the coast-wise descent from Palm Beach and to open a terminal in the shallow Biscayne Bay at the mouth of the four-mile-

long Miami River, they had brought hither their empty pockets, shabby clothes, load of debts, and a feeble cargo of sodden pessimism concerning everything in Florida. Of the eight hundred whites on the ground, at least three-fourths were thus smothered in blackness.

"Three Protestant churches alternated in using a structure costing one hundred and seventy-five dollars, half tent, seating eighty people, whose flaps were open day and night, whose benches were often used by men too poor to pay for other lodgings, and whose tables were kept supplied with reading matter and writing materials. This was the center of the town's social life. Mr. L——, dead broke, was financed by an up-state uncle with five thousand dollars to open a small grocery; he is now a bank president and wealthy. R—— came two years later without a cent to serve as bank clerk at, say, twenty dollars a week; three years later he founded a new bank, of which he is president, with deposits now of four million dollars. Big John S—— was bossing a gang of Negroes who were paving Twelfth Street roughly with crushed white rock—our first glimpse of deliverance from sandy and rocky roadbeds; he is now a wealthy merchant, and resides in a mansion reputed to have cost one hundred thousand dollars. Bank deposits then totaled possibly fifty thousand dollars; to-day the city's six banks report fourteen millions. Our first high school class was formed in 1900 with four pupils; to-day the high school enrolls four hundred. Where, in January, 1896, there were less than one hundred people in what is now Miami, with possibly twelve hundred two years later, there is to-day a permanent and prosperous population of perhaps thirty-five thousand, with skyscrapers, some

two hundred miles of unsurpassed asphalted streets and tributary roads, a building record for a single year of more than three million dollars aside from the million or more at Miami Beach, across the bay, and accommodation for many thousands of winter visitors—but not enough to go round."

One of Miami's chief attractions to the tourist is that it is possible to stay there weeks and even months without weariness, because there are so many things to do. He can stroll under the trees of the cocoanut grove near the Royal Palm Hotel, looking out on the harbor and through the cut made by the Government to the open Atlantic. That view is restful by day, but at night, when the moonlight falls on the water, it is a scene to be remembered always. A short walk will take him to the Point View residence district, where the palm-embowered houses cluster along the crescent-shaped shore of Biscayne Bay. From here the road leads on to Cocoanut Grove, five miles away—five miles of riotous beauty. A long section of the road is a duplex drive, with palms on both sides and a double row of palms in the center. Near by is the country home of William Jennings Bryan, and about half-way to Cocoanut Grove appear the walls of James Deering's estate, walls almost hidden by festoons of bloom, both poinsettia and bougainvillea—the latter flowers frequently eighteen inches in diameter. Within the walls is fairyland—circling drives among the trees; the mangrove swamp, whose curious twisted roots, reaching far above the surface of the water before the trunks begin to grow, seem like a weird reminder of a bad dream; the island in the bay, in front of the mansion and close to the boathouse, from which motor-boats begin cruises

of days or weeks in the enchanted waters to the south; across the road the plantation, with orchid house and hedges of the curious aralia.

Close to Cocoanut Grove is a picturesque church that looks like a bit of old Mexico; as a matter of fact, the architect who made the plans had nothing but the photograph of a church in the City of Mexico to guide him as to his patrons' wishes. And a little beyond is the home of Kirk Munroe, the novelist, who built his house beside Biscayne's waters before Miami made its beginning. Down among the palms, between the house and the bay, is the great spring which makes a pool, rock-girded, famous since the days of the Indians and the pioneer fishermen. During the Spanish-American War water was piped from this basin to vessels whose coming was eagerly awaited by sailors of the fleet who, but for this supply, would have had nothing but condensed sea-water to drink.

The invitation of Cocoanut Grove is emphasized by three highways from Miami, each one quite different, and all worth using times without number. But too many other drives are available to allow even Cocoanut Grove to monopolize attention. Across the bay by a concrete bridge more than two miles long lies Miami Beach on that fringe of sand and rock between bay and ocean, once an uninviting tangle, now an enchanted garden that stretches away to the north for miles. There a separate community has been built up, with residences whose gardens are like parks, hotels where wise tourists are learning to go, bathing establishments which are gateways to a beach that is remarkable even for the East Coast of Florida. Think of bathing within three miles of the Gulf Stream! There is an eighteen-

AT COCOANUT GROVE, FLORIDA

ARCH SPRING NATURAL BRIDGE, NEAR MIAMI, FLORIDA
On Dixie Highway

hole golf links—in twin nines—that boasts all-grass green, ties and fairways. A canal, hidden in the rich foliage, bisects the course; on this the club-house rests amid palms and oleanders. And there is a polo field that is said to be the best-equipped in the South.

The drive by the ocean continues close to the water, with bowing trees on either hand, sometimes within a short distance also of one of the inland waterways. Fourteen miles of poetry under the blue sky and by the blue sea. Then a cross-road to Fulford, on the Dixie Highway, whose smooth surface brings thousands of motorists from Jacksonville to Miami. At length back to Miami by way of Arch Creek, crossed by the road on a natural arch of coral rock almost hidden by the live-oaks, whose branches are interlaced above the dark stream.

And this is but the beginning of the rich offerings of the Magic City. Is it strange that visitors who one year seek Miami for a week or two, go back next year for a month, extend the time the third year to two months, and finally yield to the temptation to linger from October to April or May?

CHAPTER XVI

IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES

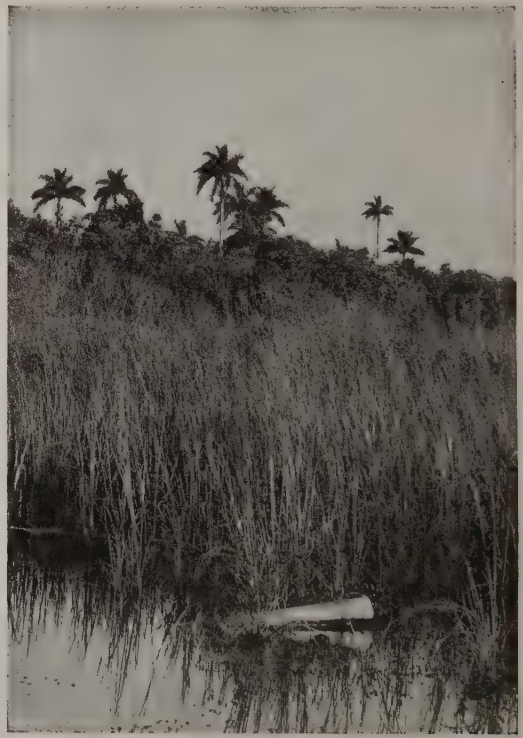
EXACTLY as there was talk until long past the middle of the nineteenth century of the impossibility of settling the Great American Desert, so, until within a few years, most people agreed that the vast Everglades of Florida were worthless. "Poor Florida!" was the thought. "Her coast is all right; but think of the vast interior—swampy, useless, a menace rather than an asset!"

But gradually word has got about that Florida is to be envied because of these very Everglades. For there are not only beauty spots for those who have thoughts beyond utility, but also homes for millions of pioneers who seek the rich muck lands to the south of the Okeechobee.

Time was when it was a daring achievement, a nine days' wonder, to venture into the Everglades. Yet the venture was made by many who reported that there was no swamp, but only a succession of open watercourses, islands, hammocks. Trees and saw-grass grew luxuriantly. Evidently, they said, the soil, if drained, would be marvelously productive.

The words of those who were bold enough to make the first suggestion that everything needed was a series of canals to carry off the surplus water from Okeechobee, instead of permitting the lake to overflow for three months every year, were received with unbelief. There is record of a cautious proposal of the sort in 1848, when a Government document advocated the

SEMINOLE INDIANS IN THE EVERGLADES



IN THE EVERGLADES

ROAD BUILDING ACROSS THE EVERGLADES

DRAINAGE CANALS IN THE EVERGLADES

granting of the region to Florida, that the canals might be dug and the land surveyed. No promise was made that the lands would be productive; it was thought enough to say that until the canals were dug it would be impossible to tell if the land was worth anything or not.

Some said canals were impossible. "But the lake is more than twenty feet above sea level," was the reply, "and the water will have a downhill run all the way to the coast."

Even a few years ago an editor of a Miami daily paper, who had lived in the region for many years, scoffed at the notion of making anything of the region below Okeechobee. But in 1920 he said to the author: "I had to give in at last, and my surrender has been complete. Not only can the work be done, but it is being done. Not only is there a possibility that the reclaimed lands can produce crops, but some of them are producing, and with marvellous abundance."

The drainage system consists of five canals, four to the Atlantic, and one to the Caloosahatchee River at Fort Myers, and so to the Gulf. These have been dug through muck from two feet to eight feet or more deep.

An excursion up one of these canals to Okeechobee is like no other journey on earth, and many tourists have learned the joy of it. From Miami, from Fort Lauderdale, from West Palm Beach, from Fort Myers, the start can be made. A sixth canal, to the St. Lucie River, will give access to the Indian River, and so to the Atlantic Ocean. This canal, two hundred feet wide and twelve feet deep, will make easy the passage of boats of good size clear to Lake Okeechobee. In this way house-boats and launches can pass from the Inside

Waterway to the lake, and out by way of a canal that enters the Miami River and through it to Biscayne Bay, passing on the way reclaimed land, already cultivated, as well as acres awaiting improvement, wild bits of hammock, and Seminole Indians in their garish garments, who are never so happy as when they are in the inmost recesses of the Everglades. There are only a few hundred of them, but one who follows a canal for some distance or one of the roads that have been built into the reclaimed district will surely see one or more groups of men, women and children, either in their rude houses, trudging along the road, or paddling their primitive dugouts on one of the canals or water lanes.

The country finds it difficult to believe all that is told of the possibilities of the land where the Seminoles have made their last stand. Trees grow to great size in a time so short that Jack's beanstalk will have to be looking to its laurels. Peanuts thrive, cattle grow sleek on a small area of pasture, tropical fruits are at their best, corn matures as well as on the prairies of Illinois or Iowa, and sugar-cane does so well that there are projects for tremendous plantations. Of course, it is not strange that wonders can be wrought, for there is soil and there is sun. Three hundred and sixty-five growing days in the year!

And the best of it is that just now the tourist has the opportunity to see this new country in the transition stage. In making plans for a stay in Florida it will pay to give a few days or even a week or two to a tour of the country where canals, railroads and highways make possible what, only a few years ago, was thought of as a foolhardy venture.

CHAPTER XVII

WITH ROD AND GUN IN FLORIDA WATERS

FLORIDA fish stories date back to 1774, when William Bartram told of seeing in the St. Johns River a solid mass of fish stretching from shore to shore for perhaps a mile above and below him. Then, to his surprise, he noted, in a narrow pass, alligators in incredible numbers, waiting to devour the fish. He says they were so close together from shore to shore that it would have been possible to have walked across on their heads had they been harmless.

The botanist was just as good at a game story, for he said that when he was ascending the "South Musquitoe" River in a canoe he saw numbers of deer and bears near the banks, and on the islands of the river he saw eleven bears in a single day.

However, there is no need either to question Bartram's veracity, or to wish for transportation to his time. For to-day Florida is full of game, and its waters, both inland and seaward, are teeming with fish—some six hundred varieties of them from the mullet to the bass and the pompano to the tarpon.

"Where is the choice place for sport?" a passenger on an East Coast train, whose rod and gun told of his destination, was asked.

"Almost anywhere," was the reply. "I can't do any better than repeat the hackneyed words ninety-nine men out of every hundred use after telling how to reach

a given spot. 'You can't miss it,' they say. And you could hardly miss game and fish in Florida—no matter how hard you try.

"Once I went down to Stuart, near Jupiter Inlet, where Grover Cleveland used to fish. The bank is about two miles out in the open sea. One day four of us, in an hour and a half, caught one-third of a sugar-barrel of sheepshead, parrot fish and other varieties. Closer to shore we caught sea bass that weighed as much as thirty pounds.

"Then in the inlets from the sea, on the way from St. Augustine to Miami, there is the best of fishing. You'll get bluefish, trout, Spanish mackerel, kingfish, pompano—all salt-water fish. In the interior fresh fish are just as plentiful.

"And game! I am now on my way down to Fort Pierce. From there I go into the Everglades for two weeks' sport. There will be otter, coon and mink, to say nothing of deer, turkey and quail, and possibly a small black bear or two. In two weeks I ought to get three hundred dollars' worth of fur, besides all the fun. There won't be any danger except, perhaps, from the alligators and the wild hogs. The hogs are not apt to attack a man unless they are wounded or angered. See that scar on my arm? That came from the tusks of a wild hog that stuck out of his mouth four inches. I was trying to defend my dogs from him when he bit me. The chief difficulty with alligators comes at night, when no island can be found on which to pitch camp. Often it is necessary to spend the night in my light-draft boat. Then the 'gators may be bold enough to make an attack; you see, there can be no fire. There isn't any danger from the Seminoles. Some people

ON MIAMI RIVER

THEIR DAY'S CATCH

say these Indians are mean. It is a mistake. They are both friendly and honest."

The greatest sport in Florida waters is tarpon fishing, and one of the best places to begin a cruise after this game fish is Fort Myers, on the Caloosahatchee. After floating down to the mouth of the river, past the mangroves and palmettoes, and among the water hyacinths, the tarpon grounds are reached at Boca Grande, where a three-mile pass gives abundant opportunity to take the fish that weigh from fifty to two hundred pounds and are from four to six feet long. And what sport a fish like that affords before he is landed!

Miami is a great center for the fisherman who has his choice of water near by, among the keys toward Key West, or out toward the nearest of the Bahamas, forty-five miles from the coast, where the Bimini Bay Rod and Gun Club has spent a million dollars in equipping a resort to which passengers are taken either by yacht or by flying-boat.

The Miami Anglers' Club has opened the way for hundreds of sportsmen to go after fish in both fresh and salt water. Even the reading of the rules and regulations of the club makes the blood tingle. They tell of fish that may be taken by light tackle—tarpon, sailfish, tuna, amberjack, barracuda, kingfish, dolphin, bonita, bonefish and black bass. The club also approves of the taking of tarpon, sailfish, amberjack, barracuda, kingfish and grouper with heavy tackle.

Restrictions on tackle are stated: "Rods to be of wood and consisting of butt and tip—tip length to be measured from the end of tip to the point of assemblage. Lines of standard linen of number fifty yarn. Rods and lines classified as: (a) Heavy tackle: Tip not

over sixteen ounces in weight nor under five feet in length. Butt not over twenty-two inches in length. Line not over twenty-one strand. (b) Light tackle: Tip to be not over six ounces in weight, nor under five feet in length. Butt to be not over eighteen inches in length. Line to be not over nine strand."

Among the prizes offered by the club is one for the largest turtle pegged. The turtles of the Florida Keys are unusual; several men are needed to turn one on his back. It is stated that no turtle can be pegged when feeding on Portuguese men-of-war, the strange marine creatures described by one fisherman as consisting of "a Zeppelin-shaped, transparent balloon, about half full of green liquid. This contains picric acid, and, on contact with the human body, tends to paralyze, sometimes for a considerable period. The balloon is surmounted by a sail, which, when spread, wafts the man-of-war over the water. The sail is of many and brilliant hues, and a fleet is very picturesque. On its lower side the man-of-war has tentacles, which can be let down as much as thirty feet."

Not far from the Bimini Bay Club House is the Co-co-lo-bo Cay Club. One of the members of this club has told of a cruise when the principal catch was barracuda, though he did catch a sixty-two pound amberjack, after a forty minutes' fight. On another trip to the south of Miami a companion secured a big strawberry grouper or seabass. The grouper was attended by a school which, when perhaps fifty or sixty feet from the boat, suddenly jumped out of the water, "fairly tumbling over each other to escape a huge sailfish, whose waving fin appeared just behind them. The strain on the line eased off, and the grouper remained

on the hook—but only his head, the remainder having furnished an impromptu meal for the sailfish, which must have weighed two hundred pounds."

The champion fisherman of Florida is Captain Charles Thompson. He was cruising for tarpon off Knight's Key when he saw what looked like a whale. From a pursuing boat he threw a harpoon into the mysterious fish. Later four more harpoons were shot into it. "For thirty-nine hours—two days and a night—that fierce fish pulled the lifeboat through the waters, and there was not any stop for meals, either," the story of the historic capture has been told. Finally the fish grew weary and was lashed to the yacht, a thirty-one-ton vessel. But soon, rested, it began to show signs of returning interest. Presently with one powerful blow of its tail it knocked the rudder and propeller off the yacht and smashed in a part of the hull. Even after the fish had been towed to the dock a flip of its tail smashed a portion of the dock and broke the leg of a bystander.

Then it was found that the monster weighed fifteen tons. It had in its stomach another fish weighing more than half a ton! It was probably a deep-sea fish that had strayed from its proper feeding grounds.

Another season the same mighty fisherman succeeded in taking two of the largest tarpon ever brought to Miami; one weighed one hundred and seventy-eight pounds and the other one hundred and fifty-seven pounds. The catch was made on heavy tackle—a twenty-one-strand line and a nine-ounce-tip rod.

Is it strange that Colonel Henry Watterson spoke of Florida waters as "the greatest hunting and fishing region of the world"?

CHAPTER XVIII

ON THE WEST COAST OF FLORIDA

THE West Coast of Florida is like the East Coast in one thing only—both are so attractive that it is difficult to choose between them. And they are so different that it is impossible to compare them. Where the East Coast has nearly five hundred miles of low-lying shore, sometimes mainland, again narrow peninsulas between inlets and the ocean, the West Coast has more than seven hundred miles of the most varied shore line, with bays and islands, keys and rivers, inlets and peninsulas innumerable. All the way from Pensacola, near the Alabama line, to Cape Sable, at the southwest tip of the state, every mile has its distinct charm for the yachtsman or the fisherman who by sea follows its sinuous lines, while the traveler who traces the coast by land—when he can—is so pleased that he is apt to wish that he could in this way cover the entire distance. No, it is nonsense to ask anyone which coast he prefers; the only way is to see both coasts thoroughly and decide the question independently. And in how many cases the result will be the statement, "I cannot choose; I like them both."

While Pensacola and Santa Rosa Bay, Chocktawhatchee Bay and Apalachicola Bay, St. George's Sound and Apalachee Bay are, strictly speaking, parts of the West Coast, the term as generally understood includes the section below the storied Suwannee River, including Wacassassee Bay, Withlacoochee Bay, Tampa Bay,

ON BAYSHORE DRIVE, TAMPA, FLORIDA

IN PLANT PARK, TAMPA, FLORIDA

Charlotte Harbor, Ship Channel, Ponce de León Bay and scores more of the inlets whose very names excite curiosity, as well as the cities and towns within reach of these waterways. All these speak eloquently of the days of old and of present delightful opportunity for hunter, fisherman, sightseer or the seeker after rest and refreshment.

Homosassa, luring the sportsman, and Brooksville, from its lordly eminence—for Florida—of three hundred feet in the high hammock land, are good introductions to the odd peninsulas of Tampa Bay, a little farther south, all within easy reach of the visitor who makes his headquarters at Tampa, the city that has grown in a generation from a mere fishing village until now it is one of the important ports on the Gulf of Mexico, as well as a commercial center of parts, and a tourist city the name of which instantly comes to mind when Florida is mentioned.

Though nearly four centuries have passed since Hernando de Soto sailed into Tampa Bay and wondered at the beauty of its surroundings, his successors in discovery are more numerous every year. They come over the railroad that is a monument to H. B. Plant, the great developer of the West Coast, to the three-million-dollar Tampa Bay Hotel, another monument; they come by sea into the bay where there are already twenty-four feet of water in the channel, one of the bays that boasts it can float readily "all the navies in the world." Perhaps they come doubting the reliability of the tales they have heard of Tampa, but if they give themselves a little time they will go away telling others of the glories they have seen—the water vistas that satisfy even those who have thought they

could not find satisfaction in any view until once more they feast their eyes on the blue sea and the azure sky of the coast of Italy; the drives along the shores and through the parks and out into the open country that give a new conception of the meaning of automobile delight; the sulphur spring of Stomawa, so named by the Seminole Indians who sought its waters for healing; the Carnival Gasparilla Krewe, commemorating the career of Gasparilla and his pirate crew, who long ago struck terror to the hearts of the mariners on the Gulf of Mexico because it was never known when they would dart out through Gasparilla Pass, from their hiding places in Charlotte Harbor, beyond Gasparilla Island; the ride to Ybor City, whose buildings and people seem as if transplanted from Cuba to the mainland; the sails on the waters of the bay and its brief tributaries productive of joy that is anything but brief. That is a long sentence, but it could easily be made longer and still fail of doing justice to Tampa and its surroundings!

Separating Tampa Bay from the Gulf is Pinellas Peninsula. This is one of the smallest of the counties of Florida, yet it holds a remarkable array of cities and towns of such variety that some of them might well be leagues apart. Down at the point of the peninsula, accessible by rail from Jacksonville and connected with Tampa by steamer, is St. Petersburg, the marvel town of West Florida, which, in its rapid development, is a close second to Miami. A few years ago there were several thousand permanent residents there, but now the progress is so rapid that it is unwise to say how many people there are; there may be a change almost overnight. Tourists flock to the resort for the fishing in

neighboring waters; the bathing on the beaches of islands and keys; the clear air; the walks and drives among the magnolias, the evergreens, the palms, and the abounding flowers, and for the little journeys up the narrow peninsula. There they find Belleair, with its Belleview Hotel, worthy to be named with the great caravansaries of the East Coast, and Clearwater, center for drives among the orange groves and famous vantage point for views of the Gulf. A few miles farther on is Tarpon Springs, center of the sponge industry, headquarters of scores of vessels that go out into the Gulf with divers who bring from the rocky bottom the sponges that later are sold at the auctions regularly held in town. Most of the members of the crews and the divers themselves are Greeks. There are so many of them that a local newspaper prints messages for them in their own language.

St. Petersburg is within reach of another industry for which Florida has become famous. Polk County, some distance to the east of Tampa Bay, is the center of phosphate mining. Bartow—a town of fine houses that rejoices in an elevation of one hundred and sixteen feet—is the metropolis of the belt that supplies a large proportion of the phosphate produced in the United States. Tampa is the outlet for much of the rock that is the dependence of farmers of states to the north.

All about Tampa Bay and its inlets bird life is generously rich. There are curious creatures like the crane, the pelican and the snipe, and there are birds beautiful for plumage and song. Mocking-birds are numerous. And if there is desire to see protected birds in their native haunts, it is only necessary to go to

Passage Key, at the mouth of Tampa Bay, a great breeding-place for herons and other birds, or the near-by Indian Key, to the north, where there is teeming life comparable to that at the Mosquito Inlet reservation on the East Coast.

One of the most intricate bits of the West Coast is along the border of Manatee County, where a normal sixty miles of coast becomes one hundred and twenty miles by reason of numerous islands and keys. From the sea the shore is wildly beautiful, and from the shore the sea is a vision of untold wonder. Back in the interior, clustered about and near the shore of Manatee River, are Palmetto, where live prosperous farmers who cultivate farms in the country near; Manatee, in the wilds of hammocked pinelands, famous for a mineral spring in the main street; and Bradentown, which the motorist remembers for the drives along the river that varies in width from one to two miles and along the bay to Cortez.

Charlotte Harbor, one-time haunt of Gasparilla, the pirate, gives entrance to the Miakka River, whose crooked, tree-clad banks lead entirely across Manatee County, while below Charlotte Harbor, at the lower end of Pine Island, the Caloosahatchee River, outlet of Lake Okeechobee, shows the way to Fort Myers, said to be the most tropical town in Florida, metropolis of a county larger than Rhode Island and Delaware combined, where less than ten thousand of the two million and a half acres are yet cultivated. The town is a center for the motorist, the fisherman and the house-boatman. The Tamiami Trail crosses the county, through regions of mystery and beauty, and the waterways give access to Pine Island on the north, whose

twenty thousand acres are under intensive cultivation, and to the Ten Thousand Islands, away to the south, where water-fowl are monarchs, as well as the numerous keys between. There are so many of these waterways that, without exception, every post-office in the county is reached by them.

Fort Myers, established in 1841 as a government post, saw much fighting during the second Seminole War. Thus, in a way, was carried out a part of the plan of a visionary of early days who proposed to Great Britain "the creation of two structures, one on the eastern and the other on the western side of the peninsula, about the latitude of Cape Florida, which should be supplied with cannon; large enough to accommodate several hundred persons, and should have sloops and barges attached."

These were to be called Pharuses. In his report to the King of England the author of the plan said:

"These Pharuses, with the excellent appellations of George and Charlotte, would eternalize the glory of these royal authors, who have stretched out parental hands to facilitate the hitherto dangerous and inevitable navigation of that dreadful promontory and terminate your Majesty's conquest of the Country, which sets the western bounds of the Atlantic Ocean."

CHAPTER XIX

IN THE INTERIOR OF FLORIDA

IT is a mistake to think that when the East Coast and West Coast of Florida are seen the state has yielded its secrets. The higher lands of the interior, the backbone of the state, as these are called, repay attention. And approach to them is not difficult; railroad, highway and river give ample choice of means of access. However, it should be said of those who choose the railroad that it is never wise to be in a hurry. It is a simple matter to go from Jacksonville south toward Key West, or to Tampa and Lake Okeechobee. But those who wish to go across the state had better give up the notion of making close connection or of simplifying the intricacies of the time-table. It is possible to cross the state from New Smyrna to Tampa, but even this trip calls for patience out of all proportion to the distance. The best course, in nine cases out of ten, seems to be to go back to Jacksonville and start all over again.

Yet the day must come when there will be a different story to tell. The present lines will be better coördinated, and new lines will be built to link up short roads into through routes. There will be a road from Miami, through the Everglades, past Lake Okeechobee, to Tampa Bay. Tampa will be linked with Tallahassee by a line that will make unnecessary the trip to Jacksonville and a long journey across Northern Florida. The progress of railroad building in Florida has been marvellous, but ten or twenty years hence those who

look back will probably wonder that so many seemed satisfied with the old ways.

The man with a machine can go not only to many sections where the railroad leads, and often more quickly, but he can also go to regions where there is as yet no railroad. For there are considerably more than five thousand miles of surfaced road in the state—brick, concrete, asphalt, macadam, shell and sandy clay; and there are nearly as many miles more of sandy road. From Tallahassee it is possible to go, by way of Madison and Lake City, to Gainesville and Tampa. From Jacksonville, too, there is a good road to Tampa, by way of Sanford near the East Coast, then on to Winter Park, Orlando, Kissimmee, Haines City and Lakeland. Numberless side trips lead among the lakes for which the highlands of Florida are famous, where orange groves and grape-fruit trees abound, where the temperature is higher than at the corresponding latitude on the coast, where the air is dryer and the days are one long delight. There are hundreds of these lakes, and a number of the largest of them, if connected, would supply water transportation for more than one hundred and fifty miles. Many are large enough to make quite a showing even on a small-scale map; others are quite infinitesimal. But all have charms for the tourist or for the resident of the towns scattered among them or for the landed proprietor whose holdings, it may be, include one, two or three of these gems of crystal.

On the way from Jacksonville to Miami is the wonderful ocean drive—sixty-six miles from Palm Beach to the metropolis of Dade County. A new road crosses the Everglades from Palm Beach past the lower end

of Lake Okeechobee to Fort Myers. From Miami also the Everglades are crossed, this time by a road to Marco on the West Coast, while it cannot be long until the Tamiami Trail between Miami and Tampa will be open throughout.

Miami is also the starting-point for a road that is to reach Cape Sable, at the tip of the mainland. Once the East Coast railroad engineers seriously considered the extension of its tracks over this route, but they decided that the difficulties of the Everglades and the Mangrove Swamp were too great for conquest. This was before the plan to build to Key West was proposed. But the road builders have not been deterred by difficulties; so the machine can make its way far south amid some of the choicest scenery of a state that has so much to offer that descriptive adjectives fail.

Dade County's part of the highway toward Cape Sable—the Ingraham Highway, it is called—has been completed, and hundreds of machines go every year to Paradise Key in the Everglades, a hammock that the Florida Federation of Women's Clubs has succeeded in having set apart as the Royal Palm State Park. It is their wish that this richest survival of the glorious vegetation of the Everglade Keys may be preserved for the pleasure of the people.

The park is forty-two miles south of Miami and is twelve miles from the nearest post-office. The State Legislature ceded nine hundred and sixty acres in 1915. Mrs. Henry M. Flagler added as many more. Of the nineteen hundred and twenty acres more than three hundred acres are in tropical jungle, unlike any other in the United States. The growth, botanically, is West Indian. It includes six hundred and ninety royal palm

trees more than one hundred feet high, stately live-oaks hidden by cascades of silver moss, and rare ferns and orchids. One hundred and twenty-three species of birds, including both native and migrating varieties, have been listed.

It is the purpose of the Federation to preserve the jungle in its natural state, so far as possible. The state gives one dollar per year toward the expenses, but Dade County is much more liberal. Most of the funds needed come directly from the women, or from the five hundred acres of the tract that are rented to farmers. Although the burden of raising the funds required is great, the women wish to add to their responsibilities by establishing a bird sanctuary in four sections of swamp land adjoining the park which they hope to persuade Florida to give for the purpose.

During a recent year visitors from forty-five states, Nova Scotia, Ontario, Saskatchewan, the Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, Brazil and the Bahamas registered at the park, many of them being entertained at the comfortable lodge kept open for their accommodation. Probably half of the visitors failed to register. Nearly twelve hundred automobiles entered the park during the year.

One of the visitors, himself a scientist, said enthusiastically:

"I have been all over the warmer parts of Florida, including the lower Keys, throughout the length and breadth of Cuba, the Republic of Haiti, the entire island of Jamaica, and quite a little of Spanish Honduras. I have sailed through the lovely Bahama Archipelago and landed on several of its islands. I have visited the Bermudas, and cruised again and again through

the entire Mediterranean and down the West Coast of Africa, but my eyes have never rested on any spot on earth as beautiful as Paradise Key."

Some day the Royal Palm State Park may be made a National Park, but always the honor will belong to the women of Florida, who saved it from destruction and preserved it for posterity.

Other tropical delights of interior Florida are open to those who take any one of a dozen of the unrivaled water trips, for instance the journey from Kissimmee through Tohopekaliga Lake, Cypress Lake, Lake Kissimmee, the Kissimmee River, Lake Okeechobee, and the Caloosahatchee River to the Gulf of Mexico. Then there are trips on the Tomoka River, from Daytona, and on the Suwannee River. Though these rivers are widely separated, both lead into unexpected tangles of trees with their festoons of Spanish moss. From Tampa a popular trip is on the bay and up the Manatee River, among the orange groves. The stream, very wide at the start, narrows rapidly, especially above the forks.

But of all the rivers in Florida the Ocklawaha offers what many consider the choicest tour of all. The start is at Palatka. First come twenty-five miles on the St. Johns River, then follow one hundred miles on the Ocklawaha, and finally nine miles on Silver River. A map of the narrow, crooked Ocklawaha looks like the writhings of a snake in torture. But there is no torture for the fortunate passenger who moves among the dense growth of cypress, palmetto, pine, gum, palm, horse-chestnut, bay, dogwood, rhododendron and woodbine. The daylight trip is a revelation, and the journey by night is a wonder—for then the searchlight, playing

ON THE PICTURESQUE TOMOKA RIVER

THE SPRAWLING MANGROVE TREES, FLORIDA

on the overhanging trees, gives them a beauty that seems unearthly.

The last bit of the ride, on the Silver River, is on sparkling water, where the bottom may be seen with distinctness. The river issues from Silver Springs, where the flow is estimated to be three hundred million gallons a day. There the prosaic steamer no longer satisfies; it is necessary to enter one of the glass-bottomed rowboats that the animal life below may be studied, and the water bubbling from the sands.

But the best known of the river trips is up the St. Johns from Jacksonville to Sanford. The journey requires nineteen hours, and the fare, which includes meals and berth, is surprisingly reasonable. The journey past the crowding trees on the bank, and among the hyacinths on the water that seem to bar the passage of the steamer, is so pleasant that many who take it once say they will never again willingly use the railroad to Sanford. Strange birds fly overhead, herons stand on the banks, at times alligators slip with a splash into the water or lift impudent snouts above the surface.

Thirty miles from Jacksonville is Green Cove Springs, a resort famous in the days before the railroads, when steamers from New York entered the broad St. Johns and delivered at the springs the passengers attracted by the sulphur and chalybeate waters which came from a depth of forty feet.

At Green Cove Springs the St. Johns is five miles wide, and for some distance it continues so wide and deep that the steamers from the Atlantic find no difficulty in going as far as Palatka, a point of such importance that the East Coast Railroad makes for it the only departure from its course close to the Atlantic.

CHAPTER XX

IN WEST FLORIDA

NOT many of those who pass through Alabama on the New York and New Orleans limited realize, when they reach Flomaton Junction, almost on the line between Alabama and Florida, that they are on historic ground. This was a point on one of the earliest railroads projected in the United States, to run from Pensacola to Montgomery. The original project dates from 1836. Iron and cars were brought from England. Three shiploads of Irish laborers were imported, but they fought among themselves and it was necessary to replace them by four shiploads of Dutch workmen. The roadbed was graded all the way to Montgomery, but not until after the Civil War was the work completed to Flomaton.

Pensacola, the terminus of the historic road, has a history as varied and interesting as that of St. Augustine. Possibly Ponce de León visited the bay in 1513. Pamfilo de Narvaez certainly paused there fifteen years later, and in 1540 Maldonado led De Soto's fleet into the harbor and named it Puerto d'Auchusi. But the first real settlement was not made until 1559, when Tristan de Luna named the harbor Santa Maria and built a fort near the present Fort Barrancas. In 1561 his colonists withdrew and the favored spot was without other inhabitants than the Indians until 1696, when Don Andres d'Arriola built Fort San Carlos, where Fort Barrancas now stands, six miles south of Pensa-

cola, near the mouth of the bay. He called the settlement Pensacola. During the succeeding one hundred and sixty-six years, four different countries ruled Pensacola in startling succession—first Spain, then France, then Spain, then France, then Spain, then Great Britain, then Spain, and finally the United States. For a time the flag of the Confederate States flew over the city, though never over Fort Pickens, situated on the west end of Santa Rosa Island, where the Spanish made their settlement in 1723, when the French under De Bienville yielded possession, remaining there until 1754. A hurricane drove them back to the mainland. That year saw the real beginning of Pensacola, which now rules the most important deep-water harbor south of Hampton Roads, and boasts a large United States naval station.

When the city was laid out, a large territory, bounded by Intendencia Street, was reserved for a park, but the limits have been gradually reduced until all that is left of it is in Surville Square and Ferdinand Square. Palafox Hill is the modern name of old Gage Hill, once the site of an observatory where watch was kept for pirates.

One of the chief attractions of the neighborhood of Pensacola is the Florida National Forest to the east of the city. This includes lands bought in 1828 by the Government for the navy, the live-oak being desirable for shipbuilding purposes. More than seven hundred square miles in Santa Rosa, Okaloosa and Walton Counties were, in 1908, withdrawn from homestead entry, that the National Forest might be established.

A visit to this Florida National Forest should be

made a part of a trip to the South. There is a good automobile road across the pine lands from Crestview to Niceville on Boggy Bayou, and from that point to Camp Pinchot Ranger Station. There is no ride like this in all of Uncle Sam's vast forest domain—among the live-oaks, the cypresses and the long-leaf pines, which rise forty to sixty feet before spreading out their dense foliage. Along the road one seems to be riding through the arches of a cathedral. Turpentine camps and turpentine stills are numerous, and there is ample opportunity to study the simple yet novel methods of gathering and distilling the fruit of the pine trees.

Let a day, at least, be taken for the ride from the railroad and for a study of the trees and the turpentine industry. Then let more time be devoted to a motor-boat down Santa Rosa Sound to twenty-five-mile-long Choctawhatchee Bay, separated from the Gulf of Mexico by narrow spits of land, which bound the narrow entrance through East Pass.

Days may be spent gunning or fishing along the low-lying shores in Hogtown Bayou, among the labyrinthine mouths of Choctawhatchee River, up La Grange Bayou and Alaqua Bayou, Rocky Bayou and Boggy Bayou, back to Niceville and the motor road that stretches through the forest to Crestview and the railroad.

For the excursion the detailed map supplied by the Forest Service will be found invaluable. The headquarters of the Florida Forest are at Pensacola during the winter, and at Camp Pinchot during the summer, and inquiries for maps should be made to the Forest Supervisor at these points.

Perhaps seventy-five miles down the coast from the east end of Choctawhatchee Bay is St. Josephs

MAILBOAT ON GARNIER'S BAYOU, FLORIDA NATIONAL FOREST

SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLORIDA NATIONAL FOREST

Bay, the site of old St. Josephs, once the metropolis of Florida. To-day not a vestige of the town remains.

The rapid building of St. Josephs was due to the shallow channels that prevented ships from coming within sixteen miles of Apalachicola. To avoid the necessity of transshipment of freight by barges, a town was projected on deep St. Josephs Bay. One of the schemers, who had helped build the James River and Kanawha Canal in Virginia, proposed a canal from Iola on the Apalachicola to St. Josephs. By this canal produce was to be brought to wharves on the bayou side of town and was then to be transported by rail to the wharves on the ocean side, for loading on ships in the deep-water harbor. His plan was vetoed in favor of a railroad which, in 1836 and 1837, was built on the route of the projected canal.

For some years traffic on the pioneer railroad was heavy, and Apalachicola suffered. A newspaper of the day said that twenty trains ran from Iola to St. Josephs each day. The place grew until it had four thousand people. There a convention was held in 1838 for organizing the colonial government—seven years before the admission of the state to the Union. One who attended this convention said of St. Josephs:

"It was then a stirring, busy place, the citizens full of energy and hope, fine buildings and hotels adorned the town and more were building. Before the city lay one of the most beautiful of ocean harbors, with crystal, flashing water and snow-like beach crowned with verdure to the water's edge; to seaward bounded by towering forest-clad hills whose varied profile was made more picturesque by the large ships lying close to their base."

Then came a double catastrophe. A ship from the West Indies brought yellow fever, and hundreds died, including many health-seekers who had sought the town for the pleasant gulf breezes. Next came a forest fire which destroyed almost every house. Finally the railroad was torn up, and the bay had little more prominence until the completion of the Panama Canal led some far-seeing railroad men to talk of it as the beginning of the best ocean route to the Isthmus.

The railroad from Iola to St. Josephs had a rival—that built from Tallahassee to St. Marks, on Apalachee Bay, in 1833. St. Marks, too, has really come again into prominence because of a canal project to connect the Atlantic above Jacksonville with the Gulf of Mexico at this point. The proposal is to dig the canal from Cumberland Sound, at the mouth of St. Marys River, Georgia, taking advantage of numerous waterways in the course to the gulf. The building of the canal would mean that ships could cut off five hundred miles in the trip from New York to New Orleans, and that they would eventually be able to go by inland waterway almost the entire distance between these two cities. The project for an inland waterway from St. Marks to New Orleans has gone beyond the dream stage.

St. Marks was the meeting point, in October, 1823, of commissioners sent out by the United States to seek a site for the capital of Florida. Commissioner Williams came from Pensacola in twenty-four days. Commissioner Simmons required twenty-seven days for his pilgrimage from St. Augustine. The story of the trip, in the archives of the Florida Historical Society, is one of the most interesting relics of the state's early days. It told of pack-horse travel, boating on the Suwannee,

shelter in an Indian bark camp, the passage across the great Alachua savannah, of the sink called the Alligator Hole, of hammocks and swamps, of lakes and streams innumerable.

On October 26, 1823, the two men saw Tallahassee, near the old Indian town Tuckabatchee. This they decided to recommend as the site for the capital, and in 1824 their choice was confirmed.

Those who approach the city from any direction will not wonder at the selection. The situation is commanding, on the "red hills of old León," three hundred feet above the sea. In most states this would not be considered very high, but in low-lying Florida Tallahassee is lofty.

And Tallahassee is beautiful. The wide, rambling streets, bordered by oaks, with their drapery of Spanish moss, the spacious residences, pleading with the passer-by to enter and be at home, the capitol with its columned portico, combine to make a picture that has no counterpart.

Time was when Tallahassee was a busy place. It was a point of note on the trade route from Tennessee and Kentucky to Florida. Wagoners entered frequently with their six-mule teams. Traders brought in large droves of mules for sale. Farmers from as far away as Thomasville, Georgia, would drive down for supplies, thinking the week's journey of small account.

Among the attractive drives from Tallahassee is one northwest to Chipola Spring where "a river bursts from the earth with great force from large masses of rugged rocks. The orifice opens to the southwest from a high swelling bank. This orifice may be thirty feet long by eight feet wide. A large rock divides the mouth

into two parts, at a considerable depth below the surface. The water acts as a prism; all objects seen through it on a sunshiny day reflect all the colors of the rainbow. The spring at once forms a river, one hundred feet wide and eight feet deep, which joins the Chipola River at about ten miles distance."

Fifteen miles below Tallahassee, in Wakulla County, is another of these flowing springs for which Florida is famous. The water is so clear that a small stone lying on the bottom, much more than one hundred feet below the surface, can be distinguished easily. In fact, the waters act as a magnifying glass; they are convex at the surface because of the rapid boiling up from the hidden outlet of a stream that flows a long distance in a channel deep underground. From the spring the water flows to the Gulf in a stream so large that large boats float on it with ease.

CHAPTER XXI

ROUND ABOUT MOBILE

MOBILE has so much to offer the visitor that he is quite apt to question his wisdom in waiting so long to turn his steps in that direction. Think of a bay almost landlocked that sweeps thirty miles inland, with a channel sufficiently deep to accommodate great steamships, with shores that are free from marshes, with beaches that are always inviting; of a harbor development that calls for the construction of a dock eastwardly into the bay 8300 feet long and 300 feet wide, larger in every way than the famous projected Holland dyke to hold back the water of the Zuyder Zee; of stately bluffs approaching the water in a region where it is natural to expect only lowlands; of inviting inlets where it is a simple matter for the tyro to land his fish, while real sport awaits the seasoned angler; of broad reaches of water where the motor-boat can have ample room, and retired, winding stretches that invite to lazy hours in a rowboat; of a sky that is blue and water that changes from green to blue and back again to green with a speed that baffles and gratifies; of breezes warm yet bracing, now laden with salt from the Gulf, again heavy with the indescribable, soothing fragrance of the pine forests.

Then call up memories of the city seated by the noble bay, with its streets and parks, where the magnolia, the live-oak and the bay mingle with the sycamore

and the mulberry; where modern homes are near neighbors to the ever-fascinating mansions that tell of days before the war; where soft Southern accents are heard with delight amid the bustle of a modern city; where commerce has thrust into the background, though it has not entirely removed, the business buildings of a less active time, which are close neighbors to some of the most stately commercial structures to be found anywhere. Nearly a century ago fires destroyed practically all of the most ancient structures, and no vestiges of the old forts are left. But somehow Mobile possesses the atmosphere of the past even without the buildings of other days.

Latter-day architects in Mobile have learned that it is unnecessary to go away from their own state to discover building materials. To the north there is steel and limestone, which the navigable rivers float down to the waiting city at slight expense. Then there is marble, and such marble! To learn how fine it is one has only to go to the Post-office Building, a building of soft and graceful Italian Renaissance whose architect rejoiced when he heard of the treasures that come from the quarries in the region between Montgomery and Birmingham.

In Mobile they like to tell a story of this marble. They say that when the Washington Monument was building the Secretary of War wrote to the governor of Alabama asking for the early shipment of stone from Alabama to be placed in the monument in accordance with the program adopted for the participation of all the states. The stone was cut from a quarry in Talladega County and was shipped to its destination. When the stone was removed from the box the chief engineer,

astonished at its beauty, decided that the governor of Alabama, misunderstanding the request, had sent a block of the finest Italian marble instead of the native Alabama stone requested. At once he told the Secretary of War of the error.

So a letter was sent from Washington to the governor of Alabama asking him to substitute Alabama stone for the beautiful block of Italian marble. The reply from the governor enclosed affidavits declaring that the stone already sent for the monument was genuine Alabama marble. Followed an apology from Washington and the explanation that the builders of the monument, who thought themselves familiar with the country's building stone, were not aware that such perfect marble existed here. Accordingly several pieces of the Alabama marble found place in the Washington monument, the choicest of them all being directly over the main entrance.

Time was in Mobile when it was possible to say, as did a visitor in 1874, that the city was "tranquil and free from commercial bustle . . . there is no activity; the town is as still as one of those ancient fishing villages on the Massachusetts coast when the fishermen are away." But that time has passed forever. The city is no longer content simply to dream of its wonderful history. Or, possibly, the thought of that history is proving an inspiration to performances that are making the city great.

No wonder! For Mobile's story goes back nearly four centuries, and the record is full of thrills. It begins with the coming of De Soto and his armored Castilians to the Indian village, Mauvilia, on Choctaw Bluff, where Tuscaloosa, the Black Warrior, held his

court behind pierced palisades. The Spanish leader and the hundred horsemen with him, the advance guard of his expedition, were no sooner within the palisades than a conflict with the Indians was precipitated. With difficulty the savages were kept at bay until the main body of Castilians came up. Then the last Mauvilian perished, but not until eighty-two of De Soto's men were dead. The toll of the natives was heavy; Spanish historians say that eleven thousand Indians fell. Probably these figures were greatly exaggerated, but the slaughter must have been terrific.

De Soto passed on. Indians came and went. At last, in 1699, the French D'Iberville landed with his colonists on Dauphin's Island, which they called Massacre Island, because they found so many human bones there. Then, in 1711, De Bienville built Fort St. Louis on the west side of the bay and laid out the town of Mobile, which he named from the Indians who called themselves Mobilians.

The importance of Mobile was recognized almost from the first. The French thought of it as a key to their possessions in America, and when, in 1763, the settlement became a part of the British possessions, an English publication called attention to the fact that "the Bay of Mobile forms a most noble and spacious harbor, running north to the several mouths of the Halabama and Chickasaw Rivers. It affords very good anchorage and is capable of containing the whole British navy. The French," the writer goes on, "perceiving the importance of this place and the advantage that must naturally arise therefrom, erected on the west side of this bay a strong fort called after the bay. This place is now become to us of the utmost consequence,

since all the country to the eastward of the Mississippi is ceded to us by the late treaty of peace. The advantageous situation of this harbor, in the very heart of the richest part of the country, is, as it were, a back door to New Orleans, and will ever remain an unmovable check by inevitably cutting off all communication between the river Mississippi and Europe and the French western islands."

Once more, in 1780, Spain gained possession of the placid bay and its surroundings. Twenty-seven years later Aaron Burr, fleeing from Natchez, where he was wanted on the charge of conspiracy, was captured in Mobile. The United States flag first floated over the quiet village in 1813, where it remained until the flag of the Confederacy took its place. Thus, within three hundred years, five flags floated above dreamy Mobile Bay.

Four long years passed before the Confederate flag made way for Old Glory. For three years Farragut hung about the entrance to the bay, watching his chance to force his way past the forts. At last his opportunity came. The forts were triumphantly left behind, the ironclad *Tennessee* was overcome, and the harbor was entered. No longer could the blockade-runners find refuge there. But another year passed before the city was willing to lower its colors, and then it was forced to do so by the aid given to Farragut by the victorious Federals from Montgomery, who descended the Alabama River to its junction with the Tombigbee, and then down the Mobile, through the labyrinth of its delta, to the bay.

That delta is one of Mobile's greatest attractions. What an opportunity there is to get lost in it! And how

the skilled master of a motor-boat does enjoy cruising along the crooked channels and among the islands and peninsulas of shapes that are as quaint and unusual as the names given to the passages. Think of the delight of poking along into Appalache River and Tensas River, Spanish River, Raft River and Polecat Bay, Chickasabogue Creek and Bayou Sara and Chuckby Bay, Nigger Lake and Twelve Mile Island and Grand Bay!

And the fishing everywhere! Black bass in the bayou, black bass in the creeks, black bass in the rivers. And when the bay is entered, tarpon and weakfish, kingfish and sheepshead! A three- or four-pound black bass will satisfy most sportsmen, but if they want something bulkier they do not have to go far to get into the path of a tarpon of fifty pounds, one hundred pounds, or even two hundred pounds. The record catch in Mobile Bay in recent years was a tarpon weighing two hundred and fifteen pounds.

If the boatman wearies of the fishing, he has only to enter one of the bayous where the cypress and the moss-hung live-oaks mingle with the pines and the palmettoes, so as to make an ideal spot for day dreams and long siestas that will give appetite for the renewal of the pursuit of the game beneath the waves.

But for some travelers there is greater game than fish in the water. They like to go up the Mobile to the meeting of the Alabama and the Tombigbee. There they are confronted with the rugged limestone bluff known to the Indians as Hobuckintopa, though the Spanish in 1789 called it St. Stephens when they built a fort there. General Wilkinson, who took possession in 1799, established a government factory at St. Stephens to facili-

LOWER GOVERNMENT STREET, MOBILE, ALABAMA

ST. STEPHENS BLUFF (HOBUCKINTOPA), ALABAMA

OLD ST. STEPHENS STREET SCENE, ALABAMA

tate dealings with the Indians and to hinder the attempts of the Spaniards at Mobile to inflame the Indians against the Americans. Gradually on Hobuckintopa grew a town that surpassed Mobile in importance. Many government officers were there. Among them was Silas Dinsmore, collector for the United States, of whom it is said that he lost his office by injudicious wit. The story is that "when asked by the government authorities at Washington how far the Tombigbee ran up the country he replied that it did not run up the country at all, but down."

In 1817 St. Stephens became the capital of Alabama Territory. During that year a writer in the *National Intelligencer* said that St. Stephens was "advancing with a rapidity beyond that of any place, perhaps, in the Western country." The town was situated half a mile from the river. There were fifty houses at this time, twenty of them being of stone, and all built on lots that cost two hundred dollars or more. "New buildings are erected every day," the writer continued wonderingly. "A hod man gets two dollars per day everywhere. . . . An academy has already eighty scholars, several of whom are from New Orleans. The annual amount of merchandise brought to and vended at this place is not less than $500,000, and is still increasing."

But St. Stephens was doomed by the death-dealing mists that rose upon Hobuckintopa from the meeting waters of the Alabama and the Tombigbee, as well as by constant fear of the Indians. One by one the inhabitants deserted it, moving down the river to Mobile. The bank was closed, the houses were burned, and the ruins were left to be covered over by the luxuriant

growth of the live-oaks, the magnolias and the cypresses. Another St. Stephens, farther inland, grew up and became the county seat of Washington County. For many years it was a favorite pastime of visitors, in the evening after court adjourned, to wander down to the ruins of old St. Stephens, there to stand on the crumbling stone walls, to trace the trails, to look in wonder at the trees growing over the ancient walls, or to decipher the inscriptions on the stones in the old cemetery.

Then the glory of even the new St. Stephens departed, for the county seat went to Chatom, and visitors to the tangled wilderness near the river became fewer. Those who go there to-day do not find even the ruins, for the stones have been carted away for more modern use. One reminder, at least, remains—the St. Stephens meridian, which is the basis of calculation for surveys all about. Then the bluff Hobuckintopa still welcomes the approach of travelers by the river or by the St. Stephens Road from Mobile and urges them on to the forest that thickens where, one hundred years ago, men toiled in the shop and the factory, while women made homes and children played about the streets.

And now, as then, the floods of the mighty Black Warrior sweep down to the Tombigbee, the Tombigbee joins the Alabama, and the united waters bathe the bold limestone bluff, the site of Fort St. Stephens of the Spanish, landmark that pointed the way to the thriving first capital of Alabama Territory.

CHAPTER XXII

UP NORTH AND DOWN SOUTH IN ALABAMA

IT is not easy to realize that Alabama stretches from north to south so far that the two counties bordering on the Gulf of Mexico have nearly three months more of growing weather than the counties to the north of the Tennessee River. But it is not difficult to imagine how eager Alabama is to have more of those counties on the Gulf. Is it to be wondered at that she casts longing eyes on the bit of West Florida that shuts her out from salt water, except for a stretch sixty miles wide? And is it strange that Florida could not think for one moment of yielding that strip of historic territory, every league of which tells a story of hardy explorers and sturdy colonists, of Indian conflicts and conquests in the face of supreme difficulties? Certainly it is not stranger than was in early days the opposition in Alabama to the fixing of the eastern boundary of Mississippi at the Tombigbee River so as to include Mobile.

At any rate, the two counties about Mobile Bay belong naturally to Alabama, for between them flows the great stream that carries the drainage from four-fifths of the state. This drainage system is one of the most marvellous water features of the continent; the Tombigbee and the Black Warrior are to the western part of the state what the Alabama, the Talapoosa and the Coosa are to the eastern and central portions. And what varied country they pass! They go by rugged mountains, past green hills, below bold cliffs, on to the marshes and bayous; through quiet valleys and sleepy

villages and busy town and cities; in long, straight sweeps and around sinuous bends; making reverse curves that are the despair of the navigator as they are the delight of the lover of the open country, moving silently where the channel is deep or brawling over shoals and ledges. There is no monotony in Alabama's river courses.

The Tombigbee became the favorite highway of many of the early pioneers. For years they kept to the lower reaches of the river, but one of the most picturesque of these movements penetrated farther upstream. In 1817 a company of refugees from France secured from Congress authority to settle in four townships in the central part of Western Alabama. For the land they were to pay two dollars per acre, credit for seventeen years being provided. After a stormy voyage by schooner from Philadelphia to Mobile, they moved by barge up the river to St. Stephens, then pushed on, some of them to the White Bluff, in what is now Marengo County, others to old Fort Tombecbee in the present Sumter County. The site of the fort is marked by a monument which stands near the north end of the Queen and Crescent Railroad bridge at Epes. The inscription on the monument tells briefly the story of the fort, which dates from 1735:

"Built by Jean Baptiste Le Moyne, Sieur de Bienville, Governor of Louisiana. Here civilization and savagery met and the wilderness beheld the glory of France."

Those who settled at the White Bluff built the town Demopolis, but when they found that their grant did not include this location they scattered to the south and to the north. They lived a happy, care-free life,

in the face of the failure of their olive groves and their vineyards, in spite of the attempts of speculators to fatten on them and the hostility of the savages about them. Gradually, however, they were displaced by hardier colonists; they were better fitted for life in a gay city than for overcoming the wilderness. Yet the memory of their stay persists; Demopolis still stands near the junction of the Tombigbee and the Black Warrior—a town better known perhaps in the days of the Civil War than it is to-day, for it was then the site of one of the important Southern armories.

Greensboro, in Hale County, was the center of some of the best lands of these French settlers. How these mercurial people would have been delighted with the story that floated over from near-by Marion one October day in 1854, years after the failure of the experiment of the olive growers! This was the story of a slave who was in the building of Howard College, of which his master, President Tailbird, was the head. In the dead of night the building was found to be burning, but the fire had made such headway that there was instant necessity of escape for those who would save their lives. The slave was one of the first aroused. When he was warned to flee, he replied, quietly, as if he was speaking a mere commonplace, "I must wake the boys first." Through the halls and up the stairway he rushed, knocking at the doors and calling, "Fire! Fire!" The flames were growing fierce, the smoke was becoming stifling, but he kept on. He might still have escaped, but he had not finished his self-imposed task. At last he was overcome by the flames and fell unconscious. Some of the fleeing students carried him to the outer air, but it was too late.

Long before the days of either the black hero or the French hero-worshippers, men of an unknown race were active near the banks of the Black Warrior in the far northern part of Hale County. They built twenty-four great mounds, the average height of which is about thirty feet. Hidden in these have been discovered many relics of a forgotten age. The scientist has departed, but the grass-grown mounds still give a welcome to the traveler who rests in their shade.

Savages of a later day made their home in this neighborhood, at Tushkaloosh, "Black Warrior." The name was transferred almost without change to beautiful, progressive Tuscaloosa, whose broad streets bordered with great water oaks have given it the title "Druid City." The litle city first gained favor as the capital of the state, from 1826 to 1846. Here, by the falls of the Black Warrior, Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star-Spangled Banner," paid a visit to the governor, when the journey from Maryland could be made only at cost of tremendous effort.

From Tuscaloosa the Black Warrior reaches up through some of the most pleasing of Alabama's scenery, as well as through regions of some of the richest of her history. Coal and iron are plentiful near at hand, and farther north are some of the finest of the forest lands of the state. In Lawrence County a National Forest has been set aside. Travelers who pass near by on the highway will be surprised to learn that there is such a reservation. For, as they drive along through the slightly-rolling land where is nothing but scrub oak and scraggly pine trees, real trees seem far away. But let them leave the road and dip into a canyon which leads them into a virgin forest of pop-

lar and white oak. The remarkable transformation is staged within a very short distance. Here is a striking example of the possibility of going through a country in a machine and seeing nothing, while less than a mile away are canyons where flourish monarchs of the forest and glades where trees lift their heads proudly to the sky. One deep canyon is full of northern hemlock.

Of the fifty thousand acres in this Alabama forest, one-fourth is public domain, but all is open to the lover of the wild who knows how to enjoy himself without disregarding the rights of others.

There are riches of another sort in near-by Franklin County. Here, at Russellville, in 1818, were established the first iron works in Alabama. That the founder's faith in the underground wealth was not misplaced is evident from the fact that a single acre near Russellville, sold to a negro for fifty dollars, has been producing iron for a long time, and that so much iron is in sight that the royalties, at fifteen cents a ton, will soon amount to four thousand dollars.

Russellville is but a few miles south of the rich Muscle Shoals region on the Tennessee, where Tuscumbia, Sheffield and Florence rule the raging of the river. Here, on the site of Indian villages and French trading-ports, settlers made their home as early as 1779. Fifty-one years later the legislature gave a charter to the first railroad south of the Alleghenies, the Tuscumbia and Decatur, designed for cotton transportation. The track was of bar iron bolted on parallel wooden stringers, and the cost was less than five thousand dollars per mile. On the light roadbed a George Stephenson locomotive, with a copper firebox,

was run after the completion of the forty-six-mile road in 1834. The engine, drawing cars laden high with cotton bales, was able to make ten miles an hour. But soon it needed repairs that no one could give, and mules took its place. A branch of the Southern Railroad is the successor of the pioneer road of the South.

The first canal in Alabama was opened in 1832, two years before the completion of the first railroad. This also was planned to open up some of the rich territory bordering on the Tennessee. Huntsville, a few miles above the river, was the southern terminus. By that time Huntsville was more than twenty years old. When the town was eight years old the constitutional convention was held there, and for some years it was the capital. Two years before the date of the constitutional convention a traveler wrote with great approval of the two hundred and sixty houses, several of them three stories high, and of the beauty of the surroundings. From early days the hills about the town have been a favorite dwelling place of those who sought and found "the loveliest characteristics of a northern, with all the fragrant luxuriance and voluptuousness of a southern climate." The Indians, too, delighted in the beauty and the climate, but the white men gradually drove them away. As a Choctaw warrior mourned, "Like the leaves of the sycamore, when the wind of winter is blowing, the Indians are passing away, and the white people will soon know no more of them."

In the country of the reluctantly-departing Cherokee there is another town that is as characteristic of the upper Alabama counties as Huntsville—Guntersville, pleasantly located at the point where the Tennessee River reaches its farthest south in the state in the jour-

ney from Chattanooga before turning to the northwest and the Muscle Shoals and, later, Tennessee.

Within easy reach of Guntersville are mountains, not lofty, perhaps, but always attractive. Lookout Mountain, at whose foot nestles Gadsden on the Coosa, another of the state's bustling steel cities, is notable, among other reasons, because of beautiful Noccalula Falls, where the water drops ninety-six feet.

To-day the visitor to this section of Alabama has little difficulty in going here and there among the haunts of beauty in the Gadsden region, but the day is not so far in the past when journeys were difficult. Yet every bit of the country for miles around was explored during the Civil War by an iron founder who supplied much of the metal used for cannon and shot for the Confederate armies. Once, with two companions, he paused on a hill overlooking the present site of Anniston. For a few minutes the three men stood in silence, rejoicing in the glorious prospect spread before them. Then the iron founder spoke, "If ever I am able to build a town, this is the spot I will choose." His opportunity came in 1872, and Woodstock was built. Later the name was changed to Anniston, in honor of the founder's wife Annie. It is now one of the outstanding cities of Alabama's iron and steel manufacturing district.

The country to the south of Anniston is not satisfied with having coal and iron in abundance. Talladega is not far from gold deposits and is near the edge of what have been called the richest fields of graphite in the United States. Mills for handling the product are plentiful, and water-power developments on the Coosa and the Tallapoosa add zest to the study of the region

whether the visitor has business or pleasure in mind. And if he seeks to stand on historic ground, he has only to go down to the place in Chambers County where, on the bank of the Chattahoochee, the last battle of the Civil War in Alabama was fought, one week after Appomattox; or to Cusseta, in the same county, where, in 1832, the Muscogees concluded the treaty which divested them of all the lands left to them in Alabama; to Tallassee, in Elmore County, where the Tallassee Falls thundered in useless beauty until they were harnessed for near-by Montgomery's purposes. Here was the site of a walled Indian town where De Soto and his army lingered for many days.

Tallassee, on the Tallapoosa, shares with Wetumpka, on the Coosa, only twenty miles away in the same county, the honor of participation in historic events as well as fame for rugged surroundings. The town was in early days an important point for those who used the river or the roads for transport of iron from the north. And what a journey faced the men who sought Wetumpka in flatboats loaded with pig iron and blooms! For many miles the Coosa is a succession of shoals and rapids that test the skill and nerve of the boatman. The Weduska Shoals, filled with great rocks and islands, where the water foams and thunders, while the river narrows from three thousand feet to less than four hundred feet; the devil's staircase; the Waxahatchee Shoals, with their reefs from bank to bank from one to three feet high; the Butting Ram Shoals, where great rocks three and even four hundred feet high obstruct the channel; and at length the Tuck-a-league Shoals hinder the passage to Wetumpka, while they make the river rarely attractive.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AND CAPITOL, MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

TALLASSEE FALLS, ALABAMA
Harnessed for electric power

LOADING COTTON BALES ON ALABAMA RIVER BOAT

Over this difficult route iron was floated for the first capitol built in Montgomery, following the decision of 1846 to take the honor from Tuscaloosa and give it to the town near the point where the Coosa and the Tallapoosa unite to form the Alabama. When a place was ready to receive them the state archives were taken overland from the retiring capital, thirteen wagons being required to transport the one hundred and thirteen boxes. The cost of the removal was $1325. There is no record of fear lest the recurrence of thirteen in these figures prove disastrous to the state or the new capital!

At that time Montgomery had passed her first youth, having been founded as New Philadelphia in 1817. And even then the town was remarkable for the beauty that has increased with the years. The old Capitol is the central feature in the group on Capitol Hill, looking down on Dexter Avenue. In this building the Confederacy was born on February 4, 1861, and Jefferson Davis was inaugurated. From the hill as a center hundreds of miles of splendid highways lead away to points of interest in the country, including old Fort Toulouse, fourteen miles away, near Wetumpka, founded by the French in 1714, abandoned by the British in 1764, repaired by Andrew Jackson in his wars with the Indians, and later suffered to fall into ruins until hardly a trace of it is left. But the attractive site is important because it marks the point farthest inland reached by the French in their approach toward the English colonies on the Atlantic coast.

Montgomery is near neighbor to the first capital of the state, Cahaba, on the Alabama, a town built on the site of the Indian village Piachee, where Tuscaloosa

attacked De Soto when he was on his way through Alabama to Pensacola. An early resident of Cahaba was William Rufus King, who later became a Vice-President of the United States after laying out, ten miles away, a town which he called Selma, for the ancient capital of Fingal; he was a great admirer of the poems of Ossian, which emphasized the name and fame of old Selma. Cahaba has disappeared, except for a few scattered ruins, but Selma has flourished from the beginning. During the Civil War the town was proudly called "the Pittsburgh of the South"; mines and forges, mills and foundries there were pushed to the limit. An arsenal and a naval foundry were in the town. No wonder the Federal forces strove to capture it, while the Confederate generals agreed that they must defend it at all costs. To-day the city is one of the first cotton markets of the South.

It is pleasant to visit scenes like these, made famous in the early history of our own country, and every year travelers go up and down the Alabama River on historic pilgrimage. But opportunity is afforded also for the investigation of those whose interest goes back of the early American settlers, back of the British and the French, even back of the Indian, to the ruins of prehistoric dwellers on the heights above the river. For, on the way from Selma to Mobile, scientists have uncovered many mounds built by a long-forgotten race. One of the most satisfactory of these mounds was at Durand's Bend, in Dallas County. In 1886 a flood cut across a narrow neck of land and laid bare indications of the aborigines. Following the flood curious visitors found and carried away many vessels and implements until the owner of the plantation put a stop to their

researches, in the interest of science. But when the Government scientists appeared he put his property at their disposal.

During their stay they succeeded in uncovering numerous burial urns. These were more or less cracked, and the cracks, as the vessels dried and contracted, tended to widen. Moreover, many of these vessels, through long exposure to moisture, were soft. In every case the scientists dug carefully around the vessels and, brushing aside the earth from them, permitted them to harden in the sun, at the same time applying a quick-setting cement between the margins of the cracks. Before lifting, when the state of the vessels required it, stout cotton bandages tightened by tourniquets were adjusted, and these bandages were allowed to remain in place till the urns had made the journey north. Visitors to the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia can study these vessels.

The counties along the Alabama are not only rich in mounds that tell of the past. They are rich in lands that help the state retain its place among the great cotton-growing territories of the South. And this it has done by the presence, in former days and in later days as well, of men and women of heroic mold like those who, in 1799, applied to the commandant of Fort Stoddard on the Tombigbee to be married. His response is a tradition in lower Alabama: "I, Captain Shaumberg, of the Second Regiment of the United States Army and Commandant of Fort Stoddard, do here pronounce you man and wife. Go home, behave yourselves, multiply, and replenish the Tensaw country." They obeyed, doing their best, it is said, to develop the state.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN THE SHADOW OF BIRMINGHAM'S RED MOUNTAIN

THE traveler who feels that he must pass through Birmingham without a pause is to be pitied profoundly. It is difficult to resist the Iron City in its framework of hills that are almost mountains, with its invitation to stop and roam the broad streets, climb the encircling heights and take a peep at the steel mills.

The first hasty tour of the combination Pittsburgh and Seattle of the South is apt to result in self-congratulations that the stop was possible. For here is a city, not yet fifty years old, whose modern development dates back less than twenty years, from the time when men of vision began to succeed in impressing on others their belief that Alabama is "the coming center of the iron and steel industry of America, while its Birmingham district is the ultimate rival of the Pittsburgh district." Gadsden, Anniston and Sheffield are other iron centers, but Birmingham is the greatest of them all, and when the completion of the project for a canal to the Warrior River makes real the dream of water transportation all the way to the Gulf of Mexico the city will become even greater.

The vision of other days bids fair to become reality, though it was an ambitious vision: "For twenty miles the hilltops covered with homes and the narrow valley between crowded with furnaces and factories and the sundry physical embodiments of industry and traffic."

The value of vision in city building is evident in Birmingham. Many streets were wide originally, but others were narrow. With full knowledge that a great city needs broad streets, years ago plans were made and carried out for the broadening of narrow ways even when this required the moving of great buildings. The Birmingham booster and the Birmingham visitor join in praising those who performed the titan task.

From the broad streets in the center of the city the route over graceful Rainbow Viaduct—named in honor of the boys who served in the Great War—leads through the Five Points residence district up the winding way of Red Mountain, whose summit is only two miles from the heart of town. No wonder they talk of the view from this point of vantage! Far below lies the city, spread out like a chessboard, outlined as from an aeroplane. Beyond are the hills that rim the valley on the other side. Backward the Montgomery Highway leads across the higher Shades Mountain, five miles distant. To the right is Milner Heights, practically a continuation of Red Mountain, the highest point in the city, and below the Heights the Country Club has an advantageous location. Think of a full-fledged golf links on a height within two miles of the court-house!

From the height the furnaces of Ensley, "the backbone of Birmingham," insist on having attention, especially at night, when the sky is brilliantly illumined by pyrotechnics that outdo the best efforts of the masters of fireworks. But it is not necessary to go even two miles away to enjoy the spectacle; from a viaduct that is close to the center of the city the vision is ready for all who will see it.

Nor is it necessary to go to all these points of inter-

est to discover their relation one to another and to appreciate the advantages of Birmingham's location; the view from Red Mountain tells what there is below. And to Red Mountain the proud resident of Birmingham likes to take visitors, not only because of the view, but because its story is inextricably bound up with the romance of the city's beginning and progress.

Red Mountain is but a section of a hundred-mile range of iron ore whose history has been one long epic. The Indians used to make journeys thither in search of the pigment for their brilliant warpaint, as well as for the dyes for their resplendent robes. In 1813 two hardy mountaineers crossed the mountain, built their cabins in the valley and began to cultivate the land. It is said that these men, or some of their early successors, thought of the rock on Red Mountain as good for dyeing breeches, but little else. Yet when the increasing traffic over the mountain to and from the North ground the rocks into fine red powder the knowing ones began to whisper that here were riches that would make the country great. In 1833 Frank Gilmer, a young frontiersman from Georgia, filled his pocket with the curious rocks to learn later that he had been riding over a fortune. Then began his dream of a railroad to tap this rich country, a dream remembered through years of struggle.

Twenty-five years later John T. Milner, an engineer from Georgia, rode along the top of the mountain of ore and had his vision of a great city to be built in that valley. "This valley was well cultivated then," he said in 1889. "I had before travelled all over the United States. I had seen the great and rich valleys of the Pacific Coast, but nowhere had I seen an agricul-

tural people so perfectly provided for and so completely happy. They raised everything they required to eat and sold thousands of bushels of wheat. Their settlements were around their beautiful clear running streams found gushing out everywhere in the valley."

It was Milner who began to carry out Gilmer's dream of 1833, and Gilmer was the first president of the railroad Milner built. What a road it was! The state was poor, and appropriations were meager. Therefore, the steel highway was ordered built "as cheaply as a railroad could be built and more cheaply if possible." The result was an eerie combination of steep grades, awful curves, log trestles and other money-saving devices. But the railroad was built and was completed into the mineral region when the war between the states put a stop to construction. But enough had been done to make available iron and coal for the remarkable creation of the iron industry of the South that did much to prolong the war.

Less than six years after the war the second of the dreams of Red Mountain pioneers came true. Birmingham was born early in 1871. The infant escaped being called Powelltown, or Milnerville, Morrisville, and even Muddville. The proposition was then made to name it after "the seat of iron manufacture in the mother country, the best workshop town in all England."

Yet no one had the remotest idea that the settlement so ambitiously named could ever claim to be a real brother to the English Birmingham. "I had no conception of its present grandeur, nor did any one else," Milner wrote in 1886, "for the minerals which gave value to Birmingham and the country surrounding it were not developed until 1879."

In the early days of the town there was a great rabbit drive in the swamp near what is now Powell Avenue. For some years the place was "little better than a graveyard," it has been said; it was long on the verge of collapse. There were two railroads, but cattle grazed on the tracks. "Although millions of tons of iron ore flaunted wine-red in the very face of the town, Red Mountain served as but fruit to Tantalus," a local historian has written. "Although two furnaces in Shades Valley had made brave trial, neither had been able to carry its own weight, much less lend aid to the struggling town."

"Coal! Coal! Give us cheap coal!" was the despairing plea of the men of the Birmingham of these early days.

The man who answered the cry was William L. Goold, a Scotchman, who, when he said to his bride-to-be that he proposed to emigrate, heard her reply, "Very well, William, you can go to Australia, if you like, and you can get you an Australian wife. I winna leave Scotland. So I will stay and get me a Scotch husband." William did not go to Australia, but he came later to America—after he had married Jeannie. He reached Alabama in 1854, and twenty-one years later he opened up the first mine in the great Warrior coal fields of Walker, the county adjoining Jefferson, of which Birmingham had been county seat since 1873.

The story of the discovery is real romance, like all of the story of Birmingham. Goold, when a cotton broker in Selma, "went busted," to use his own word. Then he tried coal, his old business. Again he failed. Next he tried coal mining. "Not one dollar did I have, and I dug night and day in the Warrior field, some-

CRESCENT AVENUE, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

FIRST AVENUE, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

times without food, for over two months," he has written. "Then one day I struck a seam that made my heart thump for the thickness of it."

The discovery was the making of Birmingham, but, unfortunately, Goold died a poor man.

This was the last of nature's secrets necessary to the development of the Pittsburgh of the South—iron ore, coal and limestone had all been found, and all these materials, essential to the production of pig iron and steel were so close together that the expense of transportation was a minor matter.

Birmingham went ahead by leaps and bounds. There were years of real progress, and there were times of mad speculation, as in 1886, when Jones Valley lands went sky-rocketing. Witness a local historian:

"Upon street corners, in hotel corridors and in private parlors, the one theme of conversation was real estate speculation; young and old, male and female, merchant and clerk, minister and layman—everybody seemed seized with a desire to speculate in town lots. Conservative citizens, who in the early stages wisely shook their heads and predicted disaster to purchasers of property as prices climbed higher and still higher, with scarcely a single exception, ceased to bear the market, and when prices had advanced two or three hundred per cent. above what they thought to be extravagant, entered the market, bought property, and joined the great army of boomers. Wilder and wilder the excitement grew. Stranger and resident alike plunged into the market, hoping to gather in a portion of the golden shower which was now falling in glistening sheets upon the Magic City. . . . In many instances the purchaser would seize his receipt and rush

out in the street and resell the property at a handsome profit before his bond for title could be executed."

During the years of real estate excitement the town of Ensley was founded on four thousand acres of land "rough and sterile, full of scrubby pines and black-jack," six miles west of Birmingham. There have been written in legends of leaping flames more of the records of Birmingham greatness. For Birmingham has reached out strong arms and encircled Ensley, so that the younger city's belching fires and flowing furnaces are claimed by the city over which Red Mountain keeps vigilant guard; she has fallen heir to the greatness made possible by one of the fearless acts of President Roosevelt when, in the trying days of 1907, a word from him saved the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company from failure and a whole district from suffering.

CHAPTER XXIV

THROUGH TENNESSEE AND NORTH ALABAMA BY RIVER

"HOW is it possible to see Tennessee by river?" is probably the question that occurs to nine readers out of ten. They agree at once that it is quite possible to travel along the winding western border of the state by the Mississippi River. "But that is not seeing the state," they object.

No, but the Mississippi traveler makes a good beginning. If he is journeying from the south, he comes very soon to Memphis, the glorious city on the bluffs which contests with Tunica County, Mississippi, the site from which Hernando de Soto first saw the Mississippi in May, 1541.

The city dates back to 1734, when Fort Assumption was built by France, but the real beginnings of this greatest metropolis of the Mississippi Valley between St. Louis and New Orleans were so much later that in 1819 there were exactly fifty-three inhabitants in the place. Yet now its proud citizens call it the Queen City of the Valley, the Gateway of the South, the City Magnificent, the City Wonderful. Visitors will agree that the giving of these names is justified, after walking to the levee where cotton bales by the thousand await transportation by the steamers that ply up and down the stream; after looking across to the fertile St. Francis Basin in Arkansas, and north to the graceful

bend, noteworthy among lovers of river scenery; after standing in Court Square, in the heart of the business district, or riding to some of the beautiful parks that enable Memphians to boast that they have the finest park system in the South; after gazing in admiration at the Shelby County Court House, whose chaste classic lines are the admiration of lovers of art; after securing satisfying glimpses of the rich home life without which the ever-growing industrial life would be powerless to make the city really great.

The Chamber of Commerce likes to use still another name—"the Most Accessible City." To prove that this name also is properly bestowed, there is displayed prominently in the literature of the Chamber a map of the United States, with lines radiating to all cities from Memphis as a center. That map has a strangely familiar look to those who are accustomed to the booklets issued by at least a dozen other cities in the South; each of these makes a different city the center of a circle that shows it to be the most accessible city to its territory! And why not? Shall not a man's home city be the center of the universe?

Above Memphis the stream pushes its way between banks that are now bluffs, now low-lying alluvial land that slopes gently upward to the uplands of Western Tennessee, around bends where the river folds in on itself in astonishing fashion, up to the point where Arkansas on the west gives place to Missouri, and then past lands in both Missouri and Tennessee that still show grim reminders of the great earthquake of 1811. The Reelfoot Lake district in Northwest Tennesse was formed during that period, when the *New Orleans,* first steamer on these waters, moored to an island

COURT HOUSE, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

CREST ROAD ALONG MISSIONARY RIDGE, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE
Illinois Monument in foreground

for the night, was turned adrift by the disappearance of the anchorage.

Even to-day islands have a fashion of disappearing as the mighty river changes its channel overnight, deciding perhaps to wander a few miles into what was the interior of the state.

By this time Tennessee has been left behind, and Kentucky spreads out on the right. But those who wish to see more of the state of Andrew Jackson need only retain their composure until the steamer passes Cairo, ascends the Ohio to Paducah, and then turns into the inviting Tennessee River. As a matter of fact, though, no Memphis steamer is apt to include the Tennessee River in its wanderings; a change must be made at Paducah for the boat that comes down from St. Louis with its passengers who have responded to the lure of a trip on the river at an absurdly low price. Time was when the figure was only ten dollars for a week's journey from St. Louis to Waterloo, Alabama, and return. But that time has passed, probably never to return.

But the trip is well worth the advanced rates, for there is no trip like this on any of the tributaries of the Ohio or the Mississippi. First across the western end of Kentucky, then from north to south directly across Tennessee, sometimes through low, swampy land, again by bluffs that rise abruptly from the water. Population is sparse, though the leisurely traveler feels no lack of interest as the boat coughs its way up to landings where there is a straggling town to be served or merely a warehouse falling into decay. Once the pause may be to permit the roustabouts to go up the hill after a dozen razor-back shoats, which they bring aboard

with a triumphant grin, two men to a protesting porker, each of them having hold of two legs. The smiles become broader still if the load to be brought aboard is a few hundred sacks of "goobers," which will leave on the lower deck enough flotsam to permit the roustabouts to munch to their hearts' content.

The happy-go-lucky roustabout frequently tried beyond endurance the patience of the mate. Once the steamer tied up at a bluff where a lot of piling was to be taken on board. The bluff sloped rapidly away from the summit, and the logs had to be pushed up the slope before they could be rolled on the deck. A dozen logs had been sent triumphantly on their way, when one with a great knot that prevented easy rolling delayed the game. Long and earnestly the negroes toiled with this log. They had succeeded in approaching within a foot of the top of the slope when the bell rang for the roustabouts' supper; straightway the three negroes dropped their peaveys and allowed the log to roll down the hill. "What did you do that for?" the mate asked, too much surprised even to swear. "It was time for supper, boss," was the reply that restored to him the power of speech that was more explosive than elegant.

The river roustabout is a study—especially when, on the last day of the voyage, he is given his week's earnings. At once the lower deck takes on new life. Shouting, gesticulating negroes proceed to gamble away in a few moments the dollars they have earned through many days. One by one they become silent and slink away to an out-of-the-way corner where they will mope until some little incident restores their spirits; then they are as gay as ever.

But not all the roustabouts are gamblers. A pas-

senger noted a negro who held aloof from the gambling melee and asked him the reason. "I'se got a home, and a wife and a boy," he replied. "Why, boss, when I gits dar to-night, that boy'll be waitin' for me. He's a lookin' for a pair o' shoes, but he sort o' looks for his ole man, too. There'll be some holiday 'bout that joint in the mornin', I'm tellin' yo'. I'll be some sleepy, but there won't be no sleep for me till the kid gets his fill o' maulin' me. 'Bout Satu'day I'll be on the move once mo'; there'll be somethin' more needed at home. No, sah, I ain't got no use for these niggahs' triflin' ways!"

Way passengers also add to the day's humor. They mingle with the through passengers, and have no hesitation in joining in the conversation. One tourist from the city, who had been reading a novel, noted the shaking head of a bearded man who had been talking to others since his arrival on board fifteen miles before. At length the man drew his chair alongside the novel reader. "Mister, they tell me yo' are a preacher. Yo' say it's true? Well, Mister, what be yo' doin' with that unholy book in yo' hand? Don't you know a nov-ell is one of the traps of Satan?"

There is not much time for novels when the boat snubs into the mud bank at Pittsburg Landing, and the captain announces that those who want to see Shiloh battle-field have half an hour to make the short trip up the bank and along the woods road to the scene of one of the most hotly contested battles of the Civil War. Here is now a National Military Park and Cemetery, in the midst of a forest almost untouched. The half hour gives opportunity only for a fleeting glimpse of the forest park with its hundreds of monuments and mark-

ers and its miles of well-built roads that lead to the Hornet's Nest, the Bloody Pond, the Peach Orchard, and other spots made famous on that awful day in 1862 when the forces of Grant opposed those of Albert Sidney Johnston until that leader was killed, and his successor, General Beauregard, decided to withdraw from the field.

Not far from Pittsburg Landing the Tennessee line is crossed, and the boat passes to that long, graceful sweep of the river through the entire northern part of Alabama, where the blue-grass lands of the Tennessee Valley yield so generously.

Soon the boat comes to famous Muscle Shoals, long considered a barrier to steamboat navigation above and below. But falls and rapids have been conquered, though not completely, by canals and locks, and much of the power so prodigally provided has been harnessed. The latest industry is the nitrate plant, where provision is made for farmers who want to be independent of foreign products.

The story of the conquest is inspiring. The first attempt was made after the gift made by Congress in 1831 to the State of Alabama of 400,000 acres of public lands which were to be sold and much of the proceeds devoted to the canals at and near Muscle Shoals.

The first Muscle Shoals canal was a marvel in that day. Each of the seventeen locks was 120 feet long by 32 feet wide. The total lift of these locks was 85 feet. Yet comparatively few vessels passed through the canal because of the shoals above it, where no provision had been made for canals. After 1837 it was no longer used. A local historian say that "the wooden gates with which the locks were equipped soon decayed,

rain and flood played havoc with the embankments, and the channel filled with mud, supplying a flourishing growth of willows and cottonwood."

For years many of those who lived in the beautiful country tributary to the Shoals urged upon Congress the necessity of making the river passable at this point, but until 1871 the pleas fell on deaf ears. Then appropriation was made for a series of new waterways. Some of these have been constructed, but they are entirely inadequate to the demands of the river. Only a small percentage of the traffic above and below the canals is able to make use of them. The passage is slow but most interesting to one who can take time to enjoy it. A light-draft steamer is able to pass the twenty-four-mile stretch at the Shoals in a little less than twelve hours—that is, if the water is high! Some day there will be more adequate provision for the traffic that clamors loudly for accommodation.

The region of the Shoals is rapidly becoming one of the busiest manufacturing centers in the country by reason of the harnessing of the immense water power of the river. Three dams in all are in the plan, and two of them will, ere long, be numbered among the world's greatest power dams. One of them is 104 feet long and 4500 feet wide. Together with the power-house, it contains nearly four times as much concrete as the Roosevelt dam on Salt River in Arizona. The third dam is to be nearly two thousand feet longer than its great neighbor.

By means of these dams and their power-houses energy is provided for great manufacturing establishments, including two nitrate plants, planned by the Government that America may be relieved of the neces-

sity of depending for nitrate on foreign sources, whether for gunpowder or for fertilizer.

The day is coming when here on the Tennessee in Northwest Alabama will be the Niagara of the South. At Muscle Shoals power can be developed much more cheaply than at Niagara, and the possibilities are said to be greater.

The miles of river from Muscle Shoals to Chattanooga have been famous since the days of the pioneers. The Shoals are the beginning of navigation difficulties that extended most of the way. At one place there was what was called "The Suck," where, as Indian traditions relate, a war party of Uchees, bound for the mouth of the Ohio to fight the Shawnees, were engulfed. Then come whirlpools innumerable, until the mountains about Chattanooga appear. An early traveler told with amazement of his experience from the time the river entered Alabama from Eastern Tennessee:

"At the Great Look Out of Chattanooga Mountain commences a series of rapids, where, in its tortuous windings along the base of several mountain ranges, the Tennessee River contracts into a narrow channel, hemmed in by the projecting cliff and towering precipices of solid stone, dashes, with tremendous violence from shore to shore, creating, in its rapid descent, a succession of cataracts and vortices."

This difficult piece of river was made more terrible to the pioneers who floated down stream from the North Carolina rivers by the operations of a band of outlaws, renegade Indians and desperate white men, who were wont to attack the boats and carry off booty and prisoners to their refuge in Nicajac Cave, in Cumberland Mountain, about thirty-six miles below Chatta-

nooga, which opens from the river. In the four or five miles of passage there was ample room for hiding.

For five years, from 1774 to 1779, the operations of these "Barbary Pirates of the West" continued, until troops from North Carolina and Virginia surprised the outlaws and broke up the band.

They were still active, however, in March, 1779, when Colonel John Donelson conducted a party through this dangerous bit of river, in the course of what has been called one of the most remarkable achievements in the settlement of the West. The start was made from Fort Patrick Henry in Virginia. After reaching the Holston, he went down the stream, then down the Tennessee. On March 8, 1779, the company was pursued by Indians, who rode on the bank, until Cumberland Mountain interfered with the progress of the savages. There, in the narrowest part of the stream, called the "boiling pot," one canoe overturned. Others stopped to help the unfortunate navigator. Just then the outlaws appeared on the opposite bank, and began to fire on them from above. All managed to escape, except the company of Jonathan Jenings, whose boat ran on a rock. Fortunately, some in the boat escaped, but others were captured and tortured by the Indians.

The heroic leader took his little flotilla down the river all the way to the Ohio, which was in flood. Progress upstream was so difficult that some decided to float down to Natchez. But the leader kept on his way, in accordance with his promise to James Robertson, who had gone overland. At last he managed to reach the mouth of the Cumberland, and then ascended that river which enters the Ohio only fifteen miles from the mouth of the Tennessee and crosses Kentucky in a

course that is strikingly parallel to that of the larger stream, but turns to the eastward soon after the line is crossed into Tennessee, making a sweep back into Kentucky that is again much similar to the course of the Tennessee through North Alabama.

Five weeks after reaching the Ohio, Donelson was at the Great Salt Lick, where he met Robertson, on the site of Nashville. He had traveled more than eight hundred miles by water to keep his appointment with Robertson, who had led two hundred pioneers over Boone's Wilderness Road to the Cumberland Valley.

Robertson decided to lay out Nashville—or Nashborough, as it was called at first—at the point where the French built Fort Assumption and where Indian trails centered. The flats by the river seemed an ideal location. Evidently the founder had an eye also to the heights that look down on the surrounding country, where attractive homes have been built.

Nashville's ancestor, Nashborough, was called "the advance agent of western civilization," for it was more than six hundred miles from the nearest established government. Hostile Indians were all about, but Robertson declared that "the rich and beautiful lands were not designed to be given up to savages and wild beasts. The God of Creation and Providence has nobler purposes in view." One needs only to climb to the cupola of the State House on its proud eminence not far from the heart of "the Athens of the South" and look on the pleasing buildings, most prominent among them being the Parthenon, which is true to its Grecian name, then on the winding Cumberland, then on the hills and forests and valleys round about, to appreciate something of his feeling.

The city did not become the capital of the state until 1843, when the changing center of population called for the removal of the government from the eastern part of the state.

Gossipy letters written in 1847 said that "Nashville sounds louder at a distance than when it draws near." The explanation followed:

"At the distance of a mile from the town you see a board with a hand painted on it as large as life and the forefinger pointing with the following inscription, 'Look and see the town!' Upon looking down the road you see the town, sure enough. It has a beautiful appearance when seen from this point. As you approach it, you are so much engrossed by its lofty looks, from which it is difficult to avert your eyes, that you would be apt to plunge into the narrow Cumberland, which flows between you and the town."

This visitor of the early days noted that "the citizens of Nashville in their dress and manners exhibit much taste and opulence." To-day visitors remark the same thing, whether they confine their observation to the business streets or go to the residence section and the suburbs.

No one wants to lose sight of the fact that Nashville is the city of Andrew Jackson as well as of James K. Polk, and that not far away is The Hermitage, the shrine sacred to the memory of the Apostle of Simplicity, who began to practice law in the town of James Robertson, in 1788, when the government of North Carolina still spread its protecting arms over the valley of the Cumberland.

The Hermitage was long in the possession of Tennessee, but in 1889 the property was conveyed to a Board

of Trustees, and possession was given to the Ladies' Hermitage Association. Every year tens of thousands of pilgrims are the guests at what Theodore Roosevelt called "the home of one of the three or four greatest presidents the nation has ever had."

Every room in the mansion has its appeal to the patriot, but the message that comes with the greatest force to those who delight in the Southern reverence for women is received when the time comes to read the inscription written by General Jackson for the wife who was so bitterly attacked during the political campaign of 1828:

"Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even Death, who has borne her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

Interest in the inscription is not lessened by the knowledge that Mrs. Jackson was Rachel Donelson, who steered one of the boats during the epic voyage of the Donelson party from Virginia to the Cumberland in 1779.

From Nashville and the Cumberland southeast to Chattanooga on the Tennessee is a short trip, but it leads through some of the most varied scenery of a state that is famous for its attractiveness. The fertile

valley lands of this "Dimple of Tennessee" section gradually give way to mountains that rise as high as two thousand feet. Along the route are picturesque towns, like Murfreesboro, for a time the capital of Tennessee, and McMinnville, near Caney Fork River, the county seat of one of the two circular counties of the state, formed with unusual boundaries in an attempt to circumvent provisions of the Constitution for the organization of new counties.

Then there is Tullahoma, attractive in name and still more attractive in its surroundings—mountain streams where fishermen play with the speckled beauties, medicinal springs where health-seekers throng, and Rutledge Falls, where the waters form in a succession of cascades framed amid the trees of a luxuriant forest. Near by, Monteagle lures the lover of highland beauty by its location 2200 feet up on Cumberland Mountain, or by the promise of a tour to Wonder Cave, the most attractive of the scores of limestone caverns in the state, with its several miles of passages, widening out at times into halls where stalactites and stalagmites of all colors combine to urge exploration, even though it is sometimes necessary to wade in the creek that flows along the cavern and out of the portal. The Indians must have roamed these passages and waded the creek, for the cave was on the old Nicajac Trail, from northern Alabama to middle Tennessee. Not far to the north was a famed city of refuge, where the manslayer was safe from the avenger so long as he remained within its shelter, even though the slayer was a white man and the victim an Indian.

Sewanee vies with Monteagle in its scenery. This home of the University of the South is famous for rare

outlooks and for mountain climbs that richly reward those who like to go where the clouds come down to earth and the eagles seem to soar almost within reach.

One of these rambles leads to Lost Cove, with its graceful natural bridge of sandstone, one hundred and thirty feet long from bluff to bluff.

The distance is not great from Sewanee down to the Tennessee. But what forest-covered mountain slopes must be covered or evaded before the regal curves of the river come in sight! And what a never-to-be-forgotten ride the stream affords from the time it enters the state until Chattanooga appears, seated in glory at the foot of Lookout Mountain, the sentinel of the Appalachians.

Chattanooga seems to have more than its fair share of attractions. Mountains hem it in, Chickamauga Battlefield is near by in Georgia, Missionary Ridge overlooks the city, while the Government road along the crest makes easy the study of a panorama that everyone should see once, that few can see once without trying to see it again and yet again.

Then there is Lookout Mountain, fifteen hundred feet above the river, to which access is easy, from which, on a clear day, bits of seven states are visible. But however frequently the attempt is made to fix the eye on the far spaces, it persists in dropping to the stately curves of the Tennessee, the famous Moccasin Bend, and then to the city of Chattanooga, threaded by a river on whose rocky bluffs are homes whose contented inmates rejoice in the prosperity and the unexampled location of their favored city.

It is difficult to credit the statement that Chattanooga, instead of being one of the most delightful cities

VIEW TOWARDS CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, FROM SIGNAL MOUNTAIN
Showing Tennessee River, Williams Island, Lookout Mountain, and (faintly) the city

DOE RIVER VALLEY, TENNESSEE

in the land, might have been only an overgrown country town. But this is what the residents of Guntersville, a few miles away in Alabama, at the point where the Tennessee bends to the southeast, once tried to bring about—not because they had any ill-will to Chattanooga, but because they wished their own town well. About the middle of the last century a member of the Alabama legislature, himself a resident of Guntersville, sought a charter for a railroad to connect the Tennessee and the Coosa Rivers, in the hope that it might become part of a great through railroad. The plan seemed to be working out a few years later when the road from Memphis by way of Atlanta to Charleston was planned. The Guntersville citizen almost succeeded in having it routed from Decatur to Guntersville, and then on to Atlanta. If he had succeeded, Chattanooga would have been left far to one side. But Chattanooga interests became busy, and the contest was sharp. Finally the governors of Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina each appointed three men, fifteen in all, who should decide the question. The vote in committee was a tie—and the chairman cast his vote for the Chattanooga route, thus making it the great railroad center of the middle South—or so the story is told by John Allen Wyeth, son of the Guntersville man who failed in his dream of making his home town great.

Chattanooga is the Gate City to that mountain region between the Tennessee River and the Unaka Mountains, on the border of North Carolina, which has been called the Switzerland of America. In ascending the mountain-girt river and its antecedent, the Clinch (or, as the Indians called it, the Pelissippi), the adven-

turer moves in a southeasterly direction toward the Virginia line. At first he has on his left the rugged Walden's Ridge that long proved an almost insuperable barrier to commerce with the central part of the state, and on the right the region of the Great Indian War Path.

On the way to Knoxville there is a county seat whose sigh for greatness that might have been sounds like that of Guntersville. Nearly half a century ago a resident proudly called attention to the fact that its location at the junction of the Tennessee and a tributary river was more advantageous than that of any other town in the United States. "If half the money that has been spent on the Allegheny, the Ohio and the Monongahela was expended on the Tennessee and its tributaries . . . such localities as Kingston would attract the attention they deserve," this man stated with assurance. At the same time he printed a map to show that Kingston was *the* center. Thus he was the ancestor of all the makers of similar maps of cities that have become more or less famous.

Once Kingston was the capital of Tennessee, but the glory was short-lived. As capital it was a successor of Knoxville, which had that honor during its early history, first in 1791, when Governor Blount made it the seat of government of the Territory of the United States south of the Ohio River.

In early days emigration was attracted to Knoxville by the beauty of its surroundings, and visitors have not yet ceased to marvel at its command of the East Tennessee Valley, near the junction of the Tennessee and the French Broad. There are so many heights from which the eye can look away over water

and valleys to cloud-embracing mountains that it is not easy to choose among them. But perhaps the gem among them all is the Country Club summit, with its view of the Tennessee, making a circuit, almost complete, and far beyond the wooded slopes and peaks of the Unakas. Once the river traffic was important, and it is still worth reckoning. But for the tourist the charm of the river is not in its ability to bear the products of the valley, but in the access it gives to regions beyond the bustle of the city whose Northern enterprise and Southern hospitality make a combination that has given to it a position of prominence not only in Tennessee but in the entire South.

Knoxville was not yet begun when, in the northeast section of the state, the pioneers tried a most interesting experiment in statecraft. Leaders among the settlers thought that the cession to Congress of the lands west of the Unakas was not a solution to their problem of remoteness from the seat of government in North Carolina. So they proceeded to organize the state of Franklin (or Frankland, the home of free men, as some wanted to call it, but the name Franklin was later chosen officially). Offices were provided for, and a constitution was proposed by Sam Houston; this was voted down in favor of a revision of the North Carolina constitution. Provision was made that taxes should be paid in flax, linen, tow linen, linsey, beaver skin, cased otter skin, woolen cloth, bacon, tallow, beeswax, whisky, apple toddy, sugar, deer skin and tobacco. The salaries of state officers were to be paid in such of these articles as were collected.

The first court-house was built at Greeneville, northeast of Knoxville. The location was at the lower cor-

ner of the present court-house lot. The building was of unhewn logs, without windows and with only an unguarded opening for a door. In this structure the constitution was adopted and the name of the state was chosen officially. Perhaps the delegates were too busy to heed the fact that fish were plentiful in the streams near at hand, but to-day visitors are not so indifferent to surroundings that are ideal for the hunter or for the fisherman. And if a man's chief interest is scenery, what an invitation is given by the Nolichucky Valley, below the ridge on which the town is built, and the Great Smoky Mountains on one side and the Clinch Mountains on the other!

The near-by county-seat town, Jonesboro, is also famous for its connection with the infant state. Here, in the oldest town of Tennessee, founded in 1779, the first session of the legislature was held. The mountain men who composed it felt at home here, for it is but a few miles to the highest summits of the Unakas, among them Great Bald, which boasts 5500 feet.

Between Jonesboro and Knoxville is a third town that was prominent in the days of Franklin—Dandridge, the only town in the country named for Mrs. George Washington—Mrs. Martha Dandridge Washington. Both Sam Houston and Daniel Boone were at home in Dandridge in the heroic days of the mountain men.

For four years the state of Franklin held its own, in spite of the appeals and the threats of the Governor of North Carolina, the setting up of a rival government in its own territory and the defection of many of its supporters. At length, in 1788, those who still remained faithful to Franklin decided that the time had

come to yield to North Carolina, it being understood that a new government would be set up before long.

It is not easy to exhaust the interest of this corner of Tennessee where the mountain rivers have worn their way through the opposing mountains. Bristol, part of it over the line in Virginia, has in its immediate vicinity one hundred miles of splendid roads for the automobile, many of them on ridges two thousand feet high. Holston Mountain and, farther south, Roan Mountain, demand the inspection of the lover of the heights, even if the roads are not good except for the tramper. Watauga speaks eloquently of another famous attempt at independent statecraft that bore rich fruit when Tennessee was organized.

And then there is Sycamore Shoals on the Watauga River, where a monument erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution tells of the undying fame of sturdy mountaineers, adherents of the cause of the Colonies. When Major Ferguson of the British Army sent them word to desist from their opposition they decided to give their answer in person; they would cross the mountains, kill Ferguson, and put his army to flight. At Sycamore Shoals they assembled, on September 25, 1780; then they made their difficult way across the Unakas, traveling so swiftly that the forces of the enemy were surprised at Kings Mountain, North Carolina. In the battle that followed the mountain men were victorious. The day of victory, October 7, 1780, is noted with red letters in the annals of the Revolution, for it was "the day that made Yorktown a near possibility."

Kings Mountain is in Gaston County, North Carolina, and in York County, South Carolina. The monu-

ment dedicated in 1909 is just over the line in South Carolina.

Once, in his young manhood, John Muir stood on a summit near the battlefield. He had climbed there in response to the invitation of a mountaineer, who said to him, "I will take you to the highest ridge in the country where you can see both ways; you will have a view of all the world on one side of the mountain and all creation on the other."

The heart throbs with something more than rarefied air as the pilgrim follows in the steps of the nature-lover. For who can stand on one of these summits and look away to the broad lands to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, without rejoicing that he is a citizen of America, the land won by pioneers whose privations and triumphs have opened the way for that large service of humanity to which the call has come so insistently during these later years!

CHAPTER XXV

GLIMPSES OF FERTILE MISSISSIPPI

MISSISSIPPI shares with Alabama some of the best of the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. In fact, when "the Gulf Coast" is spoken of the thoughts turn naturally to the limited portion of coast line that belongs to the two states by extension between crowding Louisiana on the west and jealous Florida on the east. Florida and Louisiana and Texas are partners in the glorious sweep of the Gulf's shore line, and these states are justified in talking in glowing terms of what their share of the coast means to them. But many people feel that the states between Florida and Louisiana have the best of the good-natured argument among the partners as to whose possession is finest, and that to Mississippi must be given the palm because of having the compact segment where there is supreme delight for those who listen to the call of the sea in winter. Louisiana long ago succeeded in securing title to millions of acres of oyster beds close in shore which Mississippi claimed, but so long as that state retains the more than one hundred miles from the Alabama line to Pearl River she can look with equanimity on her neighbor's possession of the oyster beds.

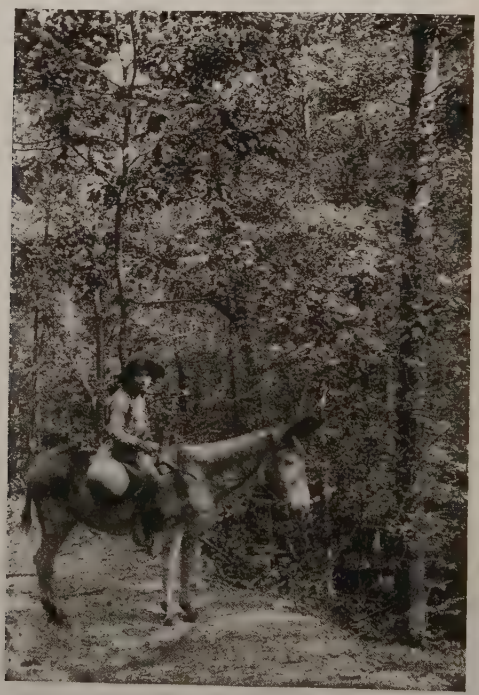
One of the features that make residence along Mississippi's water boundary so delightful is the series of long, narrow islands that separate Mississippi Sound from the open Gulf. Strung along the Sound are a dozen resorts where Northerners like to go year

after year, and where residents of both Louisiana and Mississippi spend vacation days. Pascagoula, on Pascagoula Sound, is more of a commercial town than a resort, but fishermen have learned its attraction. Biloxi, also called by George W. Cable the mother of Louisiana and the birthplace of New Orleans, has surprises in store for those who seek their pleasure on shore. Gulfport talks of its tributary green and speckled trout, sheepshead, redfish, croakers, Spanish mackerel and even tarpon, and boasts of its reputation among the seekers after health and the joys of respite from business or the social life of the cities. Pass Christian is old enough to talk of a place in the affections of men and women of long ago and young enough to draw multitudes of those to whom "the Gulf Coast" means, in general, Mississippi and, specifically, Pass Christian. Those who thus fall heir to the cozy resorts are not at a loss to know what to do with themselves. They sail on the Sound, they fish in the depths, they go out to Breton Island Bird Reservation, where the laughing gulls and the royal terns seem to know that they are protected by the strong hand of the Government. Perhaps they stand entranced on the shore, looking out on its calm, blue expanse to the open waters beyond the islands; they glide in their cars along the famous shell roads that border the shore, connecting some of the resorts; they dream of the heroic days when Spain and France played battledore and shuttlecock with the lands that border the Gulf and the waters where the vessel of many an adventurer picked its way between the off-shore islands.

On the west as on the south Mississippi borders on the water. But on the west is the lordly Mississippi

A MISSISSIPPI COTTON FIELD

GATHERING SUGAR CANE IN MISSISSIPPI



GOING TO MILL

with its sinuous curves that make the boundary line twice as long as that on the east. On or close to the Father of Waters are three historic towns that vie with any in the Mississippi Valley in interest and personality. To the traveler who comes there from the Gulf Natchez comes first, whether the city is approached by highway, by railroad or by river. Those who go up the river to-day fare far better than the emigrants of long ago who floated downstream from Pittsburg, Louisville and Cairo, or ascended it after solving the mysteries of the Delta.

When the pioneers came to Natchez they saw what, in 1790, William Bartram said was as beautiful as any country to be found, with its great forests of live-oaks and beach, thickly studded with magnificent blooming trees and shrubs, such as the magnolia, bay, japonica, cape jessamine. Everywhere he found the long- and short-leaf pine, white oak, red oak, live-oak, pecan, hickory and poplar, most of them enveloped in streamers of long grey moss. Some of these trees are now extinct, except as they are cultivated, but the country is still beautiful. And what wide-spreading views are presented from the perpendicular bluffs of the city, rising more than two hundred and fifty feet! Below is the river sweeping by in all its pride, in the distance are the flat green fields of Louisiana, while on the Mississippi side the landscape is more varied, especially in the valley of St. Catherine's Creek and among the Devil's Punch Bowls to the north of the city, great cavities both weird and wild. Not far away is Mammoth Bayou, where remarkable relics of the prehistoric mammoth have been found, while reminders of the people who one day enjoyed the beauty of these fertile

lands are everywhere in the mounds. Of these Emerald Mound is most important.

The names of both D'Iberville and De Bienville are linked with the story of Natchez. In 1716 De Bienville built Fort Rosalie within the present limits of the city, but when this was captured by the English in 1763 it was renamed Fort Panmure. Sixteen years later Spain captured the fort. In 1783 she promised by treaty to give it up, but she retained possession until 1798. The town, called "the cradle of Mississippi," was begun while Spain thus boldly held on. The Cathedral was built in what is now the business center.

Natchez became the first territorial capital and increased in importance until it became the commercial capital of the state. After the panic of 1837 it yielded much of its importance, but it can never yield the charm of the old days when it was a favorite dwelling-place of wealthy planters and became a social city of note.

In 1802 the territorial capital was moved to Washington, six miles from Natchez, of which little now remains. In 1807 when Aaron Burr, after his arrest about twenty miles farther north, was admitted to bail here, the town was in its glory. While out on bail he met a young girl whom history knows as Madeline, described as "a miracle of beauty." He visited her frequently at her home near Washington, and vainly tried to persuade her to flee with him when he forfeited his bail. She refused to go, but promised to wait for him. For many years she was faithful to the exile, until, from England, he wrote to release her from her promise.

Half way between Natchez and Vicksburg, and ten miles from the Mississippi, Port Gibson is situated on

the plateau between Bayou Pierre and the hills on the south. The first settler in the neighborhood was Captain Thaddeus Lyman, the Connecticut soldier who received from England a grant of twenty thousand acres on Bayou Pierre. With his followers he ascended the river from New Orleans, traveling on barges and in rowboats. To this day the lands he owned are known as the Lyman Mandamus, reminder this of the fact that his was one of the two English grants in Mississippi. Thus the first plantation of the neighborhood came from the English crown, but Port Gibson itself owes its beginning to Spain. In 1788 Gibson, the first settler, received a grant from that country; but the town was not laid out until 1803. It soon became a thriving town. Long before Vicksburg was founded it was of great commercial importance. Even yet it is to be reckoned with both by the business man and the tourist.

Thirty miles north of Port Gibson is Vicksburg, which, though it cannot lay claim to as great age as its neighbors, has the distinction of being built on an elbow of land across which, in the days of the Civil War, General Grant wanted to cut a canal that his vessels might avoid the deadly fire of the batteries that protected both city and river. Then the citizens strenuously objected to the canal, but the day came when they devoted all their energies to canal building. This was in 1876, when the lawless Mississippi cut across the peninsula and left the city far from the water which was its life. Despair settled on Vicksburg, until somebody pointed out how easy it would be to direct by canal the waters of the Yazoo, which entered the Mississippi above the city, into the old bed of the river. This was done, and once

more Vicksburg on its Walnut Hills looked down serenely on busy wharves and puffing steamboats.

The canal that saved a city is only one of Vicksburg's claims to fame. Another is the great cemetery on the hills to the north, where sixteen thousand Federal soldiers lie buried, within easy distance of the scene of struggle that had such vast influence on the fortunes of war.

Vicksburg was less than forty years old at the time of the successful attempt at canal building, and she was not thirty years old when the canal that failed was begun. But long years before these attempts to conquer nature primitive beginners had succeeded in pushing through the wilderness and over the hills a road that made possible progress on land, as the Mississippi made easy the passage by water. This was the famous Natchez Trace, which ran from the Mississippi at Natchez, by Bayou Pierre, below Vicksburg, through the heart of Mississippi, crossing the border below Iuka, near the northeast corner of the territory, and passing beyond the Tennessee at Colbert's Ferry, below Muscle Shoals. The northern terminus of that five hundred and one miles of road was at Nashville, where connection was made from Lexington, Chillicothe, Zanesville and Pittsburg.

One historian says of this road: "Down it passed a steady stream of travelers, often men of wealth journeying to the South in search of land and other profitable investment; up it passed traders, supercargoes and boatmen from New Orleans, who would take the long journey overland to their homes one thousand miles away, through regions infested by outlaws, close to the site of thriving Jackson, since 1821 capital of

the state, through the Indian lands so reluctantly yielded by the Choctaws to the advancing settlers."

One of the most famous of the early pilgrims on the Trace was Alexander Wilson, the Philadelphia schoolmaster turned naturalist. In 1810, when not far from Nashville, he stopped with an innkeeper named Isaac Walton, who, after talking to him of his purpose to study the birds of the South, said: "I cannot and will not charge you anything. Whenever you come this way, call and stay with me; you shall be welcome."

From Nashville Wilson wrote to a friend in Philadelphia: "Nine hundred miles from you sits Wilson, the hunter of birds' nests and sparrows, just preparing to enter on a wilderness of 780 miles—most of it in the territory of Indians—*alone* but in good spirits, and expecting to have every pocket crammed with skins of new and extraordinary birds before he reaches the city of New Orleans."

The road Wilson took was one of the most famous roads of the South in early days. To-day it is only a memory. But there has grown around the territory it pierced a great state whose people reap the fruits of the toils of the pioneers, whose visitors feast on beautiful prospects, it may be with more leisure, but surely not with more appreciation than was shown by those hardy men of other days.

CHAPTER XXVI

TRIANGULATING LOUISIANA

EGYPT has been called the Gift of the Nile, because of the annual overflow of the river that renews the fertility of the narrow valley. But the name "The Gift of the Mississippi" may even more appropriately be given to the richest section of Louisiana—from Baton Rouge east to the Mississippi Sound, southwest to the Vermilion River and south to the Gulf. Since the day when the mouth of the Father of Waters was near the present site of Baton Rouge, eight thousand square miles of these Alluvial Delta Lands have been built up, two thousand feet deep, by the sediment from the stream carried down from the territory of thirty states. And the work is still going on. Every year a million tons of sediment are carried down to the Gulf, and the strange Delta—where the river reaches out to the sea with its tentacles that look on the map like the fingers of a giant hand—is pushed out into the Gulf one mile in sixteen years. This is the region of which Enos A. Mills, the student of nature who knows how to make scientific facts attractive to all, has said:

"The Mississippi River Delta contains age-old wreckage; it is a continental contribution built by the Father of Waters. It is a mingling of mountain fragments and broken farms, the blended ruin and richness of ten thousand plains and peaks. In it, side by side,

lie remnants of Pike's Peak, an Ohio hill, the heart of old Kentucky, a part of the Mammoth Cave, lava from old Yellowstone fires, glacial silt from Canadian mountains, dust from the Great Plains, sediments from rocks that were formed in ancient seas, and even the black meteoric dust of burnt-out worlds and stars. A delta may be a combination of all geological rock strata andof all life that has lived its little day and returned to dust, and may carry even the wreckage of other worlds than ours. A polished piece of granite in this delta may be as old, almost, as the earth. Erosion on Canadian mountains unearthed it. The southward sweep of the ice king seized it, carried it a thousand miles southward, grinding and reducing it, then depositing it in Ohio. Here a flood seized it, rushed it to a sandbar in the Mississippi River, and it lingered. By slow stages it rolled its way down the Mississippi channel and at last came to rest within sound of the sea."

Near the center of these Louisiana Alluvial Delta Lands, on a great bend of the Mississippi, New Orleans, the Crescent City, proudly looks out on the river that built her foundations ages before D'Iberville's decision in 1718 to make this the site of the metropolis of the French possessions in America.

In the days of D'Iberville the only sea approach to New Orleans was through one of the mouths of the Mississippi's Delta, but the enterprise of the city's commercial leaders and the skill of the Goethals Engineering Company, led by the man who was the chief dependence of General Goethals in building the Panama Canal, have provided a second route—from Mobile and Mississippi Sound, through Lake Pontchartrain, and to the river by means of the twenty-

million-dollar Industrial Canal, with its vast Inner Harbor. This colossal achievement, the fulfilment of the dream of more than a century, has attracted comparatively little attention, in spite of the almost unbelievable figures that are a part of the story of the waterway that enables New Orleans to save forty miles in reaching the Gulf, to bring iron and coal directly from Birmingham and its tributary territory, and to be one of the great ports on the Intercoastal Canal from Boston to the Southwest. The fourteen-foot channel to the Gulf will eventually be made a thirty-five foot channel. The lock that makes possible the descent from Lake Pontchartrain to the level of New Orleans is six hundred feet long, inside measurement, and there are thirty feet of water on the sill. In preparation for the lock a cut sixty-five feet deep was made, and one hundred thousand cubic feet of earth were removed. The entire six miles of canal to the lake called for the excavation of ten million cubic yards, enough to fill a train one hundred miles long. Possibly figures like these mean less to the average reader than the statement that fourteen thousand piles were sunk through the quicksand to make the foundations of the lock, or that from the lock to the Mississippi the canal leads through a cypress swamp where the workmen had to clear away an average of two hundred trees to the acre. The cypress stumps of the surface were a great difficulty, but nothing in comparison with the stumps and logs found at various levels below the surface. These are the remains of forests eighteen thousand to twenty thousand years old, according to the theory of local geologists. Early in the earth's history great forests were where New Orleans now lies. They sank beneath the sea; rivers

with their silt again built up the land and new forests grew; they, too, sank, and the cycle was repeated. The ordinary type of dredge, even with the strength of one thousand horsepower behind it, was unable to penetrate these obstacles, and special machinery was developed by a New Orleans engineer to meet the difficulty.

In 1766, when Captain Harry Gorden visited New Orleans, he spoke of "the Difficulty of Approach" that railroads and the Industrial Canal have helped to make a thing of the past:

"New Orleans is but a small Town, not many good Houses in it, but in general healthy and the Inhabitants well looked; It's principal Staple is the Trade for Furrs and skins from the Illinois; their want of Negroes keep back the Indigo making: They have attempted Sugar, and there are now Five Plantations that produce it; but they do not make it turn out to great Account. There is only a Stockade round the Place with a large Banquet, their Dependence for the Defence is the Difficulty of Approach, that up the River is tedious and easily opposed, particularly at the Detour d'Anglois, and there is only 12 Feet Water on the Bar. The Military Force at this Place is at present Small, not above eighty Spaniards remain of those brought with their Governor."

Mrs. Annie Royall, famous traveler of the early nineteenth century, formed a much more favorable impression when her pilgrimage through the South led her to the metropolis of Louisiana. After noting that the city's name is pronounced by most of the people "Norlins," she declared, "From the very nature of its advantages the day is not distant when New Orleans will be the first city in the Union, if not in the world."

Successors of Mrs. Royall may revise her judgment as to the future of the city, but they will not feel like questioning her enthusiasm so far as its charm is concerned. Everywhere they go they are confronted by reminders of the kaleidoscopic changes in the city's career, first under France, then under Spain, then under France once more until it became a possession of the United States in 1803. The transfer was made in the quaint old Cabildo, on Jackson Square, the former Place d'Armes, where St. Louis Cathedral also tells of the days of old.

Even the names of the streets speak eloquently of a past that is so different from that of any other city in America. Canal, Rampart and Esplanade Streets are on the site of the moat of which Captain Gorden wrote. Camp Street is named for the one-time Campo de Negros, or Camp of the Negroes. Poydras Street was named for one who owned land along that thoroughface. Tchoupitoulas Road, with its willow-grown border, where landed flatboats and keelboats, predecessors of the steamboats, is to-day Tchoupitoulas Street.

The names of these streets become familiar to those who visit the Crescent City at the time of its great festival week, Mardi Gras, so called in memory of the fact that on Mardi Gras, Shrove Tuesday, D'Iberville took possession for France of the country at the mouth of the Mississippi. For more than seventy-five years the carnival has been held annually during a period of five days. The Ball of the Knights of Momus, the Ball of the Knights of Proteus, the parade of Rex, king of the carnival, and the ball of the Mystic Krew of Comus delight both citizens and visitors.

But let no one think that the only time to see New

JACKSON SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA
The central building is the Cathedral. On the left is the Cabildo. On the right is the Presbytere

THREE OAKS MANSION, CHALMETTE, NEW ORLEANS
Used for care of wounded in the Battle of New Orleans, 1815

ON CANAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Orleans is during the Mardi Gras festival. The best season is when the crowds are absent, when the wanderer through the *Vieux Carré,* or old city, has leisure to pause at the delightful French market; to turn into one of the oyster bays—where, if he is unwise, he may call for a dozen raw oysters, only to find that he cannot possibly dispose of more than four or five of the monster bivalves set before him; or to take a seat in a French restaurant down some side street where the chef knows the secret of making the delectable oyster loaf, which is only imitated in other cities.

Mournfully he will pass the site of the famous old French opera house—scene of the first appearance in the United States of Adelina Patti—destroyed by fire in 1919. He can study the iron balconies on the ancient French houses. If he is fortunate enough to spend a night in a mammoth four-poster bed in one of these balcony rooms, he can, in the morning, have the rare privilege of looking out from a pleasing point of vantage on the mixed throng in the street below, where soberly-dressed business men touch elbows with gayly garbed and voluminously turbaned negresses, or fashionable Creole women, descendants of French and Spanish ancestors. And everywhere he will see the street gamins who have a keen scent for a stray two bits, not only on days that are fair but also when the rain descends in torrents and the gutters overflow until pedestrians are glad to avail themselves of the pine boxes placed before them as stepping-stones by these convenient urchins.

Not far from the city's business center—whose modern high buildings are near-neighbors of structures that were modern when steamer traffic was in its glory, as well as of some of the survivors of the days of French

ownership—are warehouses where the familiar bales from the field compresses are further compressed into startlingly small compass for export, and the docks where great ocean-going steamers discharge and receive their cargoes. One can wander for hours on these docks, and can return with pleasure the very next day and gaze at will on the busy scene—the handling of the cotton, the unloading of bananas from the West Indies, the trundling of molasses casks that give out friendly streams for the gratification of the negro deckhands, the piling up of sacks of sugar bound for the refinery, which a convenient gauger samples with his auger until an amber-colored handful is within easy reach.

Then comes the pilgrimage to St. Louis Cemetery, whose site was outside the old city walls. There moss-draped trees and vaults above ground—"ovens," as they are called in New Orleans—seldom fail to make the tourist glad that the grounds are open to the public, even if the "ovens" are closed to all but "members of the families" of those whose names, many of them French, are inscribed on the stones that close the last resting-places of thousands. Metaire Cemetery, more modern, is well worth a visit, but St. Louis should be seen first.

One of the names that finds place in a New Orleans cemetery is that of Paul Tulane, descendant of a Huguenot, a bachelor whose love was all given to the city where he made his fortune. When he died he provided for the building and endowment of Tulane University, that it might no longer be necessary for the citizens of New Orleans to send their sons far away for an education.

Tulane University is opposite Audubon Park, one of the city's breathing places, named for the great

bird-lover who spent long months in the city enduring hardship, while he made steady progress in the accomplishment of his dream to put on paper the birds of America. A bronze statue in the park shows him holding a note-book in one hand, while in the other is a pencil with which he is about to set down his observations of a bird he is intently watching.

Audubon first reached New Orleans in January, 1821, after an adventurous trip from Natchez, where he had paused long enough to paint portraits of a shoemaker and his wife in payment for two pairs of boots, one for himself, the other for a penniless companion. The first part of the journey was made on a keelboat in tow of the steamer *Columbus*. From Bayou Sara the journey was continued in a rowboat, in which he was set adrift by the captain of the *Columbus,* who was in a hurry to reach New Orleans.

The bird-artist landed penniless in the Crescent City. Next day he went to the French market and soon found his way to the stalls of the bird sellers. There his heart swelled as he saw "mallard, teal, American widgeon, Canadian and snow geese, tell-tale goodwits, robins, bluebirds and red-wing blackbirds."

He lived for a time on Ursuline Street, near the old Convent, and he took many long walks through the streets and far out in the surrounding country. But the longer he remained the less favorable became his judgment of the fair city. Five years later, after several visits, he wrote in his journal: "New Orleans to a Man who does not trade in Dollars or any other Such Stuffs is a miserable Spot."

To-day those who follow in the steps of Audubon will not be ready to agree with an opinion that must

have been the result of his misfortunes. For everywhere they turn they will find fresh pleasure. From Audubon Park, with its 280 acres of live-oak avenues, palm-grove drives and canoe streams, they can go across the city to City Park, only a little smaller, where more semi-tropical trees grow above the velvety lawns, among these being the famous duelling oaks, just pistol-shot apart, favorite haunt of the followers of the Code Duello. And when reluctant consent is gained to leave the city itself they can go to Chalmette, down the river, scene of the Battle of New Orleans or to Lake Pontchartrain, with its famous resort, Covington, across the water in St. Tammany Parish, which gives such ready access to the waterways Bogue Falaya, Tchefuncta River and Abita River.

Within easy reach are other famous fishing and hunting resorts, reminders that New Orleans is in a region of which William T. Hornaday wrote in "Our Vanishing Wild Life": "There is one state in America, and, so far as I know, only one, in which there is at this moment an old-time abundance of game-bird life. That is the state of Louisiana. The reason is not so very far to seek. For the birds that do migrate—quail, wild turkey and doves—the cover is yet abundant. For the migratory game birds of the Mississippi Valley Louisiana is a grand central depot, with terminal facilities that are unsurpassed. Her reedy shores, her vast marshes, her long coast line and abundance of food furnish what should not only be a haven but a heaven for ducks and geese. The great forests of Louisiana shelter deer, turkeys and fur-bearing animals galore; and rabbits and squirrels abound."

It was to Louisiana that Theodore Roosevelt went

for a hunting holiday in October, 1907. His chosen grounds were far north of New Orleans in the Tensas River country. From there he wrote to his son Ted:

" 'Bad old father' is coming back after a successful trip. It was a success in every way, including the bear hunt; but in the case of the bear hunt we only just made it successful and no more, for it was not until the twelfth day of steady hunting that I got my bear. Then I shot it in the most approved hunter's style, going up on it in a cane brake as it made a walking bay before the dogs. I also killed a deer—more by luck than anything else, as it was a difficult shot."

Louisiana abounds not only in game, but in musical and unusual names like Zwolle, Vivian, Rodessa, Neame, Juanita, De Quincy, Florien, Bon Ami, Anacoco, Opelousas, Natchitoches, Tangipahoa, Broussard, Thiboudaux, Grand Coteau, Plaquemine and Iberville.

Iberville is in Ascension Parish, whose western border is the Mississippi River. No visitor to Louisiana should be content without taking a trip by steamboat up the stream at least as far as the upper border of this parish, if possible going ashore on one of the abutting plantations and riding through the cane fields on a primitive field-car drawn on its iron track by a mule and driven by a typical plantation Negro. The journey should be continued to Baton Rouge, since 1847 the capital of the state, chosen for one reason, perhaps, because it is on a bluff far above the reach of floods.

But why stop at Baton Rouge? Go on around the bends above the city, where the river wanders with apparent aimlessness—meanders in tortuous fashion because the water has chosen the path of least resistance, a choice that, in time of flood, often leads to the over-

coming of some of the wicker barriers that once turned the water, until a new channel is made, across a bend.

The Mississippi is the best example in the United States of a stream that meanders thus and that changes its meanderings in a way still more trying, so that it is always proving a puzzle to those who live on its banks or have business on its waters. Channels change, acres disappear or shift from one side of the stream to the other, and so many other like things occur that the startling ceases to startle and the unexpected becomes the expected.

Those who studied John Pinkerton's Geography of 1804 were told of the shifting Misssissippi in the following words:

"The direction of the channel is so crooked that from New Orleans to the mouth of the Ohio, a distance which does not exceed 460 miles in a straight line, is about 856 by water. It may be shortened at least 250 miles by cutting across eight or ten necks of land, some of which are not thirty yards wide."

St. Francisville, in West Feliciana Parish, some distance north of Baton Rouge, is at the beginning of one of the most striking meanders in Louisiana. Along this stretch of river, one day in 1821, passed Audubon the naturalist on his way to Oakley, the plantation home of James Pirrie on Bayou Sara, a sluggish tributary of the Mississippi. Audubon had promised to tutor Pirrie's daughter for sixty dollars a month, with the understanding that he was to have half of his time for hunting and drawing.

After leaving the stream at St. Francisville Audubon walked five miles to Oakley. In his journal he noted the startling change in the scenery along the route.

OAKLEY PLANTATION, WEST FELICIANA PARISH, LOUISIANA
Here J. J. Audubon taught Eliza Pirrie drawing in 1821

THE DUELLING OAKS, CITY PARK, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Instead of lowlands, seen all the way from New Orleans, there were alluring highlands. "The rich magnolia, covered with fragrant blossoms, the holly, the beech, the tall, yellow poplars, the hilly ground and even the red clay all excited my admiration," he wrote. "Such an entire change in the face of nature in so short a time seems almost supernatural. Surrounded once more by numerous warblers and thrushes, I enjoyed the scene."

The plantation home at Oakley is still standing. Francis Hobart Herrick, in his biography of the naturalist, says it has changed but little since that time, but the century that has nearly sped its course has added strength and beauty to the moss-hung oaks which now encompass it and temper the heat of the southern sun in the double-decked galleries which enclose its whole front. Built of the enduring cypress, the house stands as firm and sound as the gaunt but living sentinels of that order which tower from the brakes not far away. It is occupied to-day by the great granddaughter of the young woman whom Audubon tutored.

The stay at Oakley was brought to a conclusion by the jealousy of Miss Pirrie's physician, her lover, who said that the maiden's health would not permit her to write or draw for a period of four months!

Only a few miles above Oakley is the mouth of the Red River, maker of millions of acres of alluvial land, most of it as yet undeveloped. Modern travelers up the river that flows through this rich domain find it difficult to realize what a menace to health and comfort the stream was in early days when the heavy timber along the banks fell into the water, choked the channel for a distance of one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles,

diverted the waters, and so spread malaria over a wide extent of country.

G. W. Featherstonhaugh, an English traveler who visited the country in 1835, wrote with wonder: "Of the extent of the deposits of dead timber something like an adequate idea can be formed by giving some details of the nature and extent of that particular one called the Great Raft, and of those means adopted to remove it, which do so much honor to the Congress that authorized them, and to Captain Shreve, the officer to whom the execution of the work was entrusted. When this intelligent and energetic man came upon the ground in the spring of 1833, he found that the raft extended up the bed of the river for one hundred and fifty miles. Not that the whole channel of the river was blocked up by it, but the dead timber occupying one-third of the breadth of the river, the whole stream had consequently become unnavigable, numerous mud islands having been formed everywhere, especially on the surface of the raft, and trees and bushes growing on them all. Not far from the line of the river were numerous lagoons and swamps—once its ancient bed—into which the river pours by bayous and low places; these he stopped up with timber taken from the raft, and, confining the stream to its bed, produced a current of three miles an hour; whereas, before he began his operations, he found the river quite dead, and without current for forty miles below the southern termination of the raft. As soon as a current was established he, by means of huge floating saw mills, worked by steam, cut portions of the raft out, and let them float down the stream. At length the current became sufficiently lively to wear away the mud banks and island and give an average

RED RIVER, NEAR CAROLINA BLUFF, LOUISIANA

SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA, ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

depth of twenty-five feet to the river. During the first season of his operation he succeeded in removing about seventy miles of the whole mass of the Great Raft, and it is now confidently believed that a good steamboat navigation will soon be opened to its farthest extent."

Captain Shreve removed the obstruction for about one-tenth of the three million dollars at which he estimated the cost before taking the contract for the Government. His headquarters were at Shreveport, not far from the point where the Red River enters Louisiana from Arkansas.

Shreveport, the second city of Louisiana, is the center of a territory of great possibilities. Timber, oil, gas, cotton and sugar-cane prove the wisdom of Captain Shreve when he pitched his camp on the high ground at this point. Here the river touches the remarkable backbone of West Louisiana, a ridge varying in width from twenty to fifty miles, between the Sabine River on the west and Red River and Calcasieu River on the east, and reaching to within forty miles of the Gulf. Along this ridge are some of the choicest parts of the state.

The traveler who ascends the Mississippi and Red Rivers to Shreveport, then goes by rail along the ridge from Shreveport to Lake Charles—in the midst of the long-leaf pine region, where there is access to the Gulf by way of the beautiful Calcasieu River and the canal fourteen feet deep and ninety feet wide—and finally passes to New Orleans, across the southern end of the state, will have completed a triangular trip which will enable him to say he has really seen Louisiana.

CHAPTER XXVII

IN THE LAND OF HOUSTON

UNTIL Texas the marvelous is actually crossed from east to west and from north to south it means little to a man to read that the area is more than two hundred and sixty-eight thousand square miles. But when the Southern Pacific passenger from New Orleans to Los Angeles finds himself for the greater part of two days within the southwestern empire, or when the two-day trip from Trinidad, Colorado, to Corpus Christi is almost all of it within the land of Houston, the vast size of the state—more than five times that of Illinois and nearly six times that of Tennessee—is appreciated.

And what a variety of surface there is in the vast area of which many think—according to the portion they have seen—as a region of uninteresting flat lands, or a series of depressions known locally as hog-wallows, or a succession of endless barren plains, or a territory of rugged mountains! In fact, the state contains all these interesting regions in succession, and more. There is the Coastal Plain or Coast Prairie, the Forested Area where the pine woods flourish, the fertile Black Waxy Prairie, the Grand Prairie, the Central Denuded Region, the Llano Estacado or Staked Plain—level, grass-covered, with here and there a growth of bear grass and yucca—and the lands across the Pecos where the mountains rise until Guadalupe Peak, the highest point in the state, is ninety-five hundred feet

above the sea. Surely there is ample variety in Texas! And every one of these clearly defined portions of the state is as large as many another state in the Union!

Not long after leaving Lake Charles, Louisiana, the Southern Pacific passenger enters the region of the first Texas oil bonanzas, near Beaumont, well within the Coastal Plain. Once the city was dependent on its lumber and rice. These commodities are still handled in a princely manner, but oil has succeeded in pushing other products into the background.

There was a time when to the sportsmen the name Beaumont brought up visions of ducks and geese and quail near by, as well as bear and turkeys in the Big Thicket, fish in the Neches River, or bathing in the warm waters of the Gulf an hour's ride away. But now most people forget these allurements in the excitement of listening to the tales of those who have won fortunes or who think they are just on the point of becoming independent through the wealth hidden deep in the earth untold ages ago.

The oil wells ebb and flow, the boom dies down only to take on new life, but the city keeps on growing from year to year. Why shouldn't it, when its citizens have had the energy to make it a seaport, though it is far inland, by means of the twenty-six foot channel in the Neches, of which several hundred ocean-going ships take advantage each year, tying up for a season at one of the municipal docks on the water front thirty-five miles long?

Houston, too, has triumphed over the fifty miles that separate it from the Gulf by the construction of a deep-sea channel for vessels laden with oil and rice and lumber. For the building of the channel she had en-

couragement in Buffalo Bayou, which gave its name to the settlement as late as 1849, when it was a mere hamlet. Yet this was thirteen years after the grandiloquent advertisement which told of the town situated "at the point which must ever command the trade of the largest and richest portion of Texas." The advertisement went on to say, "Nature seems to have designated this place for the future seat of government."

It was, indeed, the temporary location of the capital of the Republic of Texas. On April 16, 1837, the executive departments were removed by vessel from Columbia. The same schooner carried the equipment of the *Telegraph*, which, before leaving Columbia, said: "The process of building is rapidly advancing in Houston. . . . The building intended for our press is nearly finished."

A month later, however, the *Telegraph* wailed in disappointment: "Like others who have confided in speculative things, we have been deceived; no building has even been nearly finished at Houston intended for the press; fortunately, however, we have succeeded in renting a shanty, which, although like the capitol in this place—

> "Without a roof, without a floor.
> Without windows, and without a door,

is the only convenient building obtainable."

When Audubon visited Houston in 1837 he was not enthusiastic. "The Buffalo Bayou had risen about six feet," he wrote, "and the neighboring prairies were covered with water; there was a wild and desolate look cast on the surrounding scenery. We had already passed two little girls, encamped on the bank of the

bayou, cooking a scanty meal; shanties, cargoes of hogsheads, barrels, etc., were spread about the landing, and Indians, drunk and hallooing, were stumbling about in the mud in every direction."

Then he went on to tell of wading through water up to the ankles on his way to the President's mansion, a log house of two rooms and a passage between. Next he proceeded to the capitol, "as yet without a roof, while the floor, benches and tables of both houses of Congress were as well saturated with water as our clothes had been in the morning."

Houston has become one of the proudest cities of Texas, but she is not ashamed of the heroic days, nor of the early heroes who maintained her independence. Proudly she shows the visitor to San Jacinto battlefield, where General Sam Houston defeated Santa Anna and paved the way for the coming of the Lone Star State into the Union.

On his way to Houston Audubon entered Galveston and looked on many reminders of the war so recently ended. "The only objects of interest we saw were the Mexican prisoners; they are used as slaves—made to carry wood and water and cut grass for the horses and such work; it is said that some are made to draw the plow."

The presence of the Mexican prisoners on Galveston Island was a fit sequel to the history of this bit of low-lying land facing the Gulf. The first visitors came in 1686 when La Salle discovered the bay. In 1816 Jean Lafitte, pirate of the Gulf, took possession, and, when perhaps one thousand discontended men flocked to his standard, he was appointed governor of the island. His power increased until the day—an unfortunate day

for him—when he ventured to lay rough hands on a ship that flew the Stars and Stripes.

The real beginning of the modern settlement was in 1837, the year of Audubon's visit. Since that time there has been a constant struggle with untoward conditions. The dream was "to have Liverpool ships of largest draught at the very docks." This was the statement made in 1874 when a humorous artist pictured the unloading of a schooner at Galveston—a negro with a mule and a cart, over the hub in water, driving from schooner to shore!

To-day Galveston has a marvelously complete equipment. It is a port of the first magnitude. The mammoth sea wall bids defiance to the waves that once brought destruction and death in their wake. Reclaimed from the sea by the perseverance of undaunted citizens, "the Oleander City" welcomes those who go there once, wondering, perhaps, if they will not be bored by the languor of a semi-tropical seaside town, and remain long or return promptly, because they are enamored of the strange but desirable combination of bustle and rest, change and stability. This combination is typified so well by the heroic statue of Henry Rosenberg, the Swiss merchant-benefactor, at the corner of Broadway and Rosenberg Avenues. Of this statue the Galveston *News* said, at the time of the unveiling:

"Rising in silent dignity from a Galveston esplanade of spreading palms, blossom-laden oleanders, and close-cropped grass, a great bronze figure looks steadfastly to the north, out over the plains of Texas. It is a Texas of roaring cities, of busy towns, of crop-bearing fields that now meets the gaze of the tranquil bronze face, looking out on harbors filled with ocean liners,

A PORTION OF GALVESTON'S GREAT SEA WALL

THE ALAMO, THE SHRINE OF TEXAS LIBERTY, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

across the coast country truck gardens, past the mid-state fields of cotton, to the horizon-bounded plains where cattle thrive."

The statue stands near the upper end of Galveston Island, one of the many low islands that fringe the long, curving coast line of Texas, separating the waters of the Gulf from the quiet bays and lagoons that make the harbors where ocean-going vessels enter, and where are the pleasure resorts to which Texans and those who have learned the joys that Texas offers gather in the time of the state's greatest appeal. When is that? Go to Texas and learn for yourself! There are as many opinions on this point as there are seasons.

The next of the islands below Galveston Island is Matagorda Island, which, with Matagorda Peninsula on the northeast, protects the waters of Matagorda Bay and San Antonio Bay, notable because these were entered by La Salle when he was searching for the mouth of the Mississippi. One of his two ships was wrecked. Later he built Fort St. Louis, the first European settlement in Texas.

The pilgrim who follows the coast to the southeast speedily finds Padre and Mustang Islands, with Aransas Pass and Corpus Christi Pass, the narrow inlets leading to glorious Corpus Christi Bay, eighteen miles wide and more than twenty-five miles long, haunt of the birds that delight the sportsman's heart—geese, brant, crane and ducks of many kinds, mallard, pintail, widgeon, canvas-back, teal and blue-bill; home of the red fish, the speckled trout, the Spanish mackerel and even the Silver King, or leaping tarpon; favorite resort of those who seek bathing beaches where conditions are so favorable that those who once enter the water forget

the hours for meals while they gain strength for carrying the responsibilities of later days.

Corpus Christi has a right to the title lovingly given to her, "The Naples of the Gulf." As in Naples, skies there are azure, and the sun-kissed waters borrow the radiance of the heavens. And as Naples defies the volcano's worst, so Corpus Christi rises superbly from the heart-breaking disaster of hurricane and tidal wave, and is clothed again in the beauty that made Judd Mortimer Lewis sing:

> When the hour has come for resting and for dreams, I look away,
> And my heart's in Corpus Christi, down on Corpus Christi Bay;
> I see her like a maiden, hands outstretched and starry-eyed,
> Prairies blossom-starred behind her, with her pink feet in the tide.

With reluctance the Texas pilgrim leaves Corpus Christi, but if his path lies up the Nueces River toward San Antonio regret gives way to anticipation of what the City of the Alamo has in store. This metropolis of Southern Texas would be remarkable for its mineral springs, its sturdy business structures, its Medina Lake, impounded by an irrigation dam and made beautiful both by man and by nature. But all these things are overshadowed in the mind of the visitor by San Fernando Cathedral, built in 1734, and by the near-by chain of Spanish Missions dating from the eighteenth century—Missions Espada, San Juan and Conception. Mission San Jose dates from 1720. Its cloisters, statuary and carving are of perennial interest. Then there is the Alamo, fronting the beautiful Alamo Plaza, where the two hundred heroes led by David Crockett held at bay four thousand Mexicans, thus giving birth to the rallying cry that later cheered the Texans in their struggle for liberty.

San Antonio was on the route taken by the old Mission Fathers when they went from Louisiana to Southern California, protected by Spanish cavalry. Their road, the San Antonio Trail, crossed the Colorado River eighteen miles below the present site of Austin. The commission appointed by the Republic of Texas to select a site for the capital were instructed to seek the prettiest spot in Texas, between the San Antonio Trail and the Colorado River. They knew where to go because a few months earlier, in 1838, President Lamar, while on a buffalo hunt on the upper Colorado, stood on the hill where is now the admirable state capitol building. For a moment he was silent, looking up and down the river and off to the south. Then he said, "This should be the seat of future empire." So, in 1839, he sent the site-seeking commissioners to Montopolis, a group of cabins near the well-remembered hill. The commissioners, too, became enthusiastic, and soon afterward Austin was born, having been named for Stephen F. Austin, "Father of the Republic." A one-story temporary capitol was built where later rose the walls of the City Hall. The business office of the first presidents was in a double log cabin near the present business center.

To-day it is difficult to believe that as late at 1850 there were but six hundred and twenty-nine people where to-day thousands of residents look up at the solid buildings, ride over the splendid automobile highways to Lake Austin, Marble Falls and Medina Lake, roam in the attractive parks or fish in the Colorado River, whose precipitous, rocky banks tell how accurate was the judgment of those who thought that here on the hills should be the capital of an empire.

Austin on the Colorado has neighbors to the south that boast their location on rivers; there is Waco on the Brazos and Fort Worth and Dallas, the twin cities on the Trinity. Waco takes its name from the Huaco Indians, whose village was where the McLennan county seat now stands. "Huaco" means "the bowl"; thus the Indian lovers of the picturesque described the situation of their village at the junction of the Bosque with the Brazos, where natural features are so varied that it has been easy for Waco to set apart twenty parks and recreation areas.

Fort Worth, too, speaks of other days—the days of the ranchers who marketed there the cattle from hundreds of thousands of acres. And still the down-town streets, in spite of their mammoth buildings, give their reminders of a famous shopping center on the day when the circus comes to town. Automobiles have displaced the more picturesque conveyances of the past, but when their owners park them on the busy streets it is easy to think of them as wagons waiting at convenient hitching posts.

But when those machines are out in the road once more what opportunities they have for travel, opportunities that would have made the ranchmen stare. All over Tarrant County are highways of superior excellence, among these being that to Lake Worth, largest artificial body of water in the Southwest, the delightful Meandering Road around the lake, and the boulevard over the undulating lands, past the pecan orchards and through the flowers that are found between Fort Worth and Dallas, a city so different from its near-neighbor, yet so full of bustle, business and beauty that it is typical of the best in modern Texas.

VIEW OF PART OF FORT WORTH, TEXAS, FROM AN AIRPLANE

Those who keep to the prosaic railway will find it easy to go among these cities of East Texas. But how much more fortunate is the traveler by automobile who can follow the Meridian Highway from San Antonio, through Austin, to Waco and Dallas, and then can take the National Highway to Fort Worth, Weatherford and Abilene and the old Spanish Trail to El Paso, sentinel of West Texas, on the Rio Grande.

But from Abilene a side trip should be taken south to the Colorado and through the hill country, down to Kimble and Kerr counties, a region of wonderful beauty. In Kimble County are the Seven Hundred Springs, at the headwaters of the Llano River, where the water gushes from the rock and pours down the worn face of a huge bluff, creating at once a full-sized river. A few miles away, at the point of union of the North and South branches of the Llano, the county-seat town of Junction nestles in the valley below Lovers' Leap, a beetling crag far above the river—still another of the spots where Indian lovers, despairing because of parental objections that thwarted them, leaped to union in death. One may be permitted to doubt the story, but he cannot doubt the beauty of the landscape of valley and hill spread out below this elevated spot.

The locomotive has not yet penetrated to Junction; the advanced lines of the railroad are encountered at Kerrville, in Kerr County, whose location on the Guadalupe River gives it easy entrance to the region a few miles west of the young mountains, which are, in reality, foothills of the Llano Estacado. Like the Llano, the Guadalupe becomes a river just when it jumps out from under the south side of the Llano

Estacado. Campers delight to linger along the fifty miles of the river's banks. One of them gave voice to his emotion in a long series of stanzas that are full of feeling, even if the meter does halt, as in the final stanza:

> Trouble is, a little outing on the Guadalupe will prove
> A trial to your heartstrings, when the time comes to move.

Sometimes the trial to the heartstrings is avoided by moving on over Medina Hill to the valley of the Medina River, by way of the scenic road far above a deep canyon, then up a hill past the twin flowing wells that are little lakes fifty feet across, on to Bandera Pass, the scene of famous Indian fights, and Camp Verde, where, as young lieutenants, both Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston had some of their first experiences at an army post. Cattle are raised now on the site of the old fort. This fort was the home of one of a drove of camels with which the Government experimented when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War.

From Cape Verde the road turns back to Kerrville, the starting point, thus completing a loop of fifty-four miles through fascinating country.

In Kerrville the citizens tell with pride of a governor of Texas who stood on a hill above the town and said, "I fancy this is a little the most beautiful view in the world." These citizens will not own that there are any drawbacks to the country of their choice. One of them, with pardonable partiality, once said: "In the summer time it gets hot everywhere, and climate boosters who say it does not are a bunch of nature-fakers. That is what summer is for. The thermometer rises up about as high here as it does in other places

MOUTH OF BIG PAINT, IN KIMBLE COUNTY, TEXAS

NORTH PEAK, CHISOS MOUNTAINS, TEXAS

HOUSTON SQUARE, EL PASO, TEXAS
Mt. Franklin in background

of the same latitude." Then, of course, he added that there is a difference in heat and gave the assurance that Kerrville's brand of aridity is the best possible kind, since the town is not in the arid section where the rocks are blistered and the underlips of the horned toads are sunburnt!

It is not necessary to retrace the route from Kerrville to the National Highway at Abilene if one is prepared to take roads that are not the best, though they are good. For directly through Kerrville and Junction passes a road that leads to the Pecos River and joins the Old Spanish Trail perhaps two hundred miles from El Paso, the only large city along the two thousand miles of Mexican border.

El Paso is old, unreasonably old, for the spot was named in 1598 by Juan de Oñate. The real start of the American city was nearly three centuries later, in 1882, when the first railroad reached the point where the Rio Grande Valley cuts the central plateau among the Rocky Mountains at an elevation of nearly four thousand feet. Here the South touches hands with the West. Within easy reach of the city are monster works of the men of to-day like the Elephant Butte Dam; works of the men of yesterday like the Cave dwellings of a prehistoric race over the line in Mexico, and the five towns, dating from 1682, each of which boasts its quaint old mission, more than two hundred years old; works of nature like the Hueco Tanks, rock formations of overwhelming grandeur which awed the emigrants who passed to California by the route through these wonders. Then there is Cloudcroft, nine thousand feet high, the location of "the highest golf links in the world," and, far below, the strange White Sands, a

wilderness of white dunes of pure gypsum, thirty-five miles long and fifteen miles wide, looking like great banks of snow. Close to these are the Grand Canyon of the Sacramento, which drops fifteen hundred feet within a few miles and is traversed by an overland automobile highway, the upper and lower falls of the Peñasco River, and Ruidoso River, brawling over the stones and forming pools in which the trout lurk enticingly. Finally there are the Franklin Mountains, whose six main peaks are from five to seven thousand feet high, the home of canyons and valleys, cliffs and springs, cacti and flowers.

But it is folly to try to name all the pleasures in store for the visitor to El Paso or to attempt descriptions that, at best, will seem tame to those who refuse to go flying through the city on the way to or from California instead of taking advantage of the stopover eagerly suggested by the railroad.

CHAPTER XXVIII

DOWN IN ARKANSAS

HOW many people would include Arkansas in the list of the four or five most interesting states of the South? Yet it belongs in such a list. Many would go so far as to say that it is, in many respects, the state of greatest attractions. At any rate, few states have in them corners less known than some of the sections of Arkansas and better worth knowing than this state whose name is so often mispronounced as it is spelled. To pronounce it otherwise seems to many an affectation, though La Salle, in telling of his travels, spoke of visiting the villages of the Ar-kan-sa. In 1819 the Act of Congress creating the territory of Arkansas spelled the name Arkansaw nine times. And in 1881 the General Assembly of the estate, by solemn edict, stated that the pronunciation should be with the final letter silent.

There is something in Arkansas for everybody. The geologist will find satisfaction in the "bottomless" Mammoth Spring, in Fulton County, eighteen acres in extent, with a flow of 300,000 gallons a minute, or in the strange Sunken Lands of the northeastern part of the state, grim reminders of the New Madrid earthquake of 1811, when so many settlers lost their homes that they were permitted to locate on other lands. Among the locations so made were those on which Little Rock and Hot Springs are now found.

For the sportsman there is keen delight in Big Lake, near the Sunken Lands, a pleasing body of water formed by the widening of Little River. There he will be able to fish to his heart's content in the government preserves, where commercial fishing is frowned upon except for those who obey the strict rules laid down. A little farther south, along the St. Francis River and its bayous, there is some of the best black bass fishing in America. On the upper waters of the Ouachita, beyond Hot Springs, the bass seem to be waiting for the fly. And as for hunting in the Ozarks! The man who knows how to go there after the foxes and wolves and wildcats can spin yarns that will make his hearers resolve to turn their steps thither.

Let the lovers of the beautiful go to these same Ozarks, in the northwestern part of the state. One hunter said that the glory of this mountain country is so great that the seeker after game must be on his guard lest, instead of giving his attention to the hunt, he permit himself to wander far afield. "I have stood at sunset on an Ozark peak," he said, "and looked out over a series of valleys checkered with farms reaching miles and miles away, all lying soft under the smoke and haze of evening, and have thought that never, in any land, have I seen a more beautiful country."

It seems strange that more novelists and poets have not soaked themselves in Arkansas sunshine, following the example of Octave Thanet (Alice French) to whom the region between the Black and the White Rivers was so well known. To her the cascade of the White River was an inspiration, and her plantation home at Clover Bend on Black River was a retreat for which she longed whenever she was called away from it. Lovingly she

spoke of "those unimaginably rich mountain ranges, sullenly guarding a world's store of metals, those mysterious forests hardly tapped by the lumberman's axe, those neglected, untilled fields that yield luxuriantly even to the most careless culture." It is many years since the words were written, but they are as true to-day as a generation ago.

Arkansas has also rich secrets to whisper to those whose interest is in the romance of the pioneer. What would be wanted more alluring than the record of De Soto's journey in 1673:

"Seeing there was no way of reaching the South Seas, we returned towards the North and afterwards in a Southwest direction, to a province called Quigata [supposed to be near Little Rock], where we found the largest village we had yet seen in all our travels. It was situated on one of the branches of a great river. We remained here six or eight days to procure guides and interpreters, with the intention of finding the sea. The Indians informed us there was a province eleven days off where they killed buffalo, and where we could find guides to conduct us to the sea."

Or there is the story of Tontitown, in Northwestern Arkansas, a few miles from Fayetteville, which began with the well-meant plan of Austin Corbin to colonize Italians on cotton lands along the Mississippi. The early death of the philanthropist threw affairs into confusion, and the colonists from sunny Italy were soon in despair. Many of them died in the swamps. The appeal of the survivors for help was heard by Father Bandini, an Italian priest in New York City, who spent his savings in reaching the colony. There he inspired the survivors, about one hundred of them, to follow

him away from the pestilential swamps. The journey across Arkansas was continued through the winter months, when rabbits were trapped for food. In the spring the priest borrowed eight hundred dollars, while some of the men worked on a new railroad and added their savings to the common fund. Thousands of acres were bought in the heart of the virgin forest. There was built Tontitown, named for one of La Salle's fellow-explorers. In the new town everything was Italian; the homesick people would have it so. Their houses are like the Italian houses. Seeds, trees, plows and all sorts of tools were imported. "The eggs of all kinds of creatures came with them," a resident of the village said to a recent visitor, "and now we have even our own Italian crickets and Italian locusts."

Near-neighbor to Tontitown is Eureka Springs, noted, among other things, for the glorious views from advantageous heights, scores of miles in every direction, for strange Pivot Rock, perched precariously on a hillside, and for its proximity to the strange Crooked Creek, that loses itself in the sands of its bed, then passes under White River into Missouri, where it empties into the stream with which it thus plays hide-and-seek.

Farther south Fort Smith, from its seat on the Arkansas River, looks southward and eastward toward high peaks of the Ozarks like Petit Jean in Yell County and Fourche Mount in Polk County, whose twenty-five hundred feet bring them within reach of the highest peak in the state, Magazine Mountain. Of this eminence Thomas Nuttall, in his "Travels into the Arkansas Territory" (1821) presented a drawing—a pyramid with its top removed, wooded on sides and on the sum-

LOOKING DOWN BUFFALO RIVER VALLEY, ARKANSAS

LITTLE MISSOURI FALLS, ARKANSAS

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS

mit. He said that the side which presented itself to him was "almost inaccessibly precipitous."

Down near the center of the state, on the same Arkansas River—whose two thousand miles makes it the longest tributary of the Mississippi after the Missouri—Little Rock, the capital, has its site fifty feet above the stream. One bank of the river is a bold precipice, known as Big Rock, while opposite there is a peninsula, reaching out into the stream. This is called Little Rock. Its name was given to the city that has been capital, first of the territory and later of the state, since 1821. The capitol building, the levee, and the National and Confederate cemeteries make a visit to the "City of Roses" well worth while.

Sixty miles southwest of Little Rock, over rolling country, lies Hot Springs, oldest and smallest and best patronized of the National Parks, where the Indians learned to go in search of health, where De Soto spent a season, where to-day from one to two hundred thousand visitors go each year. There they find not only forty-six thermal springs, gushing from the base of the mountains, but wooded hills, winding government roads, comfortable hotels and opportunities for rambles into the mysterious mountains.

Nearly fifty years ago a writer in the Detroit *Evening News,* after a visit to this crowning glory of Arkansas, wrote:

"What! Never heard of Hot Springs! Why, Hot Springs is the prettiest and ugliest, the richest and poorest, the nicest and meanest, the wettest and driest, the hottest and coolest, the best and worst place in Arkansas. They did their best to hide it away . . . in a little valley just on the edge of the Ozarks, but it steamed so it could not be hid. . . .

"What does the place look like? Oh, just as though some giant in bygone days had split the mountain open, about two rods wide and three miles long, and then picked up some big hotels, some stores, some bathing-houses, some dwellings and thrown them, as well as he could, into the bottom of the split."

That description is all right to-day, if there is omitted all suggestion of anything unpleasant. Hot Springs is thoroughly pleasant, as it has a right to be. For it is in Arkansas.

CHAPTER XXIX

IN AND OUT OF LOUISVILLE

"THE Ohio is the most beautiful river on earth," Thomas Jefferson declared. Then what a claim Kentucky has to beauty even before the state is entered, since it possesses twice as much of the bewildering curves of *La Belle Riviere* as any other state! And, having formed the habit of clinging to a meandering stream, it seemed natural to choose for its western boundary a portion of the Mississippi River where curves are at their worst. Witness the New Madrid bend, at the southwest corner of the state, where a steamboat that is twenty miles away by channel can be seen across a mile of land. Only a few years ago this peninsula was three miles wide, but constant erosion has eaten away two-thirds of the land. Another strange thing about this double bend is that an aviator, flying across it at a carefully chosen spot, would pass from Missouri into Kentucky, from Kentucky into Missouri again, then into Tennessee. The first bit of Kentucky crossed is the mile-wide peninsula, orphaned from its parent state by the river and surrounded on three sides by the river and on the fourth side by Tennessee.

About midway of the noble river boundary, at the Falls of the Ohio—rapids formed by a ledge of limestone—pioneers stopped in 1778 and made the first settlement, on the site of Louisville. They used good judgment in choosing this hill-surrounded spot. A traveler of 1792 spoke of the delightful and sublime

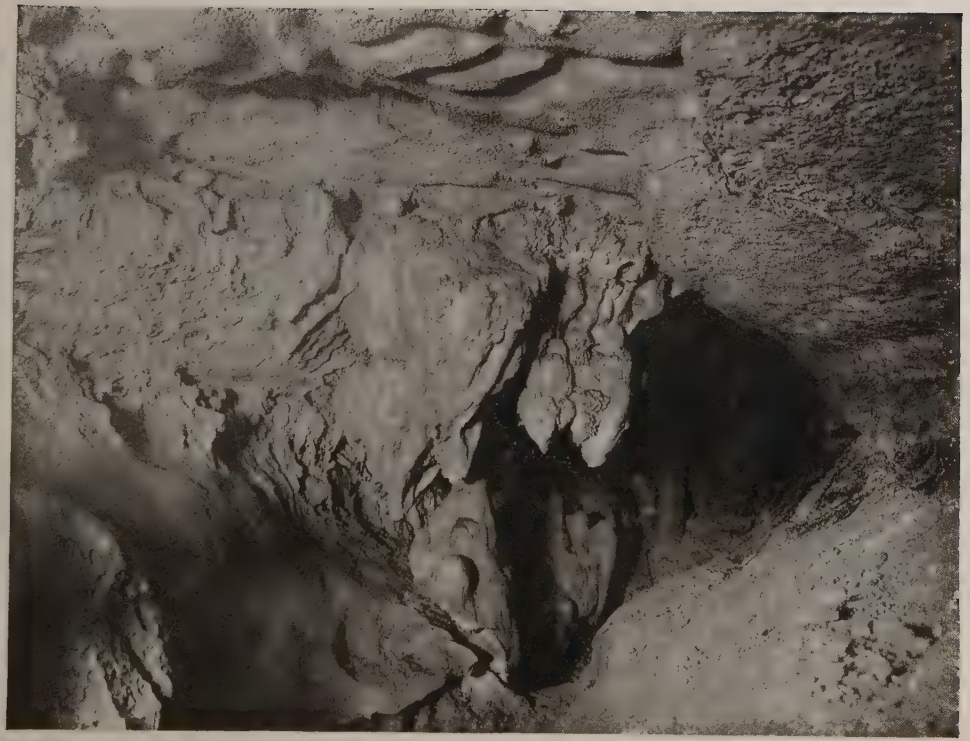
situation and declared that the rumbling noise of the falls would tend to "exhilarate the spot, and give a cheerfulness even to sluggards." He was sure that the place would soon become a flourishing town.

The traveler's judgment was vindicated. In 1799 Congress made Louisville a port of entry, collectors there being charged with the duty of preventing the smuggling of goods from New Orleans, then a foreign port. The importance of the town thus dignified was increased by the emigrants who floated down the river, and the ever-increasing trade from Pittsburgh. In 1825 the canal around the falls was begun, and Louisville was well launched on the triumphant career which, in 1818, attracted George Keats from England. There he grew wealthy, in spite of the warning of his poet brother, John Keats, "Those Americans will, I am afraid, still fleece you."

Another early English visitor to Louisville was Charles Dickens, whose uncomplimentary but interesting descriptions in "Martin Chuzzlewit" and in the "American Notes" do not agree with things others have told of the town in the early days. They seem impossible to modern visitors who carry away with them delightful memories of their stay in the city of stirring business activity and stalwart home life, whose trees and parks and boulevards fit in so well with the easy sweep of the broad river and the plunge of the floodwaters over the limestone ledge, so long a barrier to navigation.

That harmonious picture was in the mind of a local author, who, in preparing a little biography for private circulation, penned a pleasing description of the city. The starting point was on Third Avenue:

FOURTH AVENUE, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



IN COLOSSAL CAVERN, KENTUCKY

"To the south run long lines of brick houses edged with the greenest grass and shaded by maples, oaks and poplars, in all their Kentucky symmetry. The avenue ends some miles away at a woodland park encircling a long line of hills. Toward the north the street leads through the business section straight into the Ohio River, broad, slow-moving, except where, near the Indiana shore, it rushes over rocks. To the west Louisville stretches with even streets bent slightly here and there, far beyond Central Park with the fairest trees the heart of a city ever knew, beyond the Cabbage Patch and Mrs. Wiggs' neighborhood, until the river again becomes the boundary as it curves around the Indiana hills. On the eastern side the city merges into the characteristically dimpled landscape of Mockingbird Valley, Anchorage and Pewee Valley, the home of the Little Colonel."

It is so delightful to be in Louisville that there is apt to be regret on leaving the city—unless there is the pleasant anticipation of a journey to some one of the many attractive spots so easily accessible from this as a starting point.

One of these enticing regions is near Bardstown, in Nelson County, less than fifty miles to the southeast. The lover of beauty will find satisfaction everywhere in the country, but the archeologist will want to go to the remnants of prehistoric parallel walls near the turnpike between Louisville and Nashville, four miles from Bardstown. Their size and massiveness are cause for wonder. Unfortunately the owner of the land sold much of the stone to a contractor who wanted it for use in rebuilding the turnpike, but there is enough left to stir the imagination of the beholder. Who were

the builders, and what relation did these walls have to the two never-failing springs, each about five hundred feet distant?

Farther south in the same country, in the midst of rugged surroundings, is a silent community that speaks of the old world rather than the new—Gethsemane Abbey, the monastery where some ninety monks spend their days in contemplation or in the cultivation of the broad acres that have been won from the wilderness and made fertile by constant toil. Life in the abbey has been pictured with great skill by James Lane Allen in his story, "The White Cowl."

What a contrast to the Abbey is furnished by the chaste memorial near Hodgenville, a few miles south, built about the log cabin birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, whose life was spent to such wonderful purpose that more than half a century after his death biographers are still trying to interpret him for the later generations!

A trip from Louisville that should be taken no matter what else is omitted, is south less than one hundred miles along the turnpike to Nashville, across Green River, which has carved a path for itself through the sandstone and limestone plateau more than three hundred feet deep, to the wonderful cave region of Kentucky, where scores of caverns honeycomb the limestone down to a point near the level of the river.

Those who seek the cave region by automobile will see enough of beauty to make them appreciate the description written by John Muir when the country was not so well known as it is to-day. He marveled at "the lofty, curving ranks of swelling hills . . . concaved valleys of fathomless verdure and . . . lordly trees

with the nursing sunlight glancing in the leaves upon the magnificent masses of shade embosomed among their wide branches."

If the trip is made by railroad, the train may be left at Cave City; from there a branch road runs a few miles to Mammoth Cave, the best known of the three caves, "the entrance to which," it has been said, "could be covered by an equilateral triangle measuring hardly more than three miles."

Within ten miles of Mammoth Cave Muir found a farmer who had never been to what he called disdainfully "only a hole in the ground." But a little later Bayard Taylor thought it worth while to travel far to enter the seventy-foot arch, in the midst of beautiful surroundings, which to the farmer was only a hole. When he came out he said:

"I have been twelve hours underground, but I have gained an age in a strange and hitherto unknown world; an age of wonderful experiences and an exhaustless store of sublime and lovely memories. Before taking a final leave of the Mammoth Cave, however, let me assure those who have followed me through it that no description can do justice to its sublimity or present a fair picture of its manifold wonders. It is the greatest natural curiosity I have ever visited, Niagara not excepted. He whose expectations are not satisfied by its marvelous avenues, domes and starry grottoes must either be a fool or a demigod."

Mammoth Cave, with its one hundred and fifty miles of avenues, was discovered in 1809, but the entrance to Colossal Cavern—smaller but by many considered not less marvelous—was not found until 1895. In the meantime thousands of visitors made pilgrimage to the

region of Green River to see the caves. And still a few go that way. But why do not more go? The district should be made a National Park. There is talk of a Mammoth Cave Park; a bill for its erection has been before Congress. Surely such a bill will some day be made law. And when it is there will be a renewal of interest in the underground wonders of central Kentucky.

Those who are wise will not wait until that time, but will choose to go when the country is almost as wild as in the days of which Muir and Bayard Taylor wrote.

CHAPTER XXX

DOWN THROUGH THE BLUE GRASS

THERE are many ways of entering Kentucky's famous Blue Grass country from the north. One of the best of these is by means of the Kentucky River, winding along through the fields of grain and hemp and alfalfa and blue grass and tobacco, to the east of Shelby County, called "the Jersey Isle of America," to Frankfort, capital of the state, whose royal situation on the bending river, flowing between limestone bluffs with green billowy hills all around, must ever call forth exclamations of delight. But a prospect even more splendid is the reward of those who climb the hill to the beautiful capitol building. From the dome there is spread out a vast map of some of the state's wildest and most beautiful scenery. In this the men of the mountains take keen delight as they guide their rafts of lumber down to market, passing between deep gorges that are comparable to the Palisades of the Hudson.

Other approaches from the north are from Covington, opposite Cincinnati, by way of the railroad, or—better still—along the Covington and Lexington pike, once a buffalo trail, later a stage road, now a part of the Dixie Highway. For many miles this highway, keeping close to the railroad, gives opportunity for an intimate study of the rich country where fine horses feeding in the valley meadows and hospitable homes nestling deep in the groves, make the traveler appreciate the enthusiasm of Imlay, Kentucky's first his-

torian, who, in 1792, said that "Lexington is nearly central of the finest and most luxuriant country, perhaps, on earth."

At that time the town was already nearing its majority. Among the first visitors to its site, it is said, were hunters from Boonesboro (or "Boone's Burrow," as one writer gave the name). They were encamped where the city has since risen when news came to them of the battle of Lexington. At once they named the encampment after the town where the Massachusetts heroes had boldly faced their enemies. At least this is the tradition that is—to quote the Lexington *Herald*—not lightly to be questioned or cast aside as pure fiction. Lexingtonians prefer to rest on Bancroft's acceptance of the tradition.

Before the town was laid out frontiersmen were made curious by strange piles of stones, curiously wrought, in the woods where Lexington now stands. Under the surface of the ground they found other stones, then artificial caverns, catacombs in fact, and further indications that these were the remains of unknown builders centuries before the coming of the white men.

Above these ancient remains Lexington was founded in 1779. One of the first buildings was the blockhouse, built at what is to-day the corner of Main and Mill Streets. Out from the gates one day went Alexander McConnell, in search of deer. Five Indians captured him and led him away toward the Ohio River. But before long he managed to kill three of his captors. Giving the others the slip, he returned to the blockhouse, where he was received with amazement by those who had given him up.

Without the walls of the blockhouse was a log school where John McKinney taught. Once, while waiting for his pupils, a wildcat attacked him, hooking crooked teeth about one of his ribs. His call for aid brought assistance. "Don't be alarmed," he said. "It is only a cat I have caught. I need help in killing it." Freed from the animal, he went into the schoolhouse and taught as if nothing had happened.

That first school had a worthy successor in Transylvania Seminary, chartered in 1780 at Danville, and removed to Lexington a few years later. Daniel Boone was one of the jurors appointed to condemn land for its use, and George Washington and John Adams were among the first subscribers to its funds.

One of the early citizens attracted to Lexington was Henry Clay. In 1797 he entered the bustling town. "Here," he said, "I established myself, without patrons, without the favor of the great or opulent, without the means of paying my weekly board, and in the midst of a bar uncommonly distinguished by eminent members."

Eight years later he bought land on the pike leading to Richmond and made his home there. This is the site of Ashland, one of the historic shrines to which patriots turn their steps in ever-increasing numbers. A part of the estate has been cut up into building lots for encroaching Lexington, but the mansion where Clay's favorite son lived will be preserved.

The first session of the Kentucky legislature was held at Lexington in 1792, but the capital was removed to Frankfort the next year. This was the year of the trial trip of the seamboat built by Edward West on a portion of the Elkhorn, dammed for the purpose. The

model of the vessel was destroyed when the Patent Office at Washington was burned in 1814. But the memory of the exploit remained. In 1816 the *Kentucky Gazette,* when speaking of the departure of a steamer from Cincinnati for New Orleans, mentioned the fact that it was "worked on a plan invented by Mr. West nearly twenty years ago, and in a manner distinct from any other steamboat now in use."

Fifteen or sixteen years after this loyal utterance, a Lexington mechanic built the "Western Star," one of the first locomotive engines produced in this country. A writer in a local paper, after telling of its ability to draw a car at a speed of eight miles an hour, said, "We never expected to travel by the aid of steam, but so it is." Yet the time soon came when steam was used in the railroad from Lexington to Frankfort.

When Henry Clay first saw Lexington there were sixteen hundred people in the town. By 1832 it had improved so rapidly that the following description was proudly written of it: "The town buildings in general are handsome and some are magnificent. Few towns in the West or elsewhere are more delightfully situated. Its environs have a singular softness of landscape, and the town wears an air of neatness, opulence and repose, indicating leisure and steadiness, rather than the bustle of business and commerce."

That last sentence is now hardly true to the facts, but the next statement might have been made to-day: "The people are addicted to giving parties, and the tone of society is fashionable!"

If it is possible to spend but one day in Lexington—the visitor who cannot stay longer is to be profoundly pitied—the day chosen should be Court Day, the second

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, ON COURT DAY

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
State Capitol in background

Monday of the month, a survival of primitive life. On that day the people from all around throng with their wares to the city, eager to dispose of them by barter. They gather on Cheapside, bringing mules and horses and carriages, cattle and sheep and produce. Negroes are there with second-hand flat-irons, razors, hoes, guns. Here is an old darkey and his dog singing a duet—that is, he sings and the dog yelps. Over yonder a trader mounts a wagon seat and calls: "What will you give me for the horse—perfectly sound horse? What do you bid? Seven I'm bid; give me ten!"

"These Court Days have a fascination for me," a resident said to the author, "I never weary of them. In fact, I delight in everything about the place. I have lived in California, in Texas, in Virginia, in the East, but I feel that here is the most beautiful section of America. There is the grateful mellowness of the old Lexington life. It has the sweetness of age, a really ripe culture. To me the city stands for the gentle, the natural, the refined, the kindly. The Kentuckian feels deeply, though he is unable to give expression to his feelings. They are suppressed. When they do finally find expression there is a real eruption.

"And down here in the Blue Grass people know how to get real satisfaction from life. For instance, on Sunday they like to take their relatives home from church, as well as the minister. And what a dinner they serve! Let me tell you of a sample meal. Mind you, I am not speaking of a set company dinner, or a dinner in the house of a landowner, but a casual every-Sunday dinner in the house of a tenant farmer, whose Cousin Ben Allen and Uncle Jim Arthur and Aunt Sarah Boyd and all the rest are gathered about the

board. (Remember that it is a matter of courtesy always to call those about the table by two names—their own name and the family name, of which they are so proud.) This is what the twelve or fourteen at table eat: Corn bread, perfect as only Kentucky women and cooks know how to make it. Beaten biscuit. Hot biscuit. Probably light bread. Whole country ham, preferably not less than one year old and brought on the table whole. Roast turkey or chicken. Some kind of beef in one of a number of forms. Gravy with dressing. Fish salad. Escalloped cabbage. Sweet corn as a custard. Pineapples or apples or similar fruit served with whipped cream. White potatoes, baked or mashed, swimming in butter. Either buttered or candied sweet potatoes, piping hot. All kinds of relishes, pimento cheese, pickles, celery, chow-chow. Ice-cream or peaches covered with whipped cream and three or four varieties of cake. . . . And the cooking is absolutely perfect."

The cooks of to-day inherit their cunning from famous women like Jessamine Douglas, in whose honor Jessamine County, to the south of Lexington, took its name; she lost her life while hurrying to warn the settlers of the approach of hostile Indians.

The southern boundary of Jessamine County is made by the Kentucky River, which the railway crosses at a point where the palisades are boldest. The track passes from cliff to cliff on High Bridge, said to be the "highest structure of the kind over a navigable stream." More than three hundred feet below the track the river flows on toward the Ohio. The view from the bridge is so magnificent that the passengers wish they might pause there for hours.

But in the neighborhood is so much of interest that a stopover should be made if possible. There is the cave in the cliff where Boone is said to have hidden from the Indians. South of the river, west of the bridge, a little Shaker community, Pleasant Hill, is approached by a primitive ferry. Long ago the Shakers selected the spot because of its great beauty. Only a few of them are left, and these will soon be gone.

Within easy reach of High Bridge are Harrodsburg —the first permanent settlement in Kentucky, founded in 1774 by the friend and companion of Daniel Boone, Captain James Harrod—and Danville, where was held, in 1784, the first constitutional convention to consider the separation of Kentucky from Virginia.

Danville is well within the Blue Grass Country. The southern limit is twenty miles farther south, where the railroad pierces King's Mountain through a tunnel almost four thousand feet long. On the southern side of the mountain the country becomes more rugged, as if in anticipation of the crossing of the Cumberland River where it comes closest to the Blue Grass Country. The choice spot in this section of the stream is twelve miles from the crossing—Cumberland Falls, whose perpendicular drop of eighty feet follows a series of rapids that make fit termination to the tour down through the Blue Grass.

CHAPTER XXXI

AMONG THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

STRICTLY speaking, the mountains of Kentucky are merely sturdy hills. But the combination of steep hills and deep valleys seems to put them in the mountain class. At any rate, it is difficult to convince the rambler through the thirty hill counties of the state that most of the eminences range only from three hundred to eight hundred feet above the valley. He prefers to think of them as mountains. And why not?

At any rate, the pioneers who came over Boone's Wilderness Road and approached Kentucky through Cumberland Gap, where Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia meet, would probably have laughed at anyone who had the temerity to make light of the difficulties by referring to the heights about them as hills.

The successors of these pioneers note with appreciation how the mountains make a stately bow to those who pass through them at this point which has been called "the most significant and suggestive place in America; for while Plymouth Rock was the landing place of the Puritans, Jamestown of the Cavaliers, Philadelphia of the Quakers, and Charleston of the Huguenots, it was through Cumberland Gap that both Roundhead and Huguenot, Puritan and Cavalier passed with the sober Quaker on the way to the Golden West."

The town of Cumberland Gap is not remarkable for size, but its location amid the mountains is wonderful. Above the railroad that takes advantage of the natural gateway rise rocky heights which should be climbed for the sake of some of the most memorable views in the land. Here Daniel Boone must have stood—for it was his way to go to every place of beauty in reach. Memories of him still cluster about the road, for fourteen markers have been set up along the route first pointed out by him. One of these markers is placed near the point where he entered Kentucky, high above what has with propriety been called one of the world's most beautiful highways.

John Fox loved these mountains and the people who lived among them—"a race whose descent is unmixed English, upon whose lips linger words and forms of speech that Shakspere heard and used. . . . A strange people, proud, hospitable, good-hearted and murderous. Religious, too, they talk chiefly of homicide and the Bible. . . . A people living like pioneers, singing folk-songs centuries old, talking the speech of Chaucer, and loving, hating, fighting and dying like the clans of Scotland."

Fox found his fame in these mountains. Over in Breathitt County, home of the feud, he discovered "Hell-fer-Sartain Creek," and told of it and of some of those who lived on it in a seven-hundred word story that made his name known to thousands. Later he wrote of another creek called Kingdom Come, and gave directions for reaching it. "Go down Black Mountain," he said, "and down the Kentucky to Whitesburg in Letcher County, and then on down the middle fork of Kentucky River and strike the mouth of the heavenly

named stream." This is the country of "The Little Shepherd," and the scene of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

One of the charms of this mountain region is the custom of singing ballads of home composition. This custom tells of the Scotch, Irish and English origin of the people. The ballads are frequently accompanied on an instrument that is itself a survival of early days—the dulcimer, described as "a violin with greatly narrowed and elongated body and shortened neck, made of walnut or maple wood, strung with three strings plucked by a crow-quill held in the right hand. The melody is produced by the pressure of a bit of reed in the left hand upon the proper fret in the finger-board lying underneath the strings, as in a mandolin." Of the three strings, only the first is thus touched, and with the left hand.

At Hindman, in Knott County, there is a mission school, one of whose teachers, Ann Cobb, has written an appealing bit of verse that speaks of the home life of these sturdy people of the Highlands and uses some of the quaint language that tells of their English origin. The searcher for the antique has penetrated even among these people with his offer of gold, but the stanzas indicate that he is not always successful:

Dulcimore over the fireboard, a-hanging sence allus-ago,
Strangers are wishful to buy you, and make of your music a show.
Not while the selling a heart for a gold-piece is reckoned a sin;
Not while the word of old Enoch still stands as a law for his kin.

Grandsir he made you in Breathitt the while he was courting a maid;
Nary a one of his offsprings, right down to the least one, but played.
Played, and passed on to his people, with only the songs to abide,
Long-ago songs of old England, whose lads we are battling beside.

There you'll be hanging to greet him when Jasper comes back from the
fight,
Nary a letter he's writ us—but he'll be a-coming, all right.
Jasper's the last of the Logans—hit's reason to feel that he'll beat,
Beat, and beget sons and daughters to sing the old songs at his feet.

CHAPTER XXXII

FOLLOWING WEST VIRGINIA'S RUSHING RIVERS

OTHER states may claim more navigable rivers than West Virginia, but it would not be easy for any other state to prove a claim to the possession of streams of such wonderful variety and such picturesque grandeur.

From the far eastern corner, where Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia greet one another, to Tug Fork and Big Sandy River—which together form the boundary along one hundred and thirty miles of Kentucky—there is a splendid succession of mountain-defying, gorge-making creeks and rivers whose banks would furnish wandering ground of utmost appeal for fifty summer vacations. In the country drained by these watercourses there is endless variety not only of scenery but of altitude. At Harper's Ferry in Jefferson County the bed of the Potomac is but two hundred and sixty feet above the sea. Down in Pendleton County, not far from some of the upper waters of the South Branch of the Potomac, Spruce Mountain is 4600 feet high. These are the extremes. The fifty-three remaining counties of the Little Mountain State take full advantage of their opportunity to build heights where every prospect pleases and to mold valleys where there is rich support for the prospector.

When Morgans Morgan, first white settler in what is now West Virginia, ascended the Potomac in 1727, he stopped short of the mouth of the South Branch. Perhaps if he had gone on until he caught sight of the

entry of that stream from the south he would have been lured into the realm of the mountains that hover protectingly over the river almost all the way to its source far down in Pendleton County. And what a wonderland he would have threaded! He would have seen gap after gap similar to that at Harper's Ferry, where the Potomac and the Shenandoah sweep majestically through the Blue Ridge. The first gap is at the site of the old chain bridge, not many miles above the mouth. Again at Hanging Rocks, four miles below Romney, the same mountain is riven by its waters, while not far away Mill Creek has its own pass through Mill Creek Mountain. Between Petersburg and Moorefield the portals of the mountain once more open for the leaping waters.

But gaps are not all that the South Branch has to offer. There are the Smoking Holes, where the river cuts a mountain from end to end. Geologists have read the history of this gorge; they say that once the river made its way into a limestone cavern in the mountain and emerged several miles below. The caves were enlarged by the water. Later the roof fell in. The waters plunged over the fallen rocks, producing spray and mist that looks like smoke.

Then there is the Trough, near Oldfields in Hardy County. Deep down in a gorge of its own building the river plunges through a mountain that discovered the folly of opposing the water as it determined to seek the greater stream to the north.

In 1837 the South Branch was reached at Romney by the Northwestern Turnpike, then under construction from Winchester to Parkersburg. The route was surveyed in part by one of Napoleon Bonaparte's engi-

neers, who had fled to America; the plan of the builders to compete with the National Road by enabling Virginia to retain her own trade with the West appealed to him. The way from Winchester was through Blue's Gap in North Mountain and Mill Creek Gap, where the South Branch had long been at home. For some years the turnpike was a force to be reckoned with, but in time the locomotives of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—which followed the same route closely for a long distance—displaced the stage-coach and the Conestoga wagon.

The builders of the railroad thought they had surmounted many difficulties when crossing the Eastern Panhandle, a region almost evenly divided by the South Branch. But not until they came to the Cheat River did they learn the real meaning of the word obstacle. Then courage failed them; they tried in vain to devise a way to reach the Ohio River without crossing the Cheat. Finally, however, they decided that they had no choice, and the river was crossed. Men marvelled who knew of the passage, whose difficulty was greater than had yet been attempted by a railroad.

The route followed from Oakland, Maryland, to the Cheat was almost identical with that chosen by Washington in 1784 when he was trying to map out his route by canal and river to the West. At that time the General, noting the dark color of the river, said that he thought this was due to the thickets of laurel at the source. In those days the stream flowed through a tangled wilderness where laurel and rhododendron grow luxuriantly. Even to-day the growth persists in places, to the delight of those who penetrate the mysteries of the Cheat.

At Morgantown Washington was told by those who

professed to know the region that all the way from Dunkard Bottom to the Monongahela the Cheat could be navigated. Yet it is known that few have succeeded in facing the swift current and the cataracts made as the waters dash over the ledges in the thirty-two miles of the gorge. This entire section is difficult, desolate and dismaying, but the final ten miles above the mouth, just over the line in Pennsylvania, surpass the remainder in grandeur. At times the fall is fifty feet in a mile.

Of the nature of the gorge one of the railroad engineers wrote in 1828:

"The bed of the stream is frequently filled with large masses of rock, many of them as large as a moderate house, sometimes so abundant we had to leap from one to the other. The mountains which form the banks rise almost immediately from the water's edge and present their steep sides at an angle of forty or fifty degrees to the height of seven hundred or eight hundred feet. In sixteen miles there is scarcely level ground enough to place the foundations of a small cabin. We were three days in going the distance. No horse ever penetrated there."

There has not been much change. In 1906 a venturesome newspaper correspondent, learning that few people had ever been through Laurel Hill along the stream, made the journey. It is difficult to realize that the story of the trip as he told it on his return had to do with a region so close to the heart of civilization, only a short distance from two of West Virginia's prosperous residence and commercial centers. Yet he said:

"Within half a mile the miserable path which I had been following ended in a tangle of laurel at a point

beyond which no fishermen ever pass. The jungles on the canyon side were so dense that I preferred wading in the bed of the river to trying to break my way through. It was not often possible to wade the channel, for at one step the water might be six inches deep, and at the next twenty-five feet. Sometimes the river spread to a width of three hundred or four hundred feet, again contracted to one-fourth that. Boulders blocked the channel in many places.

"Many of the rapids are so rough that the water, despite its natural red color, assumes the whiteness of snow. Where the eddies are placid and the depths cavernous, the water looked as black as ink. At times within a foot of the shore a pole twenty feet long will not reach bottom.

"At noon that day I had thirteen miles of gorge ahead; at dark, eight. Many a cliff had to be climbed to pass precipitous banks. And many a boulder larger than a house blocked the only footing near the river.

"I am no novice in making my way through rough countries among obstacles, but I had a nearer approach to starvation and physical exhaustion while in that canyon than ever before in my life. Yet that was the identical route which Washington believed was the highway over which would pass the interchange of commerce between the East and the West.

"On the morning of the third day I completed my thirteen miles going through the canyon, and got my first meal since starting. That was five miles below Dunkard Bottom. Here Washington thought a city would grow up—perhaps like Pittsburgh—at the head of water navigation and at the head of the highway across the Alleghenies."

To the east of the gorge of Cheat River are "The Glades," the great Allegheny plateau, from two to three thousand feet high, where summer hotels give invitation to the tourist to linger in the country of the laurel, the mountain and the mysterious river. Oakland, Maryland, and Brookside, Eglon, Aurora and Mount Chateau in West Virginia are centers in the elevated region from which walking tours can be made to the wonders of the Cheat.

Dunkard Bottom is the point in the gorge nearest to Morgantown, on the Monongahela, the seat of the State University, one of the best in the South. And a little farther up the crooked river is Fairmont, where a state normal school flourishes. Above the beautiful town the Monongahela is entered by Tygart's River, another of the rushing streams that come from the Eastern Plateau, where are the state's loftiest mountains.

Tygart's River is only one hundred miles long, but it drops more than two thousand six hundred feet in that distance. At the headwaters the country is mountainous, and the slopes of the valleys are steep and frequently precipitous. There wild beasts still have their dens in hidden places as in the days of which lines found in an old church record in Randolph County tell:

The hungry bear's portentous growl,
The famished wolf's uncouthly howl;
The prowling panther's keenest yell,
These echo from the gloomy dell.

But still man holds his dwellings there,
Defying panther, wolf and bear;
But prowling varmints plainly tell
This is no place for man to dwell.

The mountains high with grandeur rise
And reach the everlasting skies;
The vales between are dark and wild,
And streamlets dash or murmur wild.

The roaring rivers, rough and wide,
Dash down, or pause and softly glide;
And sometimes their onrushing waves
Bear dwellers down to watery graves.

Tygart's Valley is famous. It was one of the earliest valleys in the state to be settled by those who tilled the land. They were attracted by the fertile soil along the forty miles of stream where the floor is from half a mile to a mile wide. Once—so geologists say—the river ran on the summit of the mountain and has gradually cut its way down, making the attractive valley, nearly two thousand feet below the summit of Cheat Mountain on the east and Rich Mountain on the west.

Tygart's River meets the West Branch of the Monongahela at Fairmont, after its less strenuous passage through the Central Plateau where altitudes are not so great. Yet the beauty of its course may be judged at Clarksburg, once the frontier hamlet of George Rogers Clark's founding, which slept amid the rounded hills until the railroad and the gas and the oil roused it from sleep and turned it into a mighty industrial center.

The Clarksburg of to-day is a most attractive combination of old Southern calm and modern Northern bustle. There relics of plantation days look out on lofty business buildings, and slave quarters survive just across from a hotel that would do credit to a city of four times Clarksburg's population. A tablet in a business street records the fact that "Stonewall Jack-

son was born here," and Federal earthworks frown down from the hills on the triumphs of peace and plenty.

Clarksburg is the city of glass—window glass and table glass, tumblers for the million, clear jars for Chicago's bacon and dried beef and Philadelphia's peanut butter, yellow snuff jars for Memphis, amber beef extract bottles for England. These are the products of one of the world's greatest furnaces for making and cooking the sand and other ingredients that go through two thousand five hundred degrees of bubbling, boiling, sizzling, dazzling heat until they flow like molten lava into the waiting molds.

When finally the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad leaped across the Cheat it came to Grafton and Clarksburg, and passed on toward Parkersburg, on the Ohio. In 1827 the surveyors reported that if this route should be chosen too many tunnels would be necessary. In that day the art of tunnel-building was not understood, so it was not strange that this path to the Ohio was declared impossible. Yet the rate of construction was so slow that ample time was given to gain courage for the contest with the rocks. And what a contest it proved! Twenty-seven tunnels between Grafton and Parkersburg, one of them being the longest in the world at the time of its construction! In that day drills driven by steam and electricity had not been invented. Dynamite was unknown. Think of picking out a mile of flinty rock, with hard tools assisted by the use of ordinary powder! But the railroad was at last completed across the state. Twenty-eight years were required for the building of the single track from Baltimore to Parkersburg.

The second great railroad to cross the state followed

many years later. The Chesapeake and Ohio went through Greenbrier County, the region made famous by White Sulphur Springs and its companion resorts, where the Greenbrier River flows down to a junction with New River at Hinton.

Seven miles from Hinton, on the Greenbrier, one of the last battles of the Civil War was fought, late in August, 1865. Thurmond's Rangers, descending the Greenbrier in a canoe hollowed from a poplar log, were fired on from the bluff by Union troops.

Hinton is in Summers County, which will ever be memorable in the annals of Revolutionary days because, on January 20, 1775, the citizens of what was then Fincastle County drew up a paper of which a paragraph was:

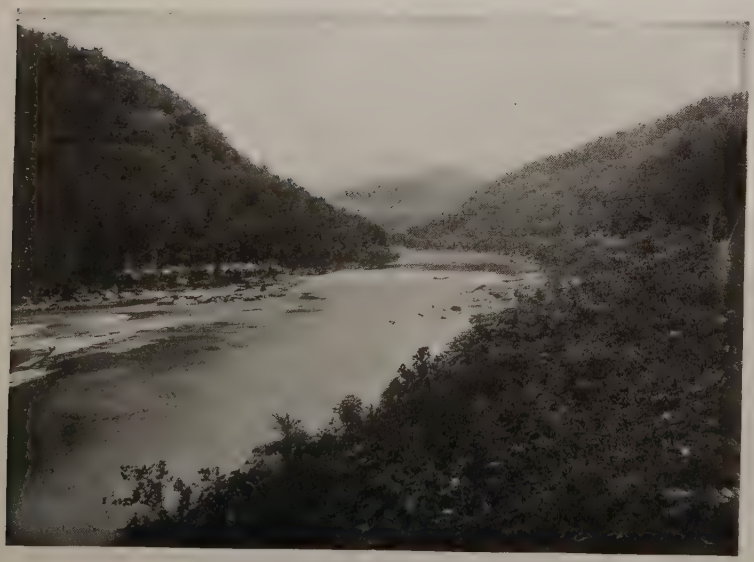
"We declare that we are deliberately determined never to surrender these [inestimable privileges] to any power upon earth but at the expense of our lives. These are real, though unpolished, sentiments of liberty, and in them we are resolved to live or die."

The stalwart signers of that document must have drawn strength from their contact with the rugged gorge of New River and the mountains that tower far above the waters.

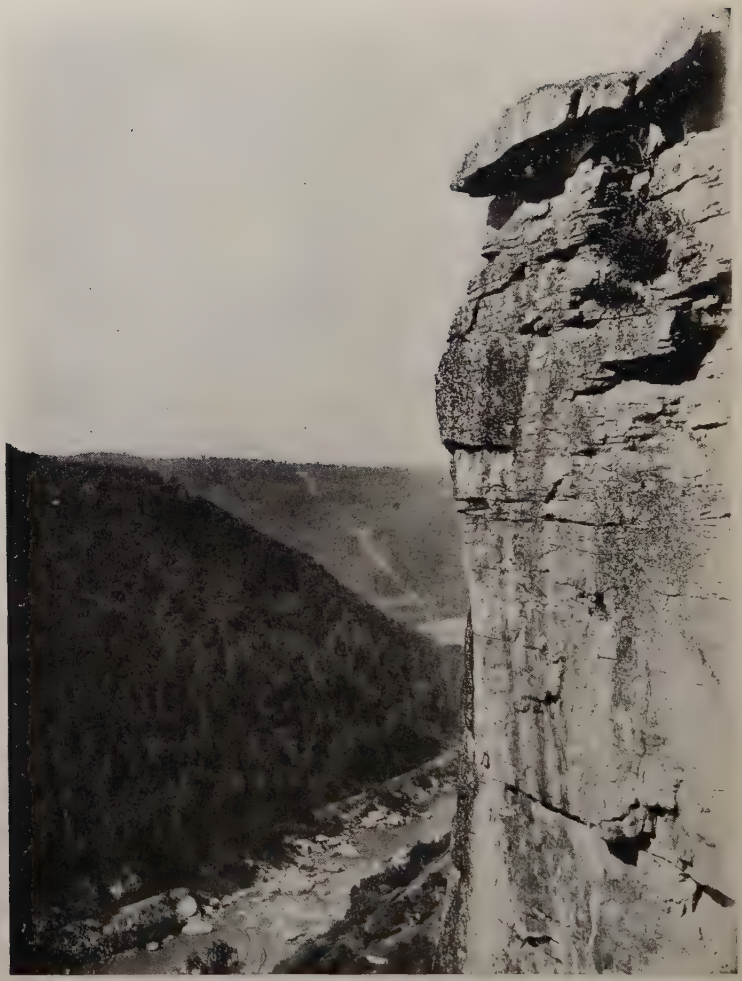
It will be difficult to contest the claim that New River scenery "is probably not surpassed by anything east of the Rocky Mountains." In 1872 a writer in *Scribner's Magazine* called the canyon "one of the most remarkable natural wonders of the Eastern States."

The New River Canyon has been described as "a deep crack in the earth, a hundred miles long, a mile wide at the summit, from eight hundred to one thousand

VALLEY FALLS, TYGART'S RIVER, WEST VIRGINIA



ON NEW RIVER, WEST VIRGINIA



SANDSTONE CLIFFS, ABOVE NUTTALL, NEW RIVER, WEST VIRGINIA

three hundred feet deep, and having at the bottom a noisy, turbulent stream."

Less than half a century ago few men had traversed the entire canyon from Hinton to Kanawha Falls. Many had stood on the edge of the crack in the sweeping plateau far above the stream, but they held life too valuable to venture down where later the railway engineers made room for the tracks and so opened up to the enjoyment of millions a journey in many respects unrivaled.

The opening of the road through the canyon led an enthusiast to prophecy: "It will not be long before we number a hundred million; the child is already born who may see the Union contain even one hundred and twenty millions. Looking for this near, or at least not-far-off, future, it is of inestimable importance that we have a country so rich in natural wealth as ours. The opening of a great region, near the center of our population, in a mild climate, not far from the center of commerce, so rich as West Virginia in the minerals most important to all industries, is something of immediate and direct interest."

Near the end of the canyon the beetling crag Hawk's Nest rises far above the stream. Then come Kanawha Falls and the mouth of Gauley River, which began its tumultuous course over in Pocahontas County, in the general region where Cheat River and Tygart's River make their start. Perhaps fifty miles from the source one of the summer campers who have learned that there is no better place than in the West Virginia mountains to seek a combination of scenery and sport told of camping on a ridge at the foot of which the Gauley "rushed down over the rocks or swirled about in fishing

pools. Just across the road from the camp, and again on the other side of the river, as far up and down the valley as one could see, the hills rose wild and beautiful, green-wooded to the top, except where great ledges of bare rock thrust the trees aside."

A resident of the hills was asked his opinion of the country. "I love it," he said. "I was born here among the hills, and I'm just weary anywhere else. I've tried it, but I always come back. When the laurel bushes blossom in the spring it's the prettiest place I ever saw. Men aren't always to be trusted, but these hills are always just the same."

Beyond the mouth of the Gauley New River is known as Kanawha River. The mountains that before kept so close on either side recede, first on one bank, then on the other. Between the river and the slopes rich bottom lands are covered with the dark green of the pasture or the lighter green of the cornfields, where grow luxuriant crops that owe their life to the silt deposited by the flood as it falls three thousand one hundred feet in four hundred and twenty-seven miles.

The last ninety miles of the Kanawha, from a point above Charleston to its mouth at Point Pleasant, have been made navigable by locks and dams, so that busy packets and picturesque towboats can ply the waters up and down the stream. This improvement in navigation was begun in early years by the James River and Kanawha Canal Company and was completed by the United States. Here the first movable dams in America were constructed, one of them being at Brownstown, nine miles from Charleston.

Charleston, long called Kanawha Court House, has the distinction of being near the site of the cabin across

from Thoroughfare Gap, where Daniel Boone waited for the buffalo, elk and other animals that flocked through on their way to the salt springs by the river. Other pioneers followed him, attracted not only by the game but by the salt found along seventy miles of the river from its mouth and back into the country from the stream, a distance of twelve or fourteen miles. There was a time when five million bushels a year were gathered in this area, and salt was an important item in the commerce of Charleston and other river ports. Today, however, the production of salt in this region is not one-fourth as large.

Yet the salt wells have left a far more important industry in their wake. Natural gas was discovered in 1815 while men were boring for salt, but not for a generation was the greatest gas discovery made—a well whose roaring could be heard for many miles. In 1841 the natural gas was first used for manufacting purposes here in the Kanawha Valley.

Then came the great oil discoveries. For years the indications of oil had been noted. It floated over many of the salt wells and found its way into the Kanawha. "Old Greasy" was a popular name for the river among the old-time boatmen.

To the fact that the petroleum industry had its start in West Virginia is due the perfection of "some of the wonders of the world," as a West Virginia historian proudly claims: "the drill that bores through rock thousands of feet thick; the casing that keeps the well open; the dynamite shot that shatters the rocks half a mile below the surface; the pump that operates many wells at once; the enormous tanks; the hundreds of miles of pipe line which pass over mountain and under

rivers; the refineries which are the largest chemical apparatus on earth."

Charleston is built on a plain that rolls up to a green ridge three hundred to five hundred feet higher. It has the advantage not only of the Kanawha, but also of the Elk, a tributary from the northeast which, in the opinion of many, is one of the choice streams of the state. Since its source is but a few miles north of the upper waters of Gauley River, it shares with that mountain stream the right to claim some of the best surroundings of Webster County. Webster Springs, famous for sulphur springs, is high up in a bowl-like hollow with mountains on every side. Through the bowl flows the tumultuous Elk, "a blue ribbon of poetry and delight." Once the Shawnee Indians made periodical pilgrimages to the Springs by way of this stream, for which they had great reverence. There was a legend among them that in the year of drouth and famine the elk, parched with thirst, came down from the mountains to the valleys. Many of the noble animals died, but those in the herd of the great leader Scar Face were shown the way to water and food when no other leader could find them. But the day came when even Scar Face could find nothing for the herd. For days he searched in vain. Then he heard the rumbling of water beneath his feet. Eagerly he pawed the earth. The exertion was too much for him; he fell dead just as his hoof opened the way to a cavity from which the waters were springing forth. And out over his body flowed Elk River.

The Indians who repeated this legend about their camp fire used to find their way to Buzzard Roost, a great cliff at the point where Little Creek enters the

A COAL MINE TOWN AT FIRECO, WEST VIRGINIA

Elk. One of the few novelists who have written of the West Virginia mountains gave a pleasing description of the Indians' outlook:

"On one side Little Creek had eroded the mountain until the naked rocks stood out bold and bare; and on the other side Elk River had done the same. The result was Buzzard Roost. Shaped like a triangle lying prone with its base toward the hills, it pointed out like a great wedge. One reaching the base at the top could travel slowly out toward the point. The cliff itself was at best but a few feet in width, and the erratic little path that wavered out it sometimes disappeared altogether, and at others clung perilously near the edge of the cliff. In the dry, shallow ground on the top there was just depth enough to support a few straggling huckleberry bushes, and here and there a low scrub pine."

It must have been an Indian with vision made keen by some eyrie like Buzzard's Roost who made the prophecy as to the coming greatness of Washington, according to the story told by George Washington Parke Custis. One day in 1755, when George Washington was near the junction of the Kanawha and the Ohio, an Indian chief sought him and said to him, through an interpreter: "The Great Spirit protects that man and guards his destinies. He will become the chief of nations, and a people yet unborn will hail him as the founder of a mighty empire."

Point Pleasant, at Kanawha's mouth, was the scene of another incident concerning which there can be no question. In 1774 took place the greatest battle ever fought with the Indians in West Virginia. These savages, on the pretext that the whites intended to cross

the Ohio, in the face of treaty obligations, joined forces against the colonists. Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia, sent troops across the Alleghenies, by way of Staunton, Warm Springs and Charleston, to meet them. A monument to those who fell in the desperate battle that followed was dedicated on the spot in 1909.

Point Pleasant is close to the western limits of West Virginia, yet between it and the Kentucky line are two other towns that have the distinction of being at the mouth of West Virginia streams. Huntington guards the entrance to the Ohio of the Guyandotte—or simply the Guyan, as it is called by those who live on its banks, while Kenova points the way of Ohio navigators to Big Sandy, which descends more than three hundred feet in one hundred miles. The chief branch of Big Sandy is known as the Tug. The records of the days of Indian warfare tell of the passage down that stream of a detachment of Virginia troops. While trying to negotiate the Roughs of Tug, a series of treacherous rapids several miles long, the canoes capsized, the men lost their supplies, and they were compelled to return home.

Yet another stream of importance enters the Ohio from the West Virginia mountains. The Little Kanawha, after starting near the Gauley and the Elk, flows into quieter country, through the undeveloped coal fields of Gilmer and Calhoun Counties, and enters the Ohio at Parkersburg, the West Virginia city in importance second only to Wheeling in the Panhandle.

CHAPTER XXXIII

ROMANCE ON AN ISLAND

WHEN George Washington made his surveying trip through Western Virginia in 1770 he was attracted by a beautiful island in the Ohio River, not far from the present site of Parkersburg, West Virginia, two miles from the mouth of the Kanawha River. The upper end lies opposite the pretty little village of Belpre, Ohio. To the surveyor who had traversed the wilds of the interior the island must have seemed a paradise. A recent visitor became enthusiastic when he stood on the shore; he told of the landscape of vale and hill to be seen by one who looks over the mainland; the forest-clad Virginia hills, rising south of the island, "in places almost palisades"; the bluffs crowned by Parkersburg, forming the gateway to the Little Kanawha; the nearer Virginia hills; the broad, beautiful river; and the shapely island rising from the water with sloping shores, shaded by tall white sycamores, elms and locusts.

Washington was so charmed by the island that he included it in the lands to which he took title. After some years, however, it passed from his hands, and in 1798 one hundred and seventy acres of it were bought by Herman Blennerhassett, a wealthy young Irishman who had come to America after marrying Margaret Agnew, whose grandfather commanded a British brigade in the American Revolution. After crossing the

Alleghenies to Pittsburg they floated down the Ohio River in a flatboat and finally took up their residence on a portion of Washington's old river possession—the eastern lobe of the spectacle-shaped island, which is three and a half miles long and one-half mile wide at either end, narrowing in the center to the width of a wagon road.

Soon the pioneers on the West Virginia and Ohio shores began to speak with wonder of the transformation being made in the river paradise by the Irish emigrant. The island became a park. On a summit near the upper end, facing so that boats coming down stream could see it well, a palatial mansion was built. The main house was fifty-two feet long and thirty feet wide. On either side were wing-like porticos forty feet long; these, with the main building, made a semi-circular front of one hundred and ten feet. From the front of the green and white house to the water's edge sloped the lawn whose grottoes, arbors, hawthorn hedges, gravel walks and flower beds containing rare imported plants fulfilled the promises made to the visitor who entered the gateway with its stately stone columns.

In the rear of the house were orchards, fields and gardens, cared for by trained men, some of whom were brought from England, as were some of the large crops of servants in the mansion itself. Slaves were a part of the establishment, many of them being needed to care for the exquisite furnishings brought from abroad.

To-day the expenditure of forty thousand dollars on a house would not attract attention, but in the day when the near-by hills of West Virginia and Ohio were a wilderness the establishment was a constant marvel;

it was like a bit of old Virginia transplanted to the frontier.

The proprietor of the estate was a student who dabbled in chemistry, electricity and astronomy. Hours were spent in his library or in the music room, where he played skillfully on the bass viol and the violoncello. Sometimes he practiced medicine when there was need, and he could have acted as lawyer for anyone who needed his services. A professor of Latin or Greek from Harvard College would have found him a kindred spirit. In fact, anyone who came his way was made welcome to the best the island—now known as Blennerhassett's Island—could provide.

Mrs. Blennerhassett was a charming hostess. One writer says of her, "History affords but few instances where so much feminine beauty, physical endurance, and many social graces were combined." She has been called one of the most remarkable women of her time, if not of all American history. She was as thoroughly educated as her husband, was mistress of graces that made her a delightful hostess, and was a lover of hunting, boating and walking.

To this paradise in the Ohio River, northern outpost of the luxury and hospitality of Virginia, came many adventurers and travelers. Among others came Aaron Burr, meditating wild dreams of the conquest of Mexico and, perhaps, later of the Ohio and Mississippi country and, eventually, of the entire American republic.

From Pittsburg Burr floated by flatboat to the shore of Blennerhassett. A hearty welcome was given to him as one who had been Vice-President of the United States. He remained long enough to win his way into

the confidence of the hostess and her guileless husband. Then he went on down the river, his mind made up that Blennerhassett Island would be an admirable center for the working out of his plans. His coming had been, as Wirt called it, "the coming of Satan into Eden." His departure was preliminary to the engulfing of the Irishman and his wife in the deep waters of conspiracy.

In 1806 Burr returned to Blennerhassett Island with his daughter Theodosia—wife of Governor Allston of South Carolina—who was conspiring with her father.

Mrs. Blannerhassett and Theodosia Allston became great friends and were soon heartily engaged with the two men in preparing for the plan to invade Mexico. Boats were built for the transportation of troops, and other arrangements were made. Blennerhassett spent his entire fortune in the preparation. He was to be the Minister to England from the great empire of which Burr was to be ruler.

Suddenly the country was aroused to its peril. Burr was arrested, but was later released for lack of proof. Then, one by one, the details of the great conspiracy were disclosed. President Jefferson by proclamation told the country of the danger, while the governors of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana issued proclamations and called out state militias. Claiborne, governor of the Territory of Orleans, declared martial law. Forts were built at New Orleans to repel the conspirators. The militia of Wood County, Virginia, were instructed to take possession of Blennerhassett Island and arrest the proprietor and his family. But the proprietor escaped on a wild winter's night, avoided the Virginia militia at the mouth of the Great Kanawha and floated down the Ohio. Mrs. Blen-

nerhassett remained at the island and witnessed the destruction of the park and the house when the militia took possession. Later she joined her husband down the river. At the mouth of the Cumberland Burr met the fugitives with boats and sixty men. Then they went on to Bayou Pierre, above Natchez, where he looked for aid from General Wilkinson, Commander of the Western United States Troops, but when he arrived there he learned that the confederate on whom he had counted had betrayed him. The Mississippi militia interfered with further progress, and the conspirators were arrested and put on trial. Yet in court they were acquitted.

In Alabama, on the way to the coast, Burr was again arrested and taken to Richmond. Blennerhassett, while on his way back to his island, was also arrested and carried to Richmond. Later both were acquitted of the charge of treason.

Blennerhassett sought his island, but found it ruined by vandals and floods. Another was in possession where he had been master. Sorrowfully he made his way to Gibsonport, Mississippi, and there lived on a cotton plantation until 1819. Two years later he died in extreme poverty, while Mrs. Blennerhassett lived until 1842. She, too, died in misery. The three sons ended their lives unfortunately.

Some years before her death Mrs. Blennerhassett published a volume of poems, of which one was "The Deserted Isle." Of this two stanzas were:

> The stranger that descends Ohio's stream,
> Charmed with the beauteous prospects that arise,
> Marks the soft isles that, 'neath the glittering beam,
> Dance with the waves and mingle with the skies.
> Sees also, one that now in ruin lies,

Which erst, like fairy queen, towered o'er the rest,
In every native charm, by culture dress'd.

There rose the seat, where once, in pride of life,
  My eye could mark the queenly river's flow,
In summer's calmness or in winter's strife,
  Swollen with rain, or battling with the snow.
  Never again, my heart such joy shall know;
Havoc and ruin, rampant war have pass'd
Over that isle, with their destroying blast.

CHAPTER XXXIV

IN THE PANHANDLE OF WEST VIRGINIA

BY ancestry West Virginia belongs to the North, for many of her first settlers came from Pennsylvania, Maryland and New Jersey. Geographically the state is a part of the South, for it joins Kentucky, and it nestles between the Ohio River and the backbone of mountains that separate the sources of the streams flowing toward the Atlantic and those flowing toward the Ohio. Politically it became a Northern state in 1863 by a separation from old Virginia that had been talked of for two generations.

This wonderfully rich state, whose great resources have hardly been touched, is peculiar in one thing only —a contour so odd that it must be the despair of the poor children who are asked to outline its borders. Yet the boundaries are natural, for the most part; the one exception is the double right angle between the Ohio River near Pittsburgh and the headwaters of the Potomac near Fairfax, where, in 1746, the surveyors of Lord Fairfax planted the "Fairfax Stone" to mark the western limit of his grant for the "Northern Neck" of Virginia.

Between the Ohio River and the side of the first triangle is the oddest feature of this state of eccentric borders—the Panhandle, less than one hundred miles long and from seven to twenty miles wide; a wedge driven between Pennsylvania and Ohio as if to claim kinship with these states.

No one can profess to know West Virginia unless he knows the Panhandle, and no regrets will be the sequel of the effort to permit it to reveal its manifold attractions.

The passenger on an Ohio River steamboat has a fine opportunity to look into the Panhandle along its entire western boundary. Not long after leaving New Martinsville he is on a line with Pennsylvania's southern limits. There the Panhandle begins.

For twenty miles or more the river flows sedately between the hills of Ohio and the varied landscapes of Marshall County, one of the four counties that divide the wedge. Then comes the sharp bend known as the Devil's Elbow where the pilot of the towboat pushing a long line of empty barges upstream must keep his wits about him. And only a short distance from the bend is Moundsville, the pleasing town that takes its name from the ancient burial place of a prehistoric people, a great mound whose age is unknown. Some years ago a great white oak tree that grew on the top of the mound was cut down, and an examination of the trunk showed that it was more than five hundred years old. How old was the mound when the tree was a sapling?

Originally the mound was ninety feet high, but eleven feet of earth was taken from the top by a builder who wished to make an observatory. The sides are steps, and are covered with trees.

The first mention of the curiosity was in 1772. In 1838 the owner tunneled horizontally into the mound, beginning at the level of the ground. When the tunnel was one hundred and eleven feet long the workmen came to a vault that had been excavated in the earth

before the mound was commenced. This vault was twelve feet long, eight feet wide and seven feet high. It was perfectly dry. Originally, upright timbers at the sides and the ends had supported cross timbers on which the roof rested. This roof was formed of unhewn stone. Gradually the timbers decayed, the stones fell and the vault was nearly filled with earth. Examination of the timbers showed that they had been shaped by burning; there was no evidence of a tool of iron for cutting them, but near at hand were bits of charcoal, reminders of the painfully slow work of the ancient builders. In the vault were two skeletons, one of which was surrounded by six hundred and fifty ivory beads.

Not yet satisfied, the proprietor of the mound began to make an excavation from the top, straight downward. When half way to the bottom he discovered a second vault, directly over the vault on the ground level. A skeleton found there had on it one thousand seven hundred ivory beads, five hundred sea shells and five copper bracelets. One hundred and fifty pieces of isinglass were scattered over the body. Near by was a curious oval stone bearing three rows of hieroglyphics which have never been deciphered.

For many years after this excavation was made the mound was neglected. The observatory on the summit was used as a restaurant and dancing pavilion. The Fair Grounds were laid out around the mound, and the race track encircled the ancient monument. The excavations were responsible for a sinking of the earth so that there was a noticeable depression in the top. Gullies were cut into the sides by the constant washing of the rain, and foot paths were made at random on the slopes.

Fortunately, public-spirited men and women decided that this interesting monument must be preserved. Appeal was made to the State Legislature, and the lawmakers were persuaded to purchase the ground and set it apart as the possession of the people.

Nine miles above Moundsville Wheeling perches precariously on a narrow flood plain and on an island, made by the deposits of streams that enter the Ohio from opposite sides, then climbs the slopes that rise three hundred feet above the river. From the heights the prospect is superb; winding waterway, low-lying island, wooded hills on the Ohio shore, and, back toward the Pennsylvania line, valleys that turn and twist among rugged green slopes. These slopes are guardians over the homes of those who, when the day's work in the city is done, seek refreshment in Pleasant Valley and Elm Grove. But to-day Wheeling thrusts out eager fingers, laying hold on these one-time suburbs along the National Road that entered the city from Cumberland, Maryland, in 1818, fifty-eight years after the first settlement was made on the site of the city.

The lofty suspension bridge over which the turnpike passed in early days still leaps from the mainland to the island, disdainful now of rivals above and below, even as many years ago it held serenely aloof from the litigation of those who thought it a menace to navigation.

To-day Wheeling is a commercial city of importance. But there was a time when her fame as a business center was overshadowed by her prominence in political affairs. Here, on June 13, 1861, was held a convention which chose Governor Pierpont to head the Restored Government of Virginia. On November 26, 1861, an-

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A BIT OF WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

CEDAR ROCKS ON WHEELING CREEK, WEST VIRGINIA

TABLE ROCK, OHIO COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA

other convention met to constitute what many wished to call the State of Kanawha, though the name West Virginia was finally chosen. Two years later the Restored Government removed its capital to Alexandria, but Wheeling continued to be the capital of the new state. The historic building occupied as a capital from 1863 to 1870 has long been used by the Linsley Institute.

In 1870 Charleston became the capital. The public documents and the state officers were transferred down the Ohio and up the Kanawha in the steamer *Mountain Boy*. But five years later it was Wheeling's turn to send to Charleston a steamer for a transfer of archives and the governor and his associates back to the old building, which was displaced by a new capitol erected by the city, to-day Wheeling's City Hall. There the officials remained in peace until 1885, when, the contest between Charleston, Martinsburg and Clarksburg for the permanent location of the capital having resulted in the choice of Charleston, the river was a third time called on to assist in the movement. But now a single steamer was not sufficient; two steamers and a barge were required for the work whose conclusion caused great rejoicing in Charleston. Then Wheeling settled down to the life of steady progress that has won fame for her.

From Wheeling it is easy to take splendid highways that lead to other historic spots, remarkable for beauty of hill and valley, forest and stream. One winding route across the Panhandle leads up Glenn's Run, then along Short Creek, a stream only four miles long, attractive as it is brief. The way is uphill and downhill or threading the delightful valleys to Bethany Pike, the oldest highway in the neighborhood of Wheeling except the

National Road, which stretches away through fertile wooded hill and shaded glen to Bethany, the college town whose founder planned to call it Buffalo, since it was on Buffalo Creek. For a time he dated his letters from Buffalo and mailed them at West Liberty, four miles distant. Then, learning that a postmaster could frank his own mail, he sought and obtained an appointment as postmaster at Buffalo, though he had to change the name since there was another Buffalo post-office in Virginia.

The traveler among the hills that look so much like the slopes of the English lake district is startled at one point by the sight of Table Rock, a great boulder balanced on a pedestal, near the summit of a hill by the roadside. Its appearance is unexpected, for it is the only formation of the kind to be seen, and it is in a position where such a combination of rocks seems out of place. Since the days of the Indians this has been a landmark for all the countryside.

Bethany Pike soon joins the National Road. Then the way is up Wheeling Creek a short distance from the union of Little Wheeling Creek with the larger stream and down a side road. Wheeling Creek flows for some distance beneath a rocky precipice, the Cedar Rocks, one of the most remarkable of the natural features of the Panhandle. From this point Wheeling Creek leads back into the country, still farther from the National Road. So the choice route for those who wish to continue to see some of the best things offered by the Panhandle is back to the main turnpike at Monument Place in Elm Grove, named because on the lawn stands the monument built in early days to Henry Clay, who was thought of as the Father of the Pike.

It is difficult to see how a short section of road could be more fascinating than the twelve miles from Elm Grove to West Alexander, on the Pennsylvania line. Almost all the way the turnpike is built by the side of the creek, deep down between the steep green hills, crossing the stalwart stone bridges a century old, clinging to a narrow shelf between the slope and the water, or climbing to some point of vantage far above the thunder of floods that sweep down so suddenly from tributary runs. There are places where the way seems dark, for the sun is hindered by the dense foliage or the hills pressing close on either hand. But the darkness is not gloomy here in the passage across the narrow Panhandle. Gloom is not for those who delight to linger amid the hills of West Virginia and by the side of her rushing mountain streams.

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